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THE

WORKS OF VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED.

THE FIRST FOUR PASTORALS, THE GEORGICS, AND THE FIRST FOUR ÆNEIDS,

BY

THE REV. RANN KENNEDY.

THE LAST SIX PASTORALS, AND THE LAST EIGHT ÆNEIDS,

BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY.

Dedicated, by Permission,

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE ALBERT.

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PREFACE,

BY CHARLES RANN KENNEDY.

That the measure in which Shakspeare and Milton wrote is the best adapted for a translation of Virgil, I feel no manner of doubt. It is the only one, which allows sufficient freedom, to express the full force and harmony of the original. If I were required to translate the Æneid in a rhyming measure, I would not choose the heroic couplet of Dryden; but rather the Spenserian stanza, or any other which allowed more expansion for the sentences and periods. Yet the objects, which a translator of Virgil ought to keep in view, could not, through any such medium, be fully accomplished. Schiller, who has given a free version of the second and fourth Æneids, adopted the eight-lined stanza, as being the most soft and melodious measure of the German language. Yet even he confessed that, with such a form of verse, he was too much fettered and circumscribed, to do justice to the free march of the Roman. It was impossible, he says, so to arrange his stanza, as to preserve the various pauses and divisions of the original. Das lateinische

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Original bewegt sich in einem stetigen Strome fort, und Virgil hat sich in vollem Masse der Freiheit bedient, welche diese Form ihm gewährte. Dieser fortströmende Gang des Gedichts musste nun in der Uebersetzung durch viele kurze Ruhepunkte unterbrochen und ein einziges zusammenhängendes Ganze in mehrere kleine, sich leicht an einander schmiegende Ganze aufgelöst werden.

The Miltonic verse, though different in form from the Virgilian, most nearly corresponds with it in genius. It is, as my Father truly observed in the prospectus of this work, capable of the utmost variety in the modification of its rhythms. In short, it only requires to be properly handled. What may be done with it, is proved by what has been done. Shakspeare and Milton, as they are unquestionably greater than Homer and Virgil in other respects, are by no means inferior to them in the style of their versification. I speak of the best parts of the English poets; for they are not always equal to themselves. It has been truly said of Shakspeare, that he has sounded every note of the gamut. Milton has not indeed the variety of the dramatist, though he is sometimes Shakspearian in style; yet in him we find a sustained majesty of verse, which more nearly resembles the Homeric and Virgilian. These two great Masters have shewn, of what the English language is capable, when its masculine strength is properly applied. These, our best models, should always be kept in view. The English

ear does not require, like the Italian or the French, to be tickled with rhyme. For some kinds of poetry indeed rhyme has its advantages, and is suitable enough; but not for the most dignified and lofty. Of this Annibal Caro seems to have been persuaded, when, contrary to the example of his countrymen, and notwithstanding the facility with which the Italian falls into rhyme, he himself chose to translate Virgil into blank verse.

The epico-dramatic measure of the English is not only the best equivalent for the ancient Hexameter, which modern poetry has furnished, but is little, if at all, inferior to the Hexameter itself. A casual observer might perhaps think, that it is formed too much on the Iambic model, to produce effects similar to the epic verse of the ancients. A little attention to our best models will shew, that such is not the case. I grant at once, that as, on the one hand, the English measure is capable of all the solemn slow movement of the Iambic, so, on the other hand, it cannot equal the rapidity of the Hexameter. The rhythm of lines such as the following,

> Aureus ex humero sonat arcus et arma Dianæ.
>
> Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.
>
> Convellimus altis
> Sedibus, impulimusque: ea lapsa repente ruinam
> Cum sonitu trahit, et Danaûm super agmina latè
> Incidit.

cannot be fully attained in English. But it is equally

true, that, as the English measure surpasses the Iambic in rapidity, so can it express the solemn and the pathetic more happily than the Hexameter: Take the following as examples:

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again: it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er mine ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, thro' the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smiled.

One important point of difference between the English heroic verse and the Iambic is, that the former is shorter by one foot. This, while it gives it a quicker movement, by no means detracts from its dignity. The six-foot verse in English is the Alexandrine, which, if repeated for two lines together, is drawling, and in fact gives the idea of two verses of three feet

each. The decasyllable is a perfect single verse, incapable of being so mistaken. The genius of English poetry does not admit of such a verse as the Iambic Senarius. The Alexandrine, which *in number of feet* resembles it, is nevertheless different in character, as is apparent from the reading of them. The most rhythmical Alexandrines are those, which divide at the end of the third foot, as in the well-known example:

That like a wounded snake | drags its slow length along.

Whereas the best Iambics have the *cæsura* at the end of the fifth or the seventh half-foot, as,

Bona dicere et laudare | fortunas meas,
Qui natum haberem | tali ingenio præditum.

Another advantage which our verse possesses over the Iambic is, the occasional use of the running foot, or *trochee*, by which the rhythm, when need requires, is made to *descend;* while, if feet, such as the *Iambus*, were alone used, the rhythm would always *ascend.* Strangely enough, the use of this descending rhythm was censured by Johnson, in his criticism on Milton; *for no other reason, than because it was contrary to the law of the Iambic metre.* As his premises were false, so was his conclusion. The English heroic verse is not to be confounded with the Iambic, though it bears some points of resemblance. The metrical rules of the Greek and Roman languages are incapable of

being applied to ours; and none but a half-scholar or pedant would think of applying them. Each language should follow the bent of its own genius. Milton, who was a profound scholar, understood his art too well, to borrow metrical laws from the ancient classics. He imitated those great masters, wherein they were imitable; but, for the measure of his verse, he looked to Spenser and Shakspeare. Now it is this very use of the Trochee, which helps to give variety and vigour to our verse, redeeming it from the sing-song of the ascending rhythm, and making it in speed approximate to the Hexameter. As a general rule, the Trochee should be confined to the first foot; yet it may occasionally also be employed with advantage in the middle of the verse. The following may be taken as examples:

Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds.

Greedily she engorged without restraint.

Swallows him with his host.

Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all mankind.

Awake, awake, English nobility.

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.

And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel.

The reader will observe, in the last example, that the word *sudden* requires to be pronounced rapidly;

and this constitutes one of the beauties of the line, making it an echo to the sense. A monosyllable, such as *rash*, would not have answered this purpose, even if it had been equally good in other respects. Nor would it be proper to give a monosyllabic pronunciation to the word *sudden*. The Poet intended no such thing. He calls upon the reader to give effect to his verse by a due rapidity of utterance; and the flexibility of the English tongue enables him so to do.

I dwell on this point, on account of its importance to a due appreciation of Miltonic and Shakspearian beauties.

The English language is capable of contracting and expanding at pleasure a certain class of words; such as, *heaven*, *seven*, *spirit*, *power*, *evil*, *being*, *difference*, *natural*, *odorous*, *perilous*, *innocent*, *countenance*, *vehement*, *minister*, *capital*, *original*; &c. The privilege of so dealing with such words is essential to the higher kinds of poetry; and nothing is better established by authority. Yet false notions still prevail on the subject. It is conceived by some persons, that words such as *heaven*, *power*, which are easily contracted into monosyllables, should never be dissyllabic. I am strongly opposed to any such concession being made to the vulgar ear. The liberty of varying the rhythm according to circumstances ought not to be abridged. Milton properly wrote "the Powers militant," where it was desirable to lay an emphasis on the word.

And surely no one will find fault with the Shakspearian line,

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

Again, it has been the fashion to change the spelling of such words as *difference*, *natural*, *favourite*, and the like, and to write *diff'rence*, *nat'ral*, *fav'rite*, &c., in order to mark their contraction in the reading. This is abominable slipslop; and proceeds upon the false assumption, that such words are to be dissyllabically pronounced, when they occupy the space of one foot in a verse: whereas the truth is, that they ought to be pronounced at full, though with some greater quickness than if they represented a foot and a half. The same assumption involves the equally false principle, that it is necessary to count the syllables of a verse; whereas it is only necessary, to be convinced that the true rhythm is preserved; of which the ear affords the true criterion. But it must be an educated ear, attuned to something better than sing-song.

The occasional use of such trisyllabic feet is desirable, first, to break the monotony, by which the ear would otherwise be wearied. In this respect, they perform the same sort of service as the tribrach, dactyl, and anapæst of the ancients, into which the iambus and the spondee were resolved. Secondly, they are introduced with peculiar effect, where the verse requires to be somewhat rough and rugged, to harmonize with the subject. In such cases a much

harsher trisyllable may be allowed, than would be agreeable in an ordinary case. The English language, not fettered, like the Greek and Roman, by rules of *quantity*, admits of a considerable latitude in the choice of words for this purpose; though undoubtedly the privilege should be exercised with judgment. As a general rule, it will be found better, that no trisyllable should itself constitute a foot; but that the trisyllabic foot should be formed either out of two words, or out of one longer than a trisyllable: as, for example:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,

All her original brightness, nor appeared.

A trisyllable, such as *hovering*, *gathering*, which runs easily over the tongue, and throws most of its force into the first syllable, may on some occasions be suitable enough for the first foot of the verse. Commonly however such feet should be avoided. Such lines, for instance, as the following,

Ominous conjecture on the whole success,

General distress in his particular lot,

are not to be commended; though the one be Milton's, and the other Wordsworth's.

I subjoin here a few examples, for illustration. The lines need only to be read properly, that their rhythm may be duly appreciated:

These violent delights have violent ends.

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil* their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Of hair-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe.

With Tarquin's ravishing strides towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription; why,† then let fall
Your horrible pleasure.

Wherever the poet deviates from the common formalities of versification, he looks for sympathy on the part of the reader; whose business it is to give the words such utterance as he feels the poet must have desired. For verse is not written for mere automatons, to be repeated like clockwork.

Our language is said to be too monosyllabic. And I grant, that pains should commonly be taken to avoid the crowding of monosyllables together. Yet there

* No doubt, this and some similar words were anciently pronounced as monosyllables, as shown by Mr. Guest in his learned treatise on English rhythm. The fact however does not affect my reasoning.

† The irregularity in this line is not one of the points for which the passage is cited; nor is it a thing to be proposed for imitation. The text however is probably correct; the state of mind of the speaker may account for it. He scarcely pronounces the *why*.

are occasions, when these short words have considerable effect in English poetry, which so far gives it an advantage over the ancient; there being a lack of *forcible* monosyllables in the Greek and Roman languages. The advantage for a slow movement is obvious enough. Pope well said;

> When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
> The line too labours, and the words move slow.

That which the ancients effected by means of spondees, we can accomplish by short words. Now let the following passages be considered:

> Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh;
> Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
> But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
> Or less, than a just pound,—be it but so much
> As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
> Or the division of the twentieth part
> Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
> But in the estimation of a hair—
> Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

> I will have such revenges on you both,
> That all the world shall—I will do such things—
> What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
> No, I'll not weep—
> I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
> Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
> Or ere I'll weep. Oh, fool, I shall go mad!

> To be, or not to be! That is the question.

> War, war! no peace! Peace is to me a war.

So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog or steep, thro' straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.

Those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath.

Does not the reader mark, in the first of the above passages, how well the monosyllables are suited to the studied brevity of Portia's delivery, and, in the second, how they accord with the disjointed mind and speech of Lear?

Monosyllables have sometimes considerable effect, standing alone in the beginning of the line; as in the well-known passage of Paradise Lost:

While over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike.

Homer has used the monosyllable for a like purpose. But in general, the ancients produced this effect by means of a dactyl; as in the subjoined passage of the eighth Æneid, where all the pauses are admirably contrived:

Hanc, ut prona jugo lævum incumbebat ad amnem,
Dexter in adversum nitens concussit, et imis
Avulsam solvit radicibus; inde repente
Impulit; impulsu quo maximus insonat æther:
Dissultant ripæ, refluitque exterritus amnis.

Three more examples are subjoined. The first I cannot forbear citing at some length :

> He on his impious foes right onward drove,
> Gloomy as night : under his burning wheels
> The steadfast empyrean shook throughout,
> All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
> Among them he arrived, in his right hand
> Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent
> Before him, such as in their souls infix'd
> Plagues : they, astonish'd, all resistance lost,
> All courage.

The next are from Shelley :

> Drink ! be the nectar circling thro' your veins
> The soul of joy, ye ever-living Gods.
>
> The ponderous hail
> Beats on his struggling form, which sinks at length
> Prone, and th' aerial ice clings over it.

Having thus shown to what use monosyllables may be applied, I must still observe, that these are exceptional cases ; and that, as a general rule, melodious verse can only be produced by words of greater length. The English language, with great capabilities, requires management. Our Saxon vocabulary abounds in racy words, and pithy phrases ; yet with these it is well to intermix largely the more dignified and musical words derived from the Latin ; those, for instance, which end in *ion*, *ine*, *al*, *ant*, *ent*, and the like ; as *contemplation*, *adamantine*, *ambrosial*, *abundant*, *impediment*. The collision of *ss* ought to be avoided

as much as possible. Expressions such as *Venus' doves*, *Phœbus' steeds*, are not to be defended even by the example of Shakspeare and Milton. The genitival apostrophe after the plural noun, as *ladies' eyes*, is a thing of ugly aspect, and doubtful grammar. The *callida junctura* is a most important ingredient in the mechanism of English verse. Our words should be so disposed, as to make the most of the vowels, and bring no harsh consonants together. Those lines are, commonly, the best flowing, which have a trisyllable or longer word in the middle, or just before the last foot. The following may be taken as models of melodious verse :

> Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more !
>
> And reassembling our afflicted powers,
> Consult how we may henceforth most offend
> Our enemy ; our own loss how repair ;
> How overcome this dire calamity ;
> What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
> If not, what resolution from despair.

It is worthy to be remarked, that the introduction of one trisyllable in the verse enables you to include several shorter words, without detriment to the rhythm. The third and fifth lines in the last-cited passage afford specimens of this.

To lay down any rules, for the ordering of the rhythm, would be folly. Good specimens may be shewn, and a few hints given; but that is all. Vast allowance is to be made for the exigencies of variety and other circumstances. Johnson finds fault with Milton for what he calls the elision of the final Y; which however, as well as the coalescing of the word *to* with the vowel of the following word, is perfectly justifiable on proper occasions. The hypercatalectic (or, extra) syllable, is frequently* called in aid with great effect, to modify the cadence of the verse, or to give it force and weight. I shall not weary the reader with further details; but bring this part of the preface to a close, after noticing one variety of our epic verse, which is worthy of attention. I mean the pause at the end of the fourth foot; which, in common cases, is not to be recommended; but, for particular purposes, has a peculiar aptitude and beauty. What such purposes are, will sufficiently appear to the reader, whose sympathies I desire, from the subjoined examples:

> And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
> Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,

---

* But in rhyming poetry, if introduced at all, it should be *regular*. *Occasional* double rhymes spoil the harmony of the verse. They should be alternate with, or at intervals between, the single rhymes. Where the whole piece is composed of them, as in Italian sonnets, they become offensive.

As after thirst; which made their flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
With soft foot toward the deep.

But the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him temper'd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor staid,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side: then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him.

The next is from Wordsworth, a true Miltonic poet:

Such was the Boy: but for the growing Youth,
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked:
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy.

Is not this better than Italian jingling double rhymes, or even than smooth Popian couplets?

From the contemplation of these sublime writers, whom I have so largely quoted, I pass to a less agreeable sort of criticism; in which, with a view to illustrate the true principles of translation, I shall have to discuss the merits of one, more immediately

connected with this work, and no less a person than John Dryden.

Of all English translations of Virgil, Dryden's, with all its faults, is undoubtedly the best. Yet, while I am convinced, that no rhyming version can do full justice to Virgil, truth compels me to say, that a much better version in rhyme might have been accomplished.

It may seem strange, that I should venture to say thus much of a translation, which Pope pronounced to be the most noble and spirited which he knew in any language. And it does indeed contain many beauties. And far be it from me to speak lightly of a man, with whose merits no one has a greater sympathy than myself. The Author of Absalom and Ahithophel has done much for our mother tongue. Not unjustly was it said:

> Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
> The varying verse, the full resounding line,
> The long majestic march, and energy divine.

In fact, however, the translation of Virgil is one of Dryden's worst performances. Besides that he undertook the work, as he himself pathetically states, "in his declining years, struggling with wants, and oppressed with sickness;" it was not a task, to which his genius and tastes were very well suited. Quick of thought, copious of words, exuberant in fancy, subtle in argument; he had not that gravity and simplicity,

which are needed for an epic poem. He delighted in climaxes, antitheses, pretty turns and ornaments; all which Virgil eschewed and rejected. In short, he was more Ovidian than Virgilian in character; and hence it happens, that he has translated Ovid so well, and Virgil so indifferently. These faults, which he himself partly confessed, were brought into stronger relief by the metre which he (in accordance with old predilections) adopted.

In pointing out the defects of Dryden, my object is simply, to illustrate general principles applicable to translation. There is no better way, than to shew, by examples, what sort of errors ought to be shunned.

First be it observed; I make no charge against Dryden's version, that it is not *literal* enough. Of all translations, those which attempt to be literal make the most signal failures. None but a half-scholar or a pedant would attempt such a thing. Even in prose a free translation is the best; unless your only object be, to teach schoolboys; and even for such a purpose, a large allowance is to be made for the varying idioms of languages. In other words, a truly literal translation is something different from what many persons suppose.

To illustrate this. In Eclogue VIII. 41, occurs the expression *Ut vidi, ut perii;* borrowed from the well-known similar expression in Greek. This I have rendered, *I saw and was undone.* It was suggested to me, that I might render it more literally thus:—*how*

gazed I, and was lost! Now, to pass over the inept translation of *vidi*, the advice argued an ignorance of the true construction. The first *ut* signifies *when*, the second, *how;* this being one of the cases, in which the ancients played upon the word. But to represent this verbally in English, is not only needless, but impossible.

Many phrases and metaphors are incapable of being transferred from one language to another. Trapp renders *instaurat diem donis*, (Æneid IV. 63,) *renews the day with gifts;* and *classi immittit habenas*, (Æneid VI. 1,) *loos'd the navy's reins.* But it seems to me, that neither of those versions makes good English. Nor do I think, that *castra movet*, said of the bull, (Georgic III. 236,) is happily rendered by Dryden, *he moves his camp.* That which in Latin was a common expression for "breaking up your quarters, setting off, or sallying forth," and by frequency of usage had almost lost its character of a metaphor, becomes in English a metaphor of an unusual kind.* This shews the danger of attempting *verbum verbo reddere.*

There is a medium between servile imitation and an excessive laxity, which it requires much nicety of judgment to observe; and it is impossible to lay down

* The origin of the phrase *castra movere* is doubtful. Mr. Key, Professor of Latin in the London University, contends, in an article written for the Philological Society, that *castra* signified the axes which soldiers carried, to cut down trees for the fortification of their camp. And it is not improbable that he is right.

any general rule, to guide the discretion of the translator. A much wider freedom may be allowed for a poetical version, than for one in prose. The true course is, to be faithful to the spirit of your author, while you frequently depart from the letter, in order to accomplish the first and paramount object. Now let us take some specimens.

In the opening of the first Georgic Dryden expands the simple word, Mæcenas, as follows :

> I sing, Mæcenas, *and I sing to thee.*

But who would object to this little flourish ; which is virtually implied in the Roman vocative ; and is in fact expressed in Georgic III. 41 ? A few lines further, he renders

> tuque O, cui prima frementem
> Fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti.
>
> And thou, whose trident struck the teeming earth,
> And made a passage for the courser's birth.

There the form of the sentence is somewhat changed, but the version is spirited and good.

The words in Georgic III. 231, (a little varied in Æneid XII. 104,) thus stand in Virgil and Dryden :

> Et tentat sese, atque irasci in cornua discit,
> Arboris obnixus trunco.
>
> His horns, yet sore, he tries against a tree,
> And meditates his absent enemy.

This is a bold but happy paraphrase, perhaps justified by the peculiarity of the expression *irasci in cornua*, which cannot be verbally translated. It signifies *cadere irascibiliter in cornua, to fall or plunge horns foremost*, that is, *to push or butt with the horns;* the Latinity being the same as in the phrase, *volvi in caput.* Voss* has chosen to render this literally; but, in my judgment, with little effect:

Auch versucht er sich selbst, und lernt in die Hörner zu wüten.

In Æneid V. 124, Dryden has

> Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
> There stands a rock; the raging billows roar
> Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
> *Uncurl their ridgy backs,* and at his foot appear.

The words in Italics contain a turn of thought not expressed in the original, but in harmony with it, and scarcely open to censure. The same remark may be applied to his version of Æneid XII. 885, the freedom of which is praised by Trapp. But here I must stop, to make a general observation. *It is dangerous to*

* It is a pity this learned man did not apply his glorious language to a more suitable metre. The German hexameter is only fitted for the light and the jocose. It might seem presumptuous in me to speak thus of a foreign writer, if I were not fortified by the opinion of his countryman, the great Schiller, who evidently considered Voss to have failed as a poetical translator, and ascribed this to his choice of a bad measure. Schiller well understood his art, and had himself written the hexameter.

deviate far from the original; and better not to deviate, where there is no necessity. For example:

Virgil, in the beginning of the fourth Georgic, is speaking of the locality best suited for a beehive; and he says:

> Palmaque vestibulum, aut ingens oleaster obumbret.

Dryden says:

> And plant (the wind's impetuous rage to stop)
> Wild olive trees, or palms, before the busy shop.

These lines are bad for many reasons, but for one especially. Virgil does not advise to take the tree to the hive, but the hive to the tree. His *ingens oleaster* was probably such a tree, as not even the Corycian old gardener could have transplanted.

In Æneid II. Virgil calls Priam,

> quondam populis terrisque superbum
> Regnatorem Asiæ.

Dryden says of him,

> He who the sceptre of all Asia sway'd,
> *Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.*

In the same book, when Laocoon has thrown his spear at the wooden horse, the effect is described in the sonorous line,

> Insonuere cavæ gemitumque dedere cavernæ,

which Dryden renders,

> The sides transpierced return a rattling sound,
> *And groans of Greeks come issuing thro' the wound.*

In the fifth book, (172,) Gyas, angry with his steersman, in the moment of his passion, throws him into the sea. Dryden is not content with this misbehaviour; but makes him swear, like a modern bargeman:

> Gyas blasphemed the Gods, devoutly swore,
> Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.

It is no defence to say, that Gyas might be supposed to commit this folly. Such an addition to the original ought not to be made. Neither ought Helen (Æneid II. 575,) to have been called a *strumpet*, whatever her character might be. Things are not always called by their right names; and there was a peculiar impropriety in it here, because Æneas is telling the tale before Dido and her Nobles. Dryden was altogether sadly careless about his words. He calls Juno's temple a *church*, (Æneid II. 761,) and a heifer a *lass*, (Georgic III. 216).

It is rarely desirable to introduce a new ornament in a translation; but never one, which is unsuitable to the original.

In the burning of Troy, (Æneid II. 312,) we have

> Sigea igni freta lata relucent:

which Dryden must convert into

The seas are bright
With splendour not their own, and shine with *Trojan* light.

This is Ovidian, not Virgilian ; and in the worst style of Ovid too. A similar case will be found in Æneid IX. 810, where *nec sufficit umbo ictibus* is thus expressed :

His shield is falsified.

The bull rushing to battle (Georgic III. 237,) is compared to the rolling of a wave to shore ; and the passage thus concludes in Virgil and in Dryden :

At ima exæstuat unda
Vorticibus, nigramque altè subjectat arenam.

The waters boil, and belching from below,
Black sands, as from a forceful engine, throw.

To say nothing else of this, it is a simile in a simile, which is never commendable.

Æneas says to the Ghost of Dido, (Æneid VI. 463,) " he could not have *believed*, that his departure would grieve her so." Dryden, speaking like a courtier of the reign of Charles II., has :

Nor *dared I to presume*, that prest with grief
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.

In the same book, line 800, what does the reader think of the following version?

> Et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili.
>
> Nile hears him knocking at his seven-fold gates,
> And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew fates.

In line 835, Anchises, addressing the unborn spirit of Julius Cæsar, exhorts him to abstain from civil war: and bids him throw down his sword. But Dryden says:

> And thou the first *lay down thy lawless claim.*

Nothing could have been more contrary to the intention of the Augustan Poet, than to speak thus of Cæsar.

One of the most outrageous vagaries of Dryden is that which occurs in the speech of Æneas, during the storm, (Æneid I. 100). Virgil's Hero wishes that he had fallen on the field of Troy, "where Simois carried so many shields, helmets, and bodies rolling down his stream." But Dryden's Hero describes the dead men as *still bearing aloft the dart, and clenching the spear:* sheer nonsense anywhere; but especially absurd in the mouth of Æneas there. Equally monstrous is the version of Æneid IX. 716, and not much less so that of Æneid VIII. 243, where, when the rock has been pushed down, which discloses the den of Cacus, the Poet says "it was as if by some power

the earth should be opened, and expose to view the infernal regions." Dryden throws this simile into the present tense, as if the thing occasionally happened.

The above are examples of wilful departure from the author's meaning, as to which there can be but one opinion. But now let me call attention to another principle, which is not so well understood, and very frequently violated. *The translation should never be made a commentary on the original.*

Thus, Virgil says of Salmoneus, Æneid VI. 590:

> Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen
> Ære et cornipedum cursu simulârat equorum.

Dryden says:

> Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to pass
> O'er hollow arches of resounding brass;
> To rival thunder in its rapid course,
> And imitate inimitable force.

Here the translation performs the business of a note. There is an irony about the *ære, &c.*, of the Latin, which in the English is weakened or lost.

In the fourth Æneid, where Mercury finds Æneas amusing himself with the buildings of Carthage; it is stated, line 261, that "he wore a sword starred with jasper." Dryden has it thus:

> A sword, with glittering gems diversified,
> *For ornament, not use,* hung idly by his side.

Here the meaning of Virgil is (no doubt) correctly

explained. But it ought not to have been. Virgil left the reader to find it out, and so ought Dryden to have done.

Anchises says to Æneas in the Elysian fields; Æn. VI. 694:

> Quam metui ne quid Libyæ tibi regna nocerent.

Dryden makes him specify the cause of his apprehension:

> How have I fear'd your fate; but fear'd it most,
> When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.

How much more delicate and touching is the general expression of Virgil. Nor is it clear at all, that the translation conveys the real sense of Anchises.

I must repeat, that I am far from seeking to confine the fair freedom of translation. In laying down the last rule, I seek to prevent the text from being converted into commentary. But the rule is subject to this limitation; that explanatory matter may be introduced, where it is necessary to make the English intelligible. Nor is it to be extended to indifferent matters, such as converting *Delia* into *Diana, Pierian Nymphs* into *Muses*, and the like. There are occasions, however, when a name is important to be preserved. Thus in Æneid VI. 529, the reproachful patronymic *Æolides*, applied to Ulysses by the Trojan, ought to be preserved by the translator. Voss and Nürnberger have it right; but, strange to say, Delille,

Velasco, and Annibal Caro, all convert it into *Ulysses*. And Dryden is still worse; for he has, *Ulysses, basely born;* which is halting commentary; like his translation of the epithet *tergemini*, applied to Geryon, (Æn. VIII. 202,) out of which he makes a line of parenthesis, interrupting the course of the narrative.

Having laid these examples before the reader, to illustrate my views on the subject of translation, I shall bring this preface to a close. Many errors of *interpretation* might be pointed out in the versions of my predecessors; but no good purpose would be answered by it. I shall notice one only, in a passage, which I have already more than once referred to; the description, in the eighth Æneid, of the death of Cacus. Some parts of this are translated by Dryden with a spirit and vigour approaching the original; but unhappily he has committed several blunders. Where Hercules strangles the monster, the Latin is,

> Corripit, in nodum complexus, et angit inhærens
> Elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.

The expression is bold; *elisos* and *siccum sanguine* are put by way of anticipation, according to a form not unusual; the meaning being, that Hercules throttled Cacus, so that his eyes burst out, &c. But Dryden makes it:

> He squeez'd his throat, he writhed his neck around,
> And in a knot his crippled members bound;
> Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes.

Hercules, who understood the business of strangling as well as any man, most certainly never loosed the throat of Cacus, till the breath was out of his body; and then he committed no such wanton act as to tear his eyes out. The eyes burst out in squeezing; as Dryden might have learnt from the well-known description of Duke Humphrey:

> His eyeballs further out than when he lived,
> Staring full ghastly like a strangled man.

With this I will conclude; but not without acknowledging my own obligations to this clever but unequal translator; who would perhaps have himself succeeded better, if he had kept in mind what he said in his dedication:—"My chief ambition is to please those readers, who have discernment enough to prefer Virgil before any other poet in the Latin tongue."

ÆNEID V.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS, sailing from Africa, is diverted from his course by a storm, and forced to land at Drepanum in the west of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of that part of the island. Here he pays divine honours at the tomb of his Father Anchises, and celebrates games, the description of which forms the most interesting portion of the book. They consist of a ship-race, a foot-race, a boxing-match, and a contest of archery. After these, Æneas entertains the spectators with the exhibition of an equestrian exercise, in which Ascanius and a select number of Trojan boys perform the evolutions of a mock-battle This spectacle was afterwards exhibited in the circus at Rome, and called the *Game of Troy*. It was revived and frequently celebrated by Augustus; and therefore Virgil, to gratify the Emperor, introduces the description of it here, and states the custom to have been derived from the Trojans. The next event in the narrative is the descent of Iris, Juno's messenger; who, before the solemnities of the day are concluded, instigates some of the Trojan dames to set fire to their ships. Four are consumed by the flames, but the rest are preserved by a miraculous shower. Æneas resolves to leave behind him in Sicily all the matrons, and the infirm part of the crew. For them he lays the foundation of a new town, which, in honour of his friend, to whose sovereignty it is to belong, he names Acesta. He then repairs his fleet, and sets sail for Italy. Neptune promises to Venus a safe voyage for all but one of the crew. That one is the pilot Palinurus, who falls into the sea, and is lost.

ÆNEID V.

Meanwhile Æneas on his purpos'd way
Cuts the dark billows with a northern wind;
Back looking on the city, that now gleam'd
With flames of wretched Dido. What the cause
So great a fire might kindle, none could tell;
Yet knowing the keen pangs of wounded love,
And what things woman can in fury do,
To mournful presage Trojan hearts incline.

When now the ships had gain'd the open sea,
Nor land was visible, nor aught around
But sky and ocean, over head there stood
A murky raincloud, big with night and storm,
The wave with darkness frown'd. Alas, what means
This atmosphere of tempest? What dost thou,
Great Neptune, purpose? from the lofty stern
Cried helmsman Palinurus, and commands
To shorten sail, and ply a vigorous oar;
His canvass to the wind oblique he turns,
And to Æneas thus: My noble Prince,
Not, if great Jove assured me, could I hope
With such a sky to gain th' Hesperian coast.
The winds are changed, and all athwart us roar
From the black west; air thickens into cloud;
Nor power have we to struggle with the gale,

Nor hold our course. Since Fortune rules the hour,
Let us obey, and follow where she calls:
Not far from hence thy Brother's friendly coast,
The mount of Eryx and Sicanian port,
Methinks must be, if memory of the stars
Mislead me not. The pious Chief replies:
Long have I mark'd this bearing of the winds,
And vain thine efforts to resist them deem'd.
Shift thou the sail. Can any land to me
More welcome, for our weather-beaten ships
More grateful refuge be, than this which holds
My Dardan friend Acestes; in whose lap
The ashes of my Sire Anchises rest?
Straight for the port they steer; the favouring west
Stretches their sail; the fleet through ocean flies,
And reaches gladly the remember'd shore.

Acestes from a lofty hill discern'd
The coming ships, and hastes in glad surprise
To meet his countrymen, with darts in hand,
And in a Libyan bearskin rough-attired.
The River-God Crimisus him begat,
A Trojan mother bore. Unmindful not
Of ancient lineage, his returning friends
He hospitably greets, with rustic cheer
Receives them, and their drooping strength revives.

When the bright morrow dawn'd and stars had fled,
Æneas all his comrades from the shore
To council call'd, and from a hillock spake:

Ye valiant Dardans, of a race divine,
The months have now their yearly circle run,
Since we my venerable Father's bones . . . . . .

Buried in earth, and funeral altars rais'd:
The day must be at hand, which ever I
Shall mourn and honour; so the Gods have will'd.
I, though an exile on Gætulian sands,
Or in Mycenæ, or by tempests caught
On Argive seas, would on this day repeat
My annual vows, a solemn sacrifice
Pay with due pomp, and altar-offerings pile.
Now to the very spot where rests my Sire,
(Not without aid, methinks, and will of Heaven,)
Into a friendly harbour have we come.
His honours let us celebrate with joy,
Ask him for winds, and pray that every year,
When we have built our city, we to him
In his own temple may these rites renew.
Our kinsman kind Acestes to each ship
Two heads of oxen gives: call ye the Gods,
His and our own, the festival to share.
When the ninth morn shall with her orient beams
Illumine earth, a race will I appoint
For Trojan galleys, to begin the day:
Whoe'er in speed of foot, in strength excels
To bend the bow or supple dart to hurl,
Or with rough gauntlet battle dares to wage,
Let such attend, and look for the rewards
To victory due. Now heed that on your lips
Good omen wait, and don your leafy crowns.

He with his Mother's myrtle veil'd his brow;
The same did Helymus, and their aged host,
The boy Ascanius, and his young compeers.
The pious Chief, encircled by a crowd,
Goes to the tomb, with thousands in his train:
There with due rites two bowls of unmixt wine,

Two of new milk, and two of sacred blood
He pours to earth, and scatters purple flowers:

Hail, sacred Parent, ashes of my Sire
In vain recover'd, Shade and Spirit hail!
Oh Father, not with thee was I allow'd
To seek th' Italian realm, the destin'd fields,
Ausonian Tyber's unknown stream to find!

This had he said, when from the holy ground
Upgliding soft and coiling round the tomb
A monster snake seven spiry circles drew,
And on the altar crept: whose scaly back,
Burnish'd with azure stripes and spots of gold,
Shone like an Iris from the opposite sun
Reflecting thousand hues. In wonder stood
Æneas, while the snake, its lengthy folds
Trailing the bowls and polish'd cups between,
Tasted the meats, and sliding down again
At the tomb's base couch'd harmless. He the more
With zeal inspired renews the sacrifice,
Doubting were this the Genius of the place,
Or minister of his Sire. In custom'd form
Two swine and ewes and oxen sable-back'd
He slew, and pour'd libations, and invoked
Anchises' ghost releas'd from Acheron.
His comrades to the altar bring with glee
Each his own offerings, immolate their bulls,
The cauldrons range, or stretcht along the grass
Kindle red fires, the spitted flesh to broil.

Th' expected day was come; and bright Sun-steeds
Led in their car the ninth unclouded morn.
Rumour and great Acestes' name had drawn

A crowd of joyous neighbours to the shore,
To see the men of Troy, and some intent
To mingle in the games. Before all eyes
Were placed the prizes in an open ring,
Tripods, and garlands green, triumphant palms,
Armour, and purple robes, and talents rich
Of gold and silver. From the central mound
A trumpet-peal proclaim'd the sports begun.

Four strong-oar'd galleys first prepare for strife,
Chosen from all the fleet, of equal power.
Mnestheus the Dolphin with stout rowmen guides,
Ere long Italian Mnestheus, from whose name
The tribe of Memmius. Gyas hath in charge
Chimæra's fabric, city-like in bulk,
By youths in triple rank, a triple tier
Of rising oars, impell'd. The Centaur bears
Sergestus, founder of the Sergian house:
Cloanthus in cerulean Scylla rides;
Roman Cluentius, thou art sprung from him.

In middle sea, but in the shore's full view,
There stands a rock, which oft, when stormy gales
Obscure the lights of heaven, is overwhelm'd
By surging breakers, but in calm appears
An island rising from the stilly deep,
A spot where basking sea-mews love to rest.
Here fixt Æneas a green oaken bough,
A mark to guide the sailors, whence to steer
Their backward course, and make a circuit round.
Places by lot are chosen; on the stern
Each captain stands, in gold and purple bright;
The crews, with poplar crown'd, besmear'd with oil
Their naked shoulders, on the seats are ranged

Grasping their oars, while every arm intent
Awaits the signal, every bosom pants
With trembling hope and emulation thrill'd.
Loud blew the trumpet; in a moment all
Forward have sprung, and naval shouts to heaven
Re-echo, foam the waves, with rapid strokes
Upturn'd, in furrows cloven; all the sea
Gapes wide, convuls'd by oars and trident beaks.
Not with such fury from the barriers rush
Contending chariots, and devour the plain,
When drivers hanging prone upon the lash
Shake o'er the loosen'd steeds their waving reins.
With cries and peals of favour and applause
The woods in concert ring, th' included shore
Prolongs the voice, and stricken hills resound.

Gyas amid the noise of waves and men
Springs to the foremost place, and speeds away:
Cloanthus follows next, with fleeter oars,
But cumber'd by his vessel's ponderous bulk:
The Centaur and the Dolphin last of all
At equal distance struggle for the lead;
And now the Dolphin wins, the Centaur now
Her rival passes, now abreast they run
Ploughing with length of keel their briny way.

They near'd the turning-point, when Gyas, yet
In full career ahead, the race half-won,
Accosts his pilot: Why, Menœtes, thus
To starboard veer? Stand inward, let our oars
Brush the left cliff, while others keep the main.
Menœtes heard, but fearing hidden shelves
Points out his prow to seaward. Whither now,
Perverse Menœtes? Bear us to the rock:

Louder again he shouts; and looking back
Beholds Cloanthus pressing on his rear;
Cloanthus, who the nearer compass chose,
Shaving the beach between the rock and him,
Suddenly shoots beyond, and clear o' th' isle
In open water rides. With grief and rage
Incens'd was Gyas; tears were on his cheek:
His honour and the safety of his friends
Alike forgetting, headlong overboard
He pushes dull Menœtes in the sea:
Himself assumes the helm and pilot's place,
Exhorts the seamen, and to larboard steers:
The old man from the depth of water rose
With pain, and in his dripping garments clomb
Up the dry cliff, and sits upon a crag:
The Trojans laugh'd to see him sink and swim,
And laugh when now he vomits up the brine.

Sergestus yet and Mnestheus were behind;
But now are fir'd with hope to overtake
The lagging Gyas. Foremost in pursuit
Sergestus nears the rock, nor foremost he
By a ship's length, for him the Dolphin's beak
Hangs alongside, and briskly presses on,
While Mnestheus walks the deck and cheers his crew:
Rise to your oars, my brave Hectorean band,
Ye whom on Ilium's fatal day I chose
For comrades. Now your strength, your spirit shew,
As erst on Libyan sands, th' Ionian main,
And Malea's rolling surge. Not now for prize
Or victory I contend; and yet, O heavens!
But be the honour theirs whom Neptune wills:
'Twere shame to be the last! forbid, avert
This foul disgrace, my shipmates. One and all

Lustily bend to work; with mighty strokes
Trembles the brazen stern; the ground is drawn
From under them; their limbs and arid mouths
Quick panting shook, and sweat in rivers flow'd.

Chance crown'd their wishes; while in furious haste
Sergestus pushes inward to the rock,
Pent in a narrow space, unhappy man!
On a projecting ridge his vessel strikes
With a rude shock; upon the shelly crag
Oars roughly grated, and the prow hung fast:
The sailors rise with bustle and uproar,
Booms iron-shod and spiky poles they ply,
And gather on the flood their broken blades,
Time losing they; while Mnestheus, by success
Encouraged and elate, with all his force
Of oars, and invocation of the breeze,
Down the smooth water unimpeded ran.
Like as a dove, that in some rocky nook
Hath fixt the pendent cradle of her young,
Scared from the covert, flutters in her cave
With pinion-flapping loud, till out to field
She darts away, and ranging soon at ease
Skims the mid air, and floats upon her wing.
So Mnestheus and the Dolphin borne along
With self-impulsion speed their homeward way.
And first they leave Sergestus, labouring yet
On shelf and shallow, calling help in vain,
And learning how to run with broken oars:
Next Gyas and Chimæra's bulk they reach;
She, for her pilot she hath lost, must yield.
Alone upon the race's verge remains
Cloanthus; after whom with all her might
The Dolphin strives, while shouts from all around

Still urge her on, applauses peal to heaven:
The chase wax'd fiercer; these disdain to lose
A prize already won, and life would give
For victory; those are quicken'd by success;
Able are they, who able deem themselves.
And haply both had equal honour won,
Had not the Scylla's captain, o'er the sea
Stretching his hands, invoked the Gods with prayer:
Ye Powers of ocean, whose domain I sweep,
I to your altars victor on this beach
Will bring a snow-white bull, his entrails lay
On the salt flood, and liquid wine outpour.
The choir of Phorcus from their depths below,
Fair Panope, and all the Nereids heard;
And Sire Portunus with his ample palm
Push'd the fleet vessel; arrow-like she flew
Springing to land, and safe in harbour rides.

Æneas having duly summon'd all
By herald's voice Cloanthus loud proclaims
The victor, and with laurel-garland crowns:
Three bullocks to be chose by every ship,
Wine and a silver talent he bestows,
With special honours for the chiefs themselves;
A gilded mantle to the conqueror,
Round which a double waving border ran
Of Melibœan purple; there inwove
Was Ganymede with darts in Ida's glade
Fleet stags pursuing, breathless in the sport,
When him from Ida's top the bird of Jove
Snatching with hasty talons bears away;
Vainly the aged keepers lift their hands
To heaven, and hounds in anger bay the air.
He that hath won the second place receives

A soldier's good defence and ornament,
A polish'd coat of mail, with rings compact,
And triple-sewn with gold; which erst the Chief
Tore from Demoleus by the Dardan flood
Of Simois: hardly could th' attendants now,
Phegeus and Sagaris, on shoulders lift
The cumbrous vest, wherein Demoleus clad
Chased then with ease the Trojan fugitives.
A pair of brazen cauldrons and rich cups
Of sculptur'd silver make the third reward.

And now with ample guerdon all content
They go, their brows with crimson fillet bound;
When with hard efforts from the perilous rock
Releas'd, with loss of oars, and one tier maim'd,
Sergestus in sad plight his vessel home
Amid much laughter brings. As when a snake,
On the mid path surprised, some brazen wheel
Hath roll'd across, or ruthless passenger
Hath left half-dead and mangled with a stone,
Vain striving to escape with all her length
She writhes, in one part fierce, with ardent eyes
And hissing neck uprais'd, in other part
Sore crippled by her wound, she folds herself
On her own limbs in many a knotty spire.
Thus slow the vessel drags herself along,
Yet spreading all her sail in port arrives.
Æneas, glad that ship and crew were saved,
Presents their captain with the promis'd boon,
A Cretan slave, in arts of Pallas vers'd,
Twins at her breast, and Pholoë her name.

This game was ended, and the pious Chief
Leads to a grassy plain, by woods enclos'd

And sloping hills; a verdant theatre
Extended in the midst, where on a seat
High in the centre of the crowded ring
He sits, and to the foot-race them that will
Invites for prize and honour to contend.
Sicanians, Trojans gather to the lists:
Euryalus and Nisus were the first;
Euryalus distinguish'd by his bloom
Of youth and beauty; Nisus by a love
Most pure and tender for his youthful friend:
Next came Diores, one of Priam's kin;
And Patron with Epirot Salius,
Arcadian he, from blood of Tegea sprung;
And Panopes and Helymus, island youths,
Friends of Acestes, to the chase inured;
With many more, of whom the fame is lost.
Æneas in the midst accosts them all:

Hear these my words, and give them joyful heed.
None of this troop shall unrewarded go:
To each two Gnossian darts of polish'd steel
I promise, and a silver-studded axe;
To the first three a special prize besides,
And olive garland: he that wins the race
A steed with rich caparison obtains;
The next an Amazonian quiver, stored
With Thracian arrows, which a belt enfolds,
Broad, golden-laced, and fasten'd with a gem.
This Argive helm must satisfy the third.

The runners now in line, at signal given,
Start away sweeping o'er the open plain,
Like a storm-cloud, with eyes upon the goal.
Nisus the first and far outstripping all

Swifter than wind or speed of lightning flies;
Second, but far behind him, Salius;
And next Euryalus, with a space between;
The fourth was Helymus, close after whom,
His shoulder pressing, justling heel with heel,
Diores follow'd; and, were more room left,
Would pass beyond, or dubious leave the strife.

They to the farthest limit of the course
Were pressing weary, Nisus in his thought
Already victor, when on slippery ground,
Drench'd with the blood of victims newly slain,
He stumbled, luckless man; his footing lost,
Prone on the turf and oozy mire he fell:
Nor then forgot his dear Euryalus;
But rising on the filth his body threw
Full in the path of Salius, whom to earth
Rolling he cast. Euryalus outsprang,
And victor by the kindness of his friend
With cheers and acclamation won the goal.
Next Helymus came up, and third in place
Was now Diores; but the clamorous voice
Of Salius quickly sounded thro' the ring,
To all spectators, to the sires in front
Urging his plaint; the victory was his,
Unjustly filch'd away. The partial crowd
Befriend Euryalus; becoming tears
And merit lovelier in a graceful form
Plead for the youth; Diores too is heard
Loud in the common cause, for how might he
Claim the last prize, if Salius had the first?
Then thus Æneas: Youths, your prizes all
Unalter'd stand; the order of the palm
None may disturb; let me compassionate

An innocent friend's mishap: and at the word
To Salius he a Libyan lion's hide
Presents, with ponderous mane and golden claws.
If to the vanquish'd such rewards belong;
Said Nisus; if thou pitiest the fallen,
What should be given to Nisus, who the palm
Right fairly won, had not the same mishap,
That marr'd the hopes of Salius, cheated mine.
With that he shew'd his face and limbs bedaub'd
With filthy stain. The generous Chieftain smiles,
Calls for a shield, by Didymaon wrought,
And which from Neptune's porch the Greeks had torn;
This the brave youth to recompense he gave.

The race thus finish'd, and the gifts bestow'd;
Now whosoe'er have valiant hearts and strong,
Stand forth and bind the gauntlets on your hands:
Who conquers in the fight, receives a bull
With ribbons deck'd and gold; a sword and helm
Of brilliant beauty shall console defeat.

So spake the Chief: and lo, a champion bold
Amid loud murmurs from the circle rose,
Tall, stalwart Dares; who alone was used
With Paris to contend. At Hector's tomb
A giant victor, Butes, boasting kin
With the Bebrycian race of Amycus,
He with a death-blow stretcht upon the sand.
And now erect he stood, and challenged all;
Displays his breadth of shoulders, tosses out
His arms alternately, and beats the air.
Throughout the ring his match could not be found;
None dare oppose him or the gauntlets try.
Dares, without a rival, as he deem'd,

Before the Chieftain stood, and with left hand
Grasp'd the bull's horn, while bluntly thus he spake:
Goddess-born Prince, if none dare fight with me,
How long am I to stand, or tarry here?
Award the prize. The Dardans one and all
Murmur'd assent, to give the promis'd meed.

Acestes with sharp speech Entellus chid,
Who next him sat upon a turfy couch:
Entellus, bravest once of men, though now
It boots not! Wilt thou tamely see the prize
Borne off without a blow? Where is the God
Eryx, thy master once and empty boast?
Where is thy fame in Sicily renown'd,
And all the spoils that hang upon thy walls?
Entellus answer'd him: No coward fear
My courage or my love of glory quells:
But now my blood is lazy, dull'd by age,
My strength enfeebled. Could I but recall
The youth, which yonder varlet boldens thus,
No prize-bull needed I to tempt me here,
Nor care I for the guerdon. Saying which,
A pair of gauntlets in the midst he threw,
Of weight immense; which valiant Eryx used
To wear in combat, fasten'd on the arm
With sturdy thongs. The sight astonish'd all,
Seven ample folds of oxhide, stiff with lead
And iron sewn between. Nor least amazed
Dares himself shrinks back and stands aloof,
While great Æneas weighs and turns about
The gloves and vast integuments to view.

And what if ye had seen the arms themselves
Of great Alcides, and the terrible fight

Upon this very shore? Entellus cried:
These did thy brother Eryx wield; thou seest
Marks on them yet of spatter'd brains and gore.
With them he stood 'gainst mighty Hercules:
And I these weapons bore, while yet my blood
Flow'd vigorous and warm, ere envious age
Had scatter'd hoary hairs upon my brow.
But if the Trojan Dares be afraid
Against these arms to fight, if so it please
My friend Acestes and the Prince of Troy,
Make we the combat equal: I for thee
Resign the gloves of Eryx; calm thy fears;
And thou the Trojan gauntlets change for new.
He said, and off his back the doublet throws,
Lays bare his mighty sinews, bones, and limbs,
And stands in bulk tremendous on the sand.
Æneas equal gauntlets order'd forth,
And both alike accoutred for the field.

The combatants on tiptoe undismay'd
Their arms uplift in air, their heads withdraw
Back from the blows, and mingling hand with hand
Provoke the conflict: one with nimble feet
And confident in youth; the other strong
And weighty-limb'd, but under him his knees
Tremble, his vast frame labours while he breathes.
Full many a wound they menace, many a blow
Hard on the hollow ribs and chest resounds;
The hand now hovers about ears and brow,
Now on the cheek with heavy crash it falls.
Entellus in one posture stands unmoved,
With watchful eyes and body keeps his ward:
Dares, like one who doth his batteries ply
Against a city or a mountain-fort,

Tries this approach and that, on every side
Th' assault renews and varies, but in vain.
Entellus him with lifted arm essays
To strike; but all alert the coming blow
He saw, and with a sudden spring eludes:
The blow was spent in air, and after it
Entellus to the ground with all his weight
Heavily falls; as drops on Erymanth
Or Ida's hill an old uprooted pine.
At once the youth of Sicily and Troy
With zeal and clamour rose; Acestes runs
To help the aged hero from the ground;
But he unharm'd, undaunted by his fall,
And fierce with anger, to the fight returns:
Then shame and conscious worth his might arouse;
And Dares over all the field he drives,
Dealing his blows with right hand and with left,
Impetuous, irresistible: as when
On housetops rattle storms of pelting hail,
Such volley on belabour'd Dares now
The hero without pause or respite pours.

But longer would Æneas not permit
The victor's ire to rage or wreak revenge:
He snatches weary Dares from the field,
Soothing him thus: What madness, wretched man,
Possest thee? Seest thou not the Gods adverse,
Thy strength unequal? Yield to power divine.
So saying he commands the strife to cease.
Dares by trusty comrades to the ships,
Dragging his knees with pain, from side to side
Tossing his head, and spitting from the mouth
Thick gore and bloody teeth, is led away:
They to receive the sword and helm are call'd,

The bull and garland to Entellus leave.

He overjoy'd and full of triumph spake:
Learn, Son of Venus, learn ye Trojans all,
What vigour once was mine in younger days,
And from what death your Dares ye have saved.
He said, and standing opposite the bull,
With back-drawn arm aloft between the horns
He pois'd his gauntlet, and with all its force
Smashes the brain and cleaves the skull-bone through.
Prostrate in death and quivering drops the bull.
A fitter life than Dares lo, he cried,
To thee I offer, Eryx. Victor here
My gauntlets and my art I lay aside.

Æneas now to trial of their skill
The bowmen summon'd, and the prizes named:
He on the vessel of Serestus fixt
An upright mast, and on its head aloft
A dove to shoot at, fastened by a string.
The men assemble; in a brazen casque
The lots are thrown: first issued with applause
Hippocoon's name, the son of Hyrtacus;
Next Mnestheus, lately in the naval strife
Successful, and with olive-garland crown'd;
Eurytion third, thy brother, Pandarus,
Who, bidden erst to violate the truce,
Shottest a fatal shaft among the Greeks.
Acestes in the helmet last remains,
Himself a rival in the youthful game.

All stretcht their bows and pull'd with force the string,
Then each a weapon from his quiver draws.
First with a twang Hippocoon's arrow flew,

And cut the rapid winds, and striking full
Pierced the masthead, and shook the lofty beam;
The dove in terror flutters with her wing,
And plaudits rend the sky. With bended bow
Stood Mnestheus, and his eye and shaft at once
Aim'd upward briskly; but the bird herself
He miss'd, the knot he broke and linen band,
Wherewith her foot was fasten'd to the mast;
Away she fled upsoaring to the clouds.
Eurytion, holding ready on the string
His full-drawn weapon, to his brother pray'd;
And marking well the dove, as in free space
Joyful she clapp'd her wings, he pierces her
Under a purple cloud; and down she falls
Breathless, her life among th' aerial stars
She leaves, the arrow in her bosom brings.
Acestes yet was left, the glory gone;
Who nathless whirl'd a weapon in the air,
His craft displaying and the bow's loud clang.

When lo! a sight miraculous to view,
Of presage fearful, as th' event full soon
Declared, and seers with later voice confirm'd:
The arrow among liquid clouds caught fire,
And mark'd its path with flame, till all consumed
In air it vanish'd, as when falling stars
Are seen to shoot with meteor train of hair.
Trinacrians, Trojans, awe-struck and amazed,
Pray to the Gods: Æneas hail'd the sign,
Embraced his friend Acestes, loading him
With precious gifts, and gratulating thus:
Take these, great Sire: th' Olympian King for thee
Some honour by this augury design'd
Beyond the lot of others. Thou shalt have

My Sire's own gift, a richly figur'd bowl,
Which Thracian Cisseus to Anchises erst
A pledge of friendship and memorial gave.
So saying, he adorns with laurel wreath
Acestes, and salutes him conqueror:
And good Eurytion at the second place
Repines not, though himself had hit the bird.
His was the next reward, who broke the string,
And last comes he whose arrow struck the beam.

Nor yet the sports had end: Æneas calls
The trusty guardian of his princely Son,
Epytides, and whispers in his ear:
Go, tell Ascanius, if his youthful band
Of horsemen he hath marshall'd and array'd,
Hither in honour of his grandsire now
To lead them, and to shew himself in arms.
Meantime the stream of people from the ring
He to retire commands, and clear the plain.

The youths advance, before their parents' eyes
Glittering on bridled steeds; from every side
A buzz of admiration greeted them.
Their locks in form with shaven wreaths are bound;
A pair of cornel javelins tipt with steel
In every hand; while o'er the shoulder some
A polish'd quiver bear; a chain of gold
Loose from the neck upon the bosom hangs.
Three troops distinct they form, with leaders three
Prancing in front, twelve under each command,
All in like order, stripling cavaliers.
The first fair Priam leads, thy little son,
Polites, who preserv'd his grandsire's name,
Destin'd to raise Italian progeny:

Who rides a Thracian courser, dappled o'er
With spots of white; a forehead white as snow
Erect he bears, white forefeet paw the ground:
Next Atys comes, to young Ascanius dear,
From whom the Attian tribe in Latium sprang:
Ascanius last, and fairest of them all,
Borne by a Tyrian steed, which Dido gave,
A memorable token of her love:
The rest are mounted on Trinacrian steeds
Of old Acestes. As with beating hearts
The band approach, the Dardans with applause
Receive them, and peruse each face with joy,
Tracing the likeness of their ancient sires.
Before the line of gazers and their friends
They move in gay procession, halting then
Await the summons of Epytides;
At whose loud signal and the sound of lash
They break in three divided, opposite ways
In open brigades flying; swift at call
They face about and charge with hostile arms:
Again they sever, and again they meet,
Wheel round and round, orb within orb involve,
The living picture of a battlefield:
Now shew their backs in flight, now threatening raise
Their javelins, now in peace harmonious ride.
As wound the labyrinthine path of Crete
Between a texture of dark walls, perplext
With thousand mazes, where th' unguided step
In error irretrievable was lost:
Such movements intricate the sons of Troy
Weave in their rounds of mimic flight and war;
Like dolphins, that in sportive gamboling
Lash the Carpathian or the Libyan sea.
These feats of horsemanship, these custom'd games

Ascanius, when he built Long Alba's town,
Revived, and taught the Latins, just as he
With Trojan youths had practis'd them of yore;
Which Alba taught her sons, from whom great Rome
Receiv'd, and yet maintains th' ancestral rite:
'Tis yet call'd Troy, and yet the Trojan band.

Thus far was all high sport and holiday;
But fickle Fortune soon her aspect changed:
For ere the funeral honours were complete,
Saturnian Juno, with insatiate wrath,
Still plotting vengeance, to the Trojan fleet
Sends Iris down, and breathes upon her flight
The speed of winds: the Virgin seen of none
Shoots in a beamy rainbow from the sky:
Th' assembled throng she saw, then view'd the shore,
A vacant harbour and unguarded ships,
Where Trojan dames aloof and lonely stood,
For lost Anchises mourning, on the deep
Gazing with tears: Alas, o'er sea and wave
That we must wander still and find no rest:
This was the general voice; a settled home
They pray for, weary of the ocean's toil.

The Goddess fraught with guile, on mischief bent,
Breaks in among them, changed in guise and mien
To Beroe's likeness, who, the aged spouse
Of Thracian Doryclus, had once a name,
Kindred, and sons: thus in the midst she spake:
O miserable, whom Argive hands to death
Dragg'd not beneath your native walls! O race
Unhappy, to what fate are ye reserv'd?
'Tis the seventh summer now since Ilium fell;
All seas and lands, inhospitable rocks

And stars have we explored, and still through storms
Of ocean flying Italy pursue.
Here is the friendly shore of Eryx, here
Acestes, generous host: to build a town
What hinders, and to fix the people's home?
Alas, my country, and my household Gods
Vain rescued from the foe! Shall walls of Troy
Nowhere revive? Hectorean streams again,
Xanthus and Simois, ne'er shall I behold?
Come on with me, and burn yon fatal ships.
Cassandra's image in my sleep last night
To me appear'd, and raught a flaming brand:
This is your home, she cried; seek Ilium here.
Occasion prompts the deed, and heavenly signs
Forbid delay: behold, to Neptune stand
Four altars on the beach: the God himself
Our hands with fire, our souls with courage arms.

Fiercely she seiz'd a firebrand, which aloft
Swinging with mighty effort of her arm
She throws; the matrons in bewilderment
Stupidly gaze, till Pyrgo thus, the nurse
Of Priam's royal sons, their eldest, spake:
This was no Beroe, dames; no Thracian spouse
Of Doryclus; mark well the glowing eyes
And signs of grace divine, her step and glance,
Her breath, and voice's tone: from Beroe
But now myself I parted, left her sick,
And vext that she was absent from these games,
Nor in the funeral honours took her share.

The dames awhile in doubt malignant eyes
Cast on the ships, distracted in their choice
Between the present and the promis'd land;

When Iris pois'd her wings and mounts on high,
Cutting a radiant arch that spann'd the clouds:
Then by the dire portent to phrenzy driven
They shriek aloud, they snatch the sacred fire,
Rifle the hearths; twigs, boughs, and faggots hurl;
Fire is let loose, and spreads with fury along
Benches and oars and sterns of painted pine.

The dismal tidings to Anchises' tomb
Eumelus bore, where in theatric range
The crowd yet seated view the dusky flames
And ashes rise: Ascanius first, as he
Was leading in advance th' equestrian band,
Spurr'd on his courser to the scene of woe,
And left his fearful guardians far behind:
What madness this? Ye wretched dames of Troy,
What purpose ye? Not foes nor Argive tents,
But your own hopes ye burn. Behold, 'tis I,
Your own Ascanius. At their feet he throws
The helm, that late in mimic fight he wore:
And now Æneas and the Trojan train
Were hasting up: the matrons in affright
Flee scatter'd o'er the beach, to hollow rocks,
To woods, where'er concealment could be found;
They loathe the light, and sorrow for the past;
They own their friends, their hearts are penitent,
And Juno shaken off. Yet not the more
Doth conflagration bate its violence:
Beneath damp wood the tow yet smouldering breathes
A sullen smoke; the keel, the ship's whole bulk,
Slow-creeping fire devours; nor strength of man
Nor streams injected can the mischief stay.

Æneas tore the mantle on his back,

Invoked the aid of heaven, and stretcht his hands:
Almighty Jove, if yet thou dost not hate
All Ilium's race, if ancient pity looks
On human grief, oh save the ships from fire,
From ruin snatch the fallen state of Troy;
Or, what remains, if I deserve thy wrath,
Me let thy lightnings blast, thine arm destroy.
Scarce had he spoken, when the sky grew black
With tempest, hill and plain with thunder quake,
And clouds by southern winds together driven,
Down rushing in a cataract of rain,
Deluge the ships, and drench with watery flood
The half-burnt planks; till all the flames are quench'd,
All but four vessels from the pest preserv'd.

The Chieftain shaken by the sad mischance
Turns many an anxious thought within his breast:
Should he forget the fates and settle on
Trinacrian soil, or for th' Italian shore
His course pursue? Then Nautes, hoary sage,
Whom Pallas all her depths of wisdom taught,
Divining what the anger of the Gods
Portended, what the scheme of fate required,
Admonish'd him, and with advice consoled:
Great Hero, let us follow whither fate
Leads on or calls us back; whate'er befall,
To bear our evils is to conquer them.
Acestes is thy countryman, by birth
From heaven derived: him to thy counsels call
A willing friend; with him, the fleet reduced,
Leave thy superfluous numbers, whom thou find'st
Sick of thy fortunes and thine enterprise,
Old men, and matrons weary of the sea,
The weak and timorous, who from peril shrink;

Select all these, and let them settle here ;
Their town with leave Acesta they shall name.

Encouraged by such counsel of the sage,
Still wavers he by doubt and cares distraught.
And now in heaven black Night her chariot wheel'd :
Sudden the figure of his Parent seems
To glide before him, and these words to speak :
My Son, more dear to me than life itself,
While life remain'd ; Son, whom the fates of Troy
Have long inured to woe ; I come to thee
At Jove's command, who saved thy fleet from fire,
And pitiful at length from heaven look'd down.
To Nautes hearken ; he hath counsell'd well :
Thy bravest hearts and men in vigorous prime
Take hence to Italy : a rugged race
And warlike thou in Latium must subdue.
Yet first to Pluto's dark abodes descend,
And cross th' Avernian depths, to meet thy Sire ;
Who not among th' accurst in rueful shades
Of Tartarus, but in Elysian bliss
Dwell with the just. The Sibyl, holy maid,
Shall thither lead thee, offering sable ewes
As a blood-sacrifice. Thy future race
Shall there be shown thee and thy destin'd home.
And now farewell ; for humid Night hath run
Her middle course, and breathing from afar
I scent th' unwelcome coursers of the dawn.
So saying, like thin smoke he melts in air.
Whither so fast away ? From whom and why
Fleest thou ? who drives thee from thy son's embrace ?
Æneas cried ; and then, the dormant fire
And embers wakening, to his household Gods
And hoary Vesta's hearth with sacred meal

And a full censer adoration pays.

Forthwith Acestes and his friends he call'd;
Declares the will of Jupiter, the words
Of Sire Anchises, and his own resolve.
Short was the parley, and the plan approved
By kind Acestes. Matrons and a crowd
Of willing men, not covetous of fame,
Are chosen for the town, to leave behind:
The rest repair the fleet, fire-eaten planks,
Benches and oars and cables they renew;
A few in number, but a warlike band.

Æneas with a plough the city-bounds
Mark'd out, allotted houses, this place Troy,
That Ilium named. Acestes Trojan-born,
Pleas'd with his realm, appoints a justice-hall,
Convenes a Senate, and dispenses law.
Then on mount Eryx was to Venus built
A heaven-reaching fane; an ample grove
And priest were added to Anchises' tomb.
Nine days did all the people cheerly spend
In feast and sacrifice: no breeze disturb'd
The calm of ocean, but the genial South
With many a whisper mild invites to sea.
Along the winding shore a voice of wail
Is heard; and in embraces night and day
They linger; men and matrons, who but late
Abhorr'd the name and aspect of the sea,
Now wish to sail, and all the toils endure.
Them did the pious Chief with friendly words
Console, and to his friend Acestes' care
With tears commended. Victims to be slain,
Three calves to Eryx, to the Storms a lamb,

He order'd, and the moorings to be loos'd.
Himself conspicuous, with an olive-wreath,
Stands on the poop, a goblet in his hand;
Holds the fat entrails o'er the briny wave,
And pours out limpid wine. From harbour forth
The galleys glide, a breeze behind them springs,
And oars in cadence brush their watery way.

Venus meanwhile, with cruel cares opprest,
Addressing Neptune her sad heart relieves:
O Neptune, forced by the relentless rage
Of Juno, I must stoop to plaint and prayer.
Her wrath nor length of time nor piety
Can soften, fate nor Jupiter's command
Appease. 'Tis not enough with vengeful power
To have destroy'd fair Phrygia's capital,
Dragg'd wretched exiles thro' th' extreme of woe:
The ashes and the bones of fallen Troy
She persecutes: let her explain the cause.
Thou saw'st what tumult on the Libyan main
She lately stirr'd, and mingled sea with heaven,
When vainly trusting to Æolian storms
She dared to vex the quiet of thy realm.
Her malice hath impell'd the Trojan dames
To burn their ships, and now the helpless crew
Must in a foreign land be left behind.
For what remains; oh, grant thou to my Son
A passage o'er thy waves, to reach unharm'd
Laurentian Tyber, if a righteous boon
I pray, and fate permits him there to dwell.

To her replied Saturnius, ocean's King:
O Venus, in my kingdom to confide
Good right hast thou, who tookest thence thy birth.

And I deserve the trust, who oft have quell'd
The sea and tempest's rage: nor less on shore
(To Xanthus I appeal and Simois)
Hath thine Æneas been my constant care:
When headlong on their walls Achilles drove
The panic-stricken flying hosts of Troy,
Put thousands to the sword, and choked with death
The groaning floods, nor Xanthus to the main
Could find nor force a way; thy Son, engaged
With fierce Pelides in unequal strife,
With Gods against him, in a hollow cloud
I snatcht away; tho' bent to overthrow
Mine own hand's work, the heights of perjur'd Troy.
Still am I minded thus; dismiss thy fears:
Safe shall he reach the wish'd Avernian port;
One only comrade shall at sea be lost,
One life be given for many.

Cheering thus
Fair Cytherea's heart, with golden yoke
The Sire his coursers join'd, and gave their mouths
The foamy bit to champ; then all the reins
He loos'd, and lightly over ocean's path
His azure chariot flew: the billowy swell
Subsides, and underneath his thundering wheels
Unwrinkled lies the bosom of the deep;
Clouds vanish from the vast expanse of heaven:
A various train attendant, monster whales,
Palæmon, and the host of Phorcus rise,
Swift Tritons, and the choir of Glaucus old;
Thalia to the left and Melite,
Thetis and Virgin Panope are seen,
Nesæe, Spio, and Cymodoce.

Once more Æneas felt his anxious heart
With pleasure thrill'd. He bids each mast be rais'd,
Each yard be stretcht with sail; together all
The halsers pull, to right and now to left
Their canvass open, bend from side to side
The lofty horns: fair breezes waft the fleet;
Which in close order Palinurus leads,
The rest his movements watch, to guide their own.

Now humid Night the middle arch of heaven
Had clomb: the seamen resting weary limbs
On their hard benches lay beside the oars:
When from etherial stars the God of Sleep
Thro' air and dusky shades down gliding came
To Palinurus, to the harmless man
Sad visions brought, and sat upon the stern
In shape of Phorbas, while he spake these words:
Look, Son of Iasus, the seas themselves
Thy fleet are carrying, steady breezes blow,
The hour is given to rest; recline thy head,
Thy weary watchful eyes from labour steal:
I will myself awhile thy task perform.
His eyes the pilot scarcely raising spake:
Wouldst thou have me forget the sea's calm look
How changeful? In this monster put my trust?
Shall I, so often by fair skies deceived,
Expose Æneas to the treacherous wind?
So saying, to the rudder firm and fast
He clung, and fixt his gaze upon the stars:
The God impatient o'er his forehead shook
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, impregnated
With Stygian sleepy dew; that soon his eyes
In slumber swam, a faintness on his limbs
Stole unawares: then stoop'd the charmer down,

And in mid sea the pilot and his helm
Push'd headlong, with a fragment of the stern;
Himself in air upflew, whilst with vain cries
On heedless comrades Palinurus call'd.

Yet not the less by Neptune's promis'd aid
The ship secure and safe thro' ocean flew;
And nears the Siren-rocks, of access once
So difficult, and white with human bones:
The roar of beating waves was heard from far:
When lo, his galley of her pilot reft
Æneas finds, and floating all at large;
Himself, with grief at heart, and many a groan,
He took the guidance of her midnight way:
Oh, fatal, Palinurus, was thy trust
In placid sea and skies. My hapless friend,
Thou must lie naked on a shore unknown.

ÆNEID VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas lands at Cumæ, and proceeds, in compliance with the directions of Helenus and Anchises, to consult the Sibyl. The dwelling of this Prophetess was a cave, at the foot of a rock which overlooked the town of Cumæ; and above it, formed out of the rock itself, was a temple of Apollo. Æneas, by the advice of the Sibyl, offers sacrifice and prayer. She predicts his future wars in Italy, and (at his request) instructs him how to gain admittance to the Infernal region. This can only be effected by means of a golden bough, growing in a dark wood, to which he is miraculously conducted by a pair of doves. After gathering the bough, and after performing funeral honours to the trumpeter Misenus, who during his absence had fallen from a rock into the sea, Æneas accompanies the Sibyl to Lake Avernus, where he offers a nocturnal sacrifice to the Infernal Deities, and descends with her by the subterranean cavern which leads to Orcus. The region below is described. Charon ferries them over the Styx. Among the unburied Ghosts, who are not permitted to cross the river, they find Palinurus, who relates the manner of his death. In the place assigned to unhappy lovers is seen the Ghost of Dido. Æneas accosts her; but she turns sullenly away. He next has an interview with Deiphobus, who relates what happened to him on the night of Troy's capture. After a glimpse of the penal realm of Tartarus, some account of which is given by the Sibyl, they pass to the Elysian fields. Here Æneas meets with his Father, who in a secluded grove shews him the Spirits of his future descendants. This is according to the doctrine of Metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, which Virgil adopted, for the opportunity it gave him to celebrate the glories of his country. The descendants of Anchises are the future kings and heroes of Alba and Rome, and especially the Cæsarean family, whose imperial greatness is predicted. After some further discourse, Æneas is reconducted by the Sibyl to earth. He then rejoins his fleet, and sails along the coast to the port of Caieta.

ÆNEID VI.

Tearful he spake, and gave his fleet full sail;
That glided to Eubœan Cumæ's coast.
Seaward the prows are turn'd, and ride secure
By teeth of anchors held; the beach is lined
With curved sterns. A band of ardent youths
Leap to th' Hesperian strand: part strike the flame
From veins of flint; part range the woods, invade
The wild beast's haunt, or tell of streams explored.

Æneas, pious Chieftain, seeks the fane
Of high Apollo, and the Sibyl's cave,
Where she in roomy solitude abides,
Dread Prophetess, to whose great heart and soul
The Delian God futurity reveals.
The grove of Trivia and the golden dome
They soon approach. 'Tis said that Dædalus,
Flying from Minos' realm, thro' paths of air
Swam on bold pinions to the chilly north,
And lighted safe at length on Cumæ's height.
He to Apollo consecrating here
His oary wings, a lofty temple rais'd:
The murder of Androgeus on the door
He sculptur'd, and Athenians bid to pay
Their yearly forfeit, lives of seven sons,
A rueful spectacle; the urn stands by,

The lots are drawn: at distance, Creta's isle
Is seen from ocean rising; figur'd there
The fatal passion of Pasiphaë,
Who lov'd the bull, their secret commerce foul,
And offspring of her crime, the Minotaur,
Creature two-form'd: and there the labyrinth,
Inextricable net of winding ways,
Which, touch'd by Ariadne's hapless love,
The cunning Artist with a clue unwound,
And led her Lover's footsteps through the maze.
To thee too, Icarus, (but grief forbade,)
In the great work a place had been assign'd:
Twice he essay'd to carve the tale in gold,
Twice dropt the Parent's hand.—This wondrous pile
The Trojans fain would linger to peruse,
But that Achates from his mission now
Returning brought Deiphobe, the child
Of Glaucus, Priestess of the Delian Twins,
Who thus addrest the King: 'Tis not the time
To tarry gazing here; but hasten thou
The sacrifice, seven bullocks from a herd
That never touch'd the yoke, seven chosen ewes.
This said, (nor were the bidden rites delay'd,)
To the high temple she invites the band.

Out of the rock was hewn a cave profound,
With hundred gates and spacious apertures,
Whence rush the answers of the Sibyl Maid,
A hundred voices. Hither had they come;
When suddenly, 'Tis time, the Virgin cries,
To learn your fates: behold, the God, the God!
E'en while she speaks, her look and colour change,
Her hair dishevell'd flows, with fury swells
Her beating heart, the frame expands to view,

Her tones are more than mortal; all her soul
The presence of Apollo hath inspired.
Delayest thou thy vows, thy prayers to urge?
Delayest thou, Æneas? Not till then
The doors will open of th' astonish'd dome.
The Trojans heard; a trembling shook their bones;
From his deep breast the Chieftain pours a prayer.

O Phœbus, pitier of the woes of Troy,
Who didst the Dardan shaft of Paris guide,
That drank Achilles' blood: at thy behest
Seas washing mighty lands have I explored,
Have visited remote Massylian tribes,
And Syrtes, baneful region; now at length
I touch the shore of flying Italy.
Thus far, no farther let the fates of Troy
Pursue me. O ye Gods and Goddesses,
Who Ilium and her greatness once beheld
With jealous eyes, ye well may spare us now.
And thou, most venerable Prophetess,
Grant that in Latium, whither to a realm
Promis'd by fate I speed, the sons of Troy
And exiled wandering Gods may find a home.
To Phœbus and Diana will I build
A marble dome, a festival ordain
In high Apollo's name. Thou, holy Maid,
Shalt in my kingdom hold a sanctuary,
Where treasur'd and by chosen men preserv'd
The fortunes of my race foretold by thee
Shall live for ever. I beseech thee, speak;
Not to the leaves, dispers'd with every wind,
Commit thy lays, but speak them with thy tongue.

The Priestess yet reluctant in her cave

Strives from her breast to shake the Deity;
But he the more with force imperious bends
Her rabid mouth, and moulds her to his will.
And now the gates spontaneous open wide,
And bear the Sibyl's answer thro' the air:
Thou hast escaped the perils of the sea;
But heavier perils on the land remain.
To realms Lavinian ye shall surely come;
But ye will rue the coming. Dreadful wars,
And Tyber foaming I behold with blood.
Xanthus, and Simois, and a Dorian camp,
A new Achilles Goddess-born shall rise
In Latium; and Saturnia, plague of Troy,
Shall never leave thee! Tribes of Italy
And cities thou shalt supplicate for aid.
Again a foreign bride on Ilium's race
Calamity shall bring. Still yield not thou,
But fortune by resistance overcome.
Deliverance thou shalt find; and, strange to tell,
First shall a Grecian city point the way.

Thus did the Sibyl, by the God within
Curb'd still and goaded, bellow from her cave
Mysterious ravings, truth in darkness wrapt:
Soon as her fury ceas'd, the Chief began:
O Virgin, danger or distress to me
None strange or unexpected can arise;
I have foreseen, and am prepar'd for all.
One only boon I ask. 'Tis said that here
The passage opens to th' infernal realm
And dreary boiling gulf of Acheron:
Oh, teach me thou the way, the gates unclose;
Give me my blessed Father to behold.
Him on these shoulders safe through fire and sword

I bore, I rescued from pursuing foes:
He shared my wanderings, all the seas he pass'd,
The stormy waves, the sky's inclemency,
Old and infirm, beyond his strength endured.
He bade me seek thy door a supplicant:
Pity, kind Maid, the Father and the Son.
Great is thy power; nor Hecate for nought
Her Priestess made thee of th' Avernian groves.
If Orpheus could his lost Eurydice
Fetch back with Thracian lyre; if Leda's Son
His Brother by alternate death redeem'd,
And wends his way so oft, and back returns:
Why Theseus need I name or Hercules?
I too from highest Jupiter descend.

He spake, and held the altar in his hand:
She answers: Heaven-born Prince, Anchises' Son;
'Tis easy down Avernus to descend;
Grim Pluto's gate stands open night and day:
But to return and upper air regain,
This were a task indeed. A chosen few,
Children of Gods, belov'd by Jupiter,
Or rais'd by ardent virtue to the skies,
That labour have achieved. A wilderness
Lies all between, and black with sinuous wave
Cocytus glides around. Yet if thy soul
Conceives such strong desire, the Stygian lake
Twice to sail o'er, twice Tartarus to behold,
If thou art bent on this thy bold emprise,
Hear what must first be done. Upon a tree,
Thick cover'd by the darkness of the wood,
A branch, with leaf and delicate rind of gold,
Hangs glittering in the shade. To Proserpine
'Tis sacred held; whose subterranean realm

None may approach, who gathers not for her
The golden foil: such gift the Queen demands.
When the first bough is pluck'd, another shoots,
With the like metal blooming as before.
Find thou the hidden tree, and with thy hand
Pluck off the bough: 'twill follow at the touch,
If fate hath call'd thee hither; else, no force
Of arm or steel to rend it can avail.
But further hear: thy friend (unknown to thee)
Is lying dead, and with unburied corse
Pollutes the fleet, while at my threshold thou
Tarriest in long consult. First his remains
Consign to earth; for lustral sacrifice
Black victims bring: this done, th' infernal realms,
Impervious to the living, thou shalt see.

She ceas'd: Æneas with a downcast eye
Walks from the cave, in melancholy thought;
Achates, faithful comrade, by his side
Paces with measur'd step, and shares his grief.
Much they discourse about the dark event;
What friend lay dead, whose corse to be entomb'd
The Priestess meant: when lo, upon the shore
They find, the victim of a piteous death,
Misenus. Child of Æolus was he;
And none so well could sound the trumpet-call,
And kindle war with song. Great Hector once
He serv'd, with spear and clarion to the field
Attending. Hector by Achilles slain,
He join'd the train of brave Anchises' Son,
Chieftain not less renown'd. But ah, rash man,
While now o'er ocean's wave his hollow shell
He sounded, and to contest musical
Challenged the Gods, (may we believe the tale?)

Him jealous Triton snatching from a rock
Plunged in the foamy deep. A loud lament
His comrades pour, the pious Chief himself
In deepest sorrow; all in tears, they haste
The Sibyl to obey, the funeral pyre
To heap with trees, and altar-like upraise.
An ancient forest, the wild beast's domain,
With stroke of axe and sound of falling beams
Is made to groan; the sturdy oak is riven,
Pine and broad ash upon the mountain roll.
Arm'd like the rest, Æneas to the task
Exhorts his troop, and on the forest's depth
Casting an anxious look, his wish declares:
Oh, if in this thick wood the golden bough
Could shew itself! for all too true a tale
The Prophetess of thee, Misenus, told.
Scarce had he spoken, when a pair of doves
From heaven descend, and on the grassy plain
Alight before him: joyful to behold
His mother's birds, he pray'd: Oh, be my guides,
If any way there be, and with your flight
Direct me to the tree, whose precious bough
Casts on the fertile ground a golden shade.
And oh, my Goddess Parent, from suspense
Relieve me thou! So saying, he check'd his pace,
The birds, their signs, and motions, to observe.
Feeding by turns and flying they advance,
Still within view, and lead him to the mouth
Of pestilent Avernus; upward then
They rise, and gliding thro' the liquid air
Perch on the very spot, the wondrous tree,
Whence thro' the green a golden radiance shone.
As doth in winter frost the mistletoe
Shoot with young verdure on a foreign stem,

And round the trunk her yellow blossoms twine;
So blooming in the oaken shade appears
The golden foil, and tinkles in the breeze.
Æneas plucks it with an eager hand,
Then to the Sibyl with his prize returns.

Meanwhile for lost Misenus on the shore
The Trojans mourn, and to his senseless clay
Last honours bring. With pitch and timber first
A lofty pile they raise; the sides enwreath
With gloomy boughs, the front with cypresses,
The centre with his glittering arms adorn.
Some heat the boiling cauldron, the cold limbs
Bathe and anoint; while groans in concert rise:
Then on a funeral bed the corse they lay,
And purple vests, that once the living wore,
Heap over it. Some the huge bier support,
Sad office; and a torch (ancestral rite)
Hold with averted looks beneath the pyre.
The blaze with oil they feed, with frankincense
And fat of victims. When the flames subside,
Embers and ashes are bedrench'd with wine,
And Chorinæus in a brazen urn
Gathers the bones; then all his comrades round,
With water sprinkling from an olive-bough,
He purifies, and speaks the parting words.
The pious King a stately sepulchre
Graven with arms, a trumpet, and an oar,
Under the mountain builds, which from the dead
Misenus hath been call'd for evermore.
This done, he minds him of the Sibyl's charge.

A cave there was, with hideous orifice,
Rocky and deep, by gloomy woods enclosed,

And lake of blackest hue; o'er which no bird
Could stretch her pinions with impunity:
So rank an exhalation from its jaws
To heaven ascended. Therefore by the Greeks
'Twas call'd Avernus. Here the Prophetess
Four black-hair'd bullocks brings for sacrifice;
Pours on their forehead wine; the nearest hairs
Plucking between their horns, upon the fire
A first oblation throws; and Hecate,
Goddess in Heaven and Erebus, invokes.
Others the knife administer, and blood
In bowls receive. Æneas with his sword
To Night and Earth, her sister, immolates
A black-fleeced lamb; to thee, Persephone,
A barren cow; then to the Stygian King
A holocaust of bulls, nocturnal rite,
He burns, and on the flesh pours unctuous oil.

But lo, at break of day, beneath their feet
The earth begins to groan, the woody heights
To move; dogs howling in the gloom proclaim
The Goddess coming. Hence, the Priestess cries,
Hence ye profane, away, and quit the grove:
Æneas, draw thy sword, and follow me:
Stout heart and resolute thou needest now.
She spake, and furious in the cavern plunged;
With bold and rapid step he follows her.

Ye Gods, that reign o'er Spirits, ye silent Shades,
Chaos, and Phlegethon, and vast domains
Of stilly Night; oh, give me leave to speak
Of what mine ears have heard, mysterious things,
Buried in earth and darkness, to reveal.

Dimly they walk, in solitude and gloom,
Through Pluto's empty plains and spacious realm.
Such path in woods obscurely glimmering
A mooncloud shews, when Jupiter hath veil'd
The sky, and all things one dark mantle wear.

Close at the mouth and vestibule of Hell
Sorrow and vengeful Cares have set their couch;
Diseases pale, and Fear, and Eld forlorn,
Foul Want, and Famine, evil counsellor,
Dwell there, terrific sights; and Death, and Toil,
And Sleep, Death's Brother. At the opposite gate
Are baneful Pleasures, and destructive War;
The iron beds of Furies, Discord fell,
Whose viper-locks a gory fillet binds.
High in the midst an aged elm extends
Her width of rugged branches, haunt supposed
Of idle Dreams, that cling to every leaf.
Hous'd at the door are monsters numberless,
Centaurs, and two-form'd Scyllas, Briareus
With hundred arms, Chimæra breathing fire,
Gorgons and Harpies, hissing dragon-heads,
And Geryon's triple bulk. Æneas grasps
In sudden fear his sword, and brandishes
The naked blade, those monsters to repel;
And (but his guide instructs him what they are,
Life without body, unsubstantial shade,)
He would assail the fleeting images,
And sever with the steel impassive air.

From hence the way proceeds to Acheron,
Tartarean gulf profound, whose eddying tide
Into Cocytus vomits mud and sand.
These waters Charon guards, grim ferryman,

Foul to behold; whose chin is white with tufts
Of ragged hair; his rigid eyeballs flame;
A filthy mantle hangs in knots behind:
Aged he looks; but green his age and strong:
Arm'd with a pole, a sable boat he guides,
He tends the sail, and ferries o'er the Shades:
They to the bank come flocking; matrons, men,
Great heroes, who have quitted earthly toil,
Boys, and unwedded maidens, youths entomb'd
Before parental eyes: a multitude,
Thick as the leaves, which autumn's chilly breath
In glades hath strewn; or gathering of birds
From sea to land, whom winter hath compell'd
To travel o'er the deep to sunnier climes.
They stand, and speedy waftage all implore,
And stretch their hands, and to the farther bank
Cast wistful looks; but surly Charon takes
Now these, now those, and drives the rest away.

Æneas marvell'd at the bustling scene:
Say, holy Maid, what means this concourse hither?
What seek the Shades? and why this difference;
Some driven from the beach, some carried o'er
The livid waves? To him the Prophetess:
Son of Anchises, Progeny divine,
The waters of Cocytus thou beholdest,
And marshy pool of Styx, whose sanctity
The Gods with oath inviolable binds.
All these are Ghosts unburied and forlorn;
Yon boatman, Charon; those that sail, th' interr'd:
For none may he across the floods transport,
Whose bones in earth repose not. Hundred years
They wander, flitting round these doleful shores,
Then they return, and find their passage free.

Æneas paus'd, and musing stood awhile,
Touch'd with compassion for so hard a fate.
Among the outcast mournful he descries
Leucaspis, and Orontes, Lycian Chief;
Who follow'd him from Troy, but by the storm
They and their ship were under ocean whelm'd.
And Palinurus in the crowd draws nigh,
Who steering late from Afric, while he sat
The stars observing, in the deep had fallen:
Æneas hardly knew him in the gloom,
But soon accosted: O my Friend, what God
Snatcht thee from us, and in the ocean plunged?
Speak; for Apollo, ever true before,
This once deluded me: he told me, thou
Should'st o'er the wave come safe to Italy:
So promis'd he, and so he kept his word.

O Prince; said Palinurus; nor did thee
Apollo's word deceive, nor me a God
In ocean plunged; but steering while I sat,
And firm the rudder held, by some mischance
'Twas broken suddenly, and dragg'd me down.
By the rude seas I swear, not for myself
So much, Æneas, fear'd I, as for thee;
Lest, without helm or pilot, in the surge
Thy bark should founder. Three tempestuous nights
The south-wind tost me o'er the boundless deep;
On the fourth morn, scarce lifting up my head
From the high billows, Italy I saw;
Slowly I swam to shore, and now, methought,
Was safe, when savage natives on me fell;
Me, with my wet clothes cumber'd, while I clung
With bended fingers to the mountain-crags,
Deeming a prize, they slew: and there I lie,

Wash'd by the tide, and beaten by the wind.
But oh, I pray thee, by the pleasant light
And air of heaven, by thy beloved Sire,
By all thy hopes in young Ascanius,
Deliver me from this calamity:
Or seek the Velian port, an easy task,
And cast earth over me; or if some power
Haply thy Goddess Mother has conferr'd,
(For not unaided by the Gods, I ween,
Thou dar'st these Stygian floods to navigate;)
Lend me thine hand, conduct me o'er the stream,
That I may rest in this my last abode.

O Palinurus, whence this strange desire?
The Sibyl cried: Would'st thou unburied see
The fearful river where the Furies bide,
And pass unbidden o'er the Stygian pool?
Think not that prayer can change the fates divine.
Yet hear my words, and comfort take from them.
The bordering tribes, by heavenly signs compell'd,
Shall expiate their offence, a sepulchre
Raise to thy bones, and solemn rites perform;
And Palinurus shall the place be call'd.
He heard, and for a while was comforted,
Rejoicing in the land that took his name.

The twain pass onward to the river-side.
Whom when the boatman from his bark discerns
Thro' the still grove advancing to the bank,
He hails them, shouting with no friendly voice:
Whoe'er thou be, that comest hither arm'd,
Stand off, and speak thine errand. The abode
Of Shades, and Sleep, and drowsy Night, is here.
None living may the Stygian skiff convey.

Alcides, Theseus, and Pirithous,
Matchless of might, and offspring all of Gods,
I ferried o'er the lake, and rued my pains.
One dragg'd from Pluto's throne th' infernal Dog
Trembling and bound in chains; the other two
Tried from her bed to force the Stygian Queen.

To whom the Sibyl: Lay thy fears to rest:
Here are no plots; no force these arms intend.
Huge Cerberus in his den with ceaseless bark
May fright the bloodless Ghosts, and Proserpine
Bide at her Uncle's threshold undefiled.
Æneas, Trojan Chief, for piety
And arms renown'd, to depths of Erebus
Descends, to seek his Father. If thy soul
No image of true piety can move,
Yet know this bough. She lifts it from her vest:
At once his rage subsides: the magic gift,
So long unseen, with reverence he regards,
And turns his dusky vessel to the shore.
A ghostly train, the benches ranged along,
He drives from deck, and in the empty hold
Receives the great Æneas; with whose weight
The light skiff groan'd, the leaky texture drank
Deep of the pool. At length across the stream
Amid grey sedges on the slimy bank
The Warrior and the Priestess both he lands.
Here in his den three-mouthed Cerberus
Reclines, the region filling with his yell:
Whose snaky neck the Priestess bristling saw,
And threw a cake, with soporific drugs
And honey steep'd, before him; he the bait
Greedily snatcht, wide opening every jaw,
His sturdy back stretcht loosely to the ground,

And over all the cave extended lay.
The keeper lull'd, Æneas presses on,
And leaves th' irremeable shore behind.

From the first threshold comes a voice of wail,
The whine of infants, whom untimely death
Tore from the mother's bosom, cutting short
Their thread of sweet existence: near to whom
The false-accused, unjustly doom'd to die,
Their places here by righteous lot receive:
For Minos, judge impartial, moves the urn,
Before him calls a council of the Shades,
Their lives to learn, their sentences review:
Next these, a hapless tribe, the self-destroy'd,
Who without crime, but weary of the light,
Cast life away. How gladly would they now
In realms of light bear poverty and toil!
But fate forbids; and dreary Stygian waves,
With ninefold stream surrounding, bar return.

Not far from hence in ample range extend
The Mourning plains: such name have they receiv'd:
Where the recesses of a myrtle wood
Hide those, whom love with canker-grief consumed:
Not ev'n in death their sorrows are at rest.
Here Phædra, Procris, and Pasiphae,
Laodamia, and Evadne dwell;
And woful Eryphyle, shewing still
The cruel wounds inflicted by her Son;
And Cœneus, now a woman, once a man,
But to her ancient form by fate restored:
Among whom Tyrian Dido, from her wound
Yet fresh, was wandering in a spacious grove:
Whom when the Trojan Chief advancing near

Discover'd in the gloom, as one who sees,
Or fancies to have seen, the pale new moon
Peering behind a cloud ; he dropt a tear,
And with fond love accosting her began :

Unhappy Dido, true then was the tale
Of thy despair and death ; and I the cause !
Oh, by the stars I swear, by Gods above,
By all that binds to truth in realms below ;
Unwilling I departed from thy shore :
The Gods commanded ; they who urge me now
Thro' regions overspread with night and gloom
These depths to penetrate. I could not think
My absence would inflict so deep a pang.
Oh stay, and fly not from my fond embrace :
'Tis I, thy Lover : hear my last farewell.

Thus he essay'd the sternly frowning Queen
With words to soothe, still weeping while he spoke :
She fixt her eyes averted on the ground,
Her countenance unmoved, as she had been
A flinty stone or rock of Caucasus.
At length abrupt she turns, and from his sight
Flies to the shelter of a still retreat,
Where, to her own Sichæus join'd again,
Return of love and sympathy she finds.

Æneas not the less gazed after her
With tearful eye, to deep compassion moved ;
Then onward bends his way. And now they reach
The farthest fields, for warrior Chiefs reserv'd.
Here Tydeus meets them, and renown'd in arms
Parthenopæus, and Adrastus pale ;
And Troy's lamented sons, in battle fallen ;

(Æneas wept their numbers to behold;)
Antenor's children three, Thersilochus,
Medon, and Glaucus; Polybœtes, priest
Of Ceres, and Idæus, holding still
Chariot and armour. Right and left the Souls
Around Æneas gather, not content
Once to have seen, but they must linger near him,
And why he comes, and whither goes, inquire.
But the Greek Chieftains, Agamemnon's train,
When through the dusk they see the Warrior arm'd,
Tremble for fear; some flee, as to their ships
They fled of yore; some raise their feeble voice;
The purpos'd cry but mocks them with the tone.

And Priam's Son, Deiphobus, was there,
With mangled face, and mutilated form;
Earless, each hand a stump, the nostril slit
With ghastly wound: as trembling there he stood,
Striving those dire deformities to hide,
Æneas look'd, and knowing him at last
Spake with familiar voice: Deiphobus,
Thou valiant Prince of Teucer's ancient blood,
What man could wreak so cruel a revenge?
Who thus could butcher thee? That fatal night
I heard, that tired with slaughter of the foe
Over a heap of Argives thou hadst fallen.
On the Rhœtean shore a cenotaph
Myself I rais'd, and on thy spirit thrice
I call'd aloud: the spot thy name and arms
Distinguish yet: thee nowhere I could find,
Nor in thy native earth departing lay.

To whom Deiphobus: My faithful Friend,
All the last honours thou hast duly paid.

This cruelty to me mine own hard fate
And the fell Woman of Laconia wrought:
Such monuments of treason hath she left.
Thou know'st that fatal night, too well thou knowest,
How it was pass'd in thoughtless merriment;
When, big with soldiers arm'd, the monster-horse
O'erleapt the walls of lofty Pergamus.
She, on pretence of Bacchanalian dance,
The Phrygian dames in frantic orgies led,
While in the midst she held a blazing torch,
And call'd the Argives from the citadel.
I in my hapless chamber, worn with toil,
O'ercome with slumber lay, in deep repose,
Placid and still as death. My precious Wife
All arms removed, and from the pillow stole
My trusty sword; then oped the chamber door,
And Menelaus call'd, thus to oblige
Her fond lord thinking, and the memory
Blot out of ancient wrongs. Brief be my tale:
The enemy burst in; Æolides,
Plotter of every wickedness, was there.
Ye Powers of Heaven, requite the Argives thus,
If with a righteous tongue I ask revenge.
But tell me thou, what chance hath brought thee hither?
The storms of ocean, or divine command?
What fortune drives thee living to approach
These sunless habitations, place of woe?

During such parle, the rosy car of Day
Had clomb the arch of heaven; and they perchance
Had all their time in converse whiled away;
When briefly thus the Guide Æneas warn'd:
Night comes, and we in weeping waste the hours:

From hence two roads diverge; the right, our path,
To Pluto's palace and Elysium leads;
The left to Tartarus, and where in pain
The guilty dwell. To whom Deiphobus:
Oh, chide me not, great Priestess: I depart
Back to my comrades and my dark abode.
Thou hope of Troy, farewell; a happier fate
Live to enjoy! He spake, and at the word
His footsteps turn'd. Æneas looking back
Under the leftward rock a fortress views
Broad, triple-wall'd; which Phlegethon surrounds,
Tartarean flood, with torrent flames, and roar
Of surging rocks; a huge gate opposite,
On pillars built of solid adamant,
Too strong for man or deity to rend;
An iron tower above: Tisiphone,
Clad in a bloody robe, with sleepless eye
Sits night and day to guard the vestibule.
Hence groans are heard, the lash, the clank of iron,
And trail of heavy chains. The Chieftain stood,
And listen'd fearful. Holy Virgin, say,
What crimes are these? what punishment? and why
This dreadful wail? The Sibyl answer'd thus:

Great Trojan Chief, the pure may not approach
This wicked threshold. But when Hecate
Committed to my charge th' Avernian groves,
The ways of torment by the Gods ordain'd
She taught and shew'd me all. His awful sway
Here Gnossian Rhadamanthus holds supreme,
To judge and punish crime; yea, secret crime,
Which man, exulting in concealment vain,
To the last hour securely perpetrates,
He to confess compels: anon the Fiend,

Tisiphone, shakes o'er the guilty Soul
Her vengeful lash, and in her left hand wields
A wreath of snakes, and calls her sister-crew.
Then the dread gates with horrid jarring sound
Are open'd. Seest thou, what a hideous form
The entrance guards? Within, more terrible,
A savage hydra sits, with fifty jaws
Black, gaping wide; and Tartarus descends
Precipitous, as deep in darkness sunk,
As twice the prospect upward to the skies.
The Titan youth, Earth's ancient progeny,
Lie thunderstricken weltering in the gulf.
And here Aloeus' children I beheld,
Huge pair, whose hands attempted heaven to storm.
And from his throne to thrust down Jupiter.
Salmoneus too I saw in torment dire,
Who strove th' Olympian sounds to imitate
And flames of Jove. By four proud coursers drawn
Thro' midst of Elis and assembled Greeks,
Shaking a torch, triumphant he would ride,
And arrogate the honours of a God:
Fond man! th' inimitable thunderclouds
With brass and trample of horn-footed steeds
He thought to rival! But th' Omnipotent
Thro' the black clouds above a weapon hurl'd,
(No torch, nor pitchy flame,) and him headlong
Drove in a whirl of tempest to the shades.
There Tityus, nursling of the mighty Earth,
With body nine whole acres covering lies:
His entrails and his liver, still for pain
Fruitful and unconsumed, a vulture huge
Digs with her crooked beak, which plunging deep
She hunts for food, and dwells within his heart;
No rest the fibres ever growing find.

Why should I name to thee Pirithous,
Ixion, or the Lapiths? over whom
Hangs a black rock, about to fall, and just
Falling. Before them couches propp'd on gold
And banquets richly spread in splendour shine;
But th' eldest Fury close in ambush lies,
And with her hand forbids to touch the board,
Springs, waves a torch, and thunders in their ear.

Thither are sent, who hated, while they lived,
Their brethren, struck a parent, or betray'd
A client's cause, or master's trust; and they,
The largest crowd, who gloated o'er their wealth,
Nor gave to friends a part. Adulterers,
And wagers of unholy war are there,
Waiting their doom, imprison'd: ask me not,
What doom; what lot they find, or how condemn'd.
Some roll a ponderous stone, or on the spokes
Of wheels distended hang. There sits for ever
Unhappy Theseus; Phlegyas in despair
Bears witness to the truth, and cries aloud:
Take warning, all; be just, and fear the Gods.
One sold his country, and her sons enslaved;
Another changed her statutes for a bribe;
With incest one his daughter's bed profaned:
Some deadly sin have all conceiv'd and done.
Not with a hundred tongues and iron voice
Could I complete the catalogue of crime,
Or all the names recount of punishment.

But here the Priestess breaking her discourse,
No more delay, she cried; for we must haste
Our offering to present. The walls I view
Wrought by Cyclopian hands, and arched gate,

Where we our gift are order'd to bestow.
They pressing forward through the dusky vale
Approach'd the gates: Æneas hasten'd up,
And with fresh water having dew'd his limbs,
Fixt on the portal's front his golden bough.

Such tribute to the Goddess duly paid,
They enter the abodes of bliss and joy,
Green groves, delightful regions, over which
A more expanded ether clothes the plain
With purple light, a sun resplendent shines,
And starry glories of Elysian hue.
In grassy fields the happy Spirits range;
Some exercise their limbs, in sport contend,
And wrestle on the sand; some chant sweet verse,
Or step in choral dance; the Thracian Priest,
Clad in long robe, a seven-tuned lyre awakes,
With finger striking or with ivory bow.
Heroes are there, of Teucer's ancient line,
Born in a happier age; Assaracus,
Ilus, and Ilium's founder, Dardanus:
Whose arms and airy chariots all around
Æneas wondering views: their lances fixt
Stand in the ground, their horses unconfined
Thro' pastures roam: what joy on earth they found
In chariots, arms, and nurture of brave steeds,
The same attends them in their life below.
Others on green turf feasting are beheld,
A choral pæan singing in a grove
Of odorous laurel, whence from upper earth
Eridanus flows copious to the plain.
The brave are here, who for their country fell;
Chaste priests, and pious bards, that worthily
Of high Apollo sang; discoverers

Of life-improving arts ; all whose deserts
Have to mankind endear'd their memory.
Their temples are with snowy fillet bound.
To this assembled throng the Sibyl speaks,
Chief to Musæus ; who above the rest
Amidst a circle stood, while up to him
All eyes were turn'd : Tell me, ye happy Souls,
And thou, great Bard, what spot or region holds
Anchises ? Hither for his sake we came
Across the mighty streams of Erebus.
Musæus answer'd brief: To us belongs
No fixt abode ; in shady groves we dwell,
On river-banks and dewy meads repose.
But such if your desire, this hill ascend ;
And I will set you in an easy path.
He spake, and led the way ; the shining plains
He shew'd beneath ; and down the hill they turn.

Deep in a pleasant valley stood the Sire ;
A troop secluded, Souls to upper earth
Destin'd to rise, was he with earnest gaze
Surveying, the long line contemplating
Of his own future race, their fortunes, deeds,
And characters. But pressing to the vale
Æneas when he saw, he wept for joy,
And stretching both his hands, My Son, he cried,
And thou art come at length ! Thy piety,
E'en as I hoped, has won the toilsome way ;
And I can see and speak to thee again,
And hear thy voice. I reckon'd on this hour ;
The time I counted, and was not deceiv'd.
What lands, what mighty seas thou must have pass'd,
What perils have endured ! How much I fear'd
The Libyan realms would harm thee ! O my Father,

Thine image often mournful to my sight
Appear'd, and urged me hither to descend:
Our fleet is anchor'd in the Tuscan sea:
Give me thy hand: oh, shun not my embrace:
Return'd Æneas, down his manly cheek
Big teardrops rolling. Thrice did he essay
To throw his arms the Father's neck around;
Thrice did the empty form his grasp elude,
Light as thin air, and fleeting as a dream.

Meanwhile Æneas in the vale descries
A grove retired, begirt with waving trees,
And Lethe gliding by; a quiet spot,
Which people numberless were flitting round;
Like bees, that on a stilly summer day
Cull flowery sweets, about the lilies pour,
And fill with busy humming all the field.
Struck by the sight, Æneas asks the cause,
What stream is this, and what the multitude
Who throng the bank: Anchises thus replies:
Spirits, to whom another corporal life
Fate hath assign'd, by Lethe's river here
Drink the dull waters of forgetfulness.
These have I long desired to set in view
Before thee, and enumerate the line
Of our posterity, that thou shouldst share
Thy Sire's rejoicing for Hesperia found.
O Father, can it be that any Souls
Rise hence to earth, and mortal life resume?
Can such fond love of earth possess them still?
I will relieve thy doubts, and tell thee all:
Return'd the Sire, and mystic truth unfolds.

From the beginning, in all things that are,

Heaven, Earth, the liquid plains, the Moon's fair globe,
The sunbright Spheres, a vital Spirit dwells;
Mind stirs and quickens the material mass,
Fused thro' each part, and mingled with the whole.
Hence men and beasts derive their origin,
The feather'd tribes, and monsters of the deep:
In all whose natures fire and energy
Celestial breathe; but with corporeal frame
And perishable limbs of earthly mould
Clogg'd and corrupt. Hence fear, concupiscence,
Pleasure and pain they know, and disregard
The realms of air, in prison dark enclosed.
Nor e'en by death is all the soil removed
Of fleshly grossness; long-contracted stains,
Inveterate grown, in wondrous ways adhere.
Therefore the Souls hard penance undergo,
Their crimes to expiate: some to open winds
Exposed are hung; some plunged in watery gulfs;
Th' infected sin wash'd out, or burn'd with fire.
Each in the spirit thus our pains we bear;
Then are admitted to Elysium's realm:
But few attain that happiness, until
A cycle of revolving time complete
Hath all corruptions purged, and left behind
Th' ethereal sense and ray of heavenly flame.
All thus made pure, but after thousand years,
The God to Lethe's bank, a numerous throng,
Conducts; that hence oblivious of the past
They may revisit earth, and here begin
Their new corporeal vesture to desire.
So spake Anchises; then among the swarm
Of murmuring Ghosts the Sibyl and his Son
He led, and chose a hillock, whence to view
The passing crowd, and all their features learn.

Attend, my Son. Illustrious Souls are here,
Predestin'd to exalt the Dardan name,
Thy future offspring, of Italian birth;
Whom I will shew thee, and thy fates reveal.
Seest thou the Youth, who on a pure-white spear
Is leaning? Nearest to the light hath he
His place allotted, first to upper air
Shall rise, with mixture of Italian blood;
Sylvius, an Alban name, thy posthumous child;
Whom in thine age Lavinia shall conceive,
And rear in woods conceal'd, to be a King
And ancestor of Kings, from whom derived
Shall our descendants in Long Alba reign.
Next Procas, glory of the Trojan race,
Capys thou seest, and Numitor, and him
Who bears thy name, Æneas Sylvius,
Alike for arms and piety renown'd,
If ever Alba's throne he shall ascend.
Mark well these Youths, what strength they all display.

Those others, brow-bound with the civic oak,
Nomentum's town shall build, and Gabii,
Fidenæ, Cora, and Pometia,
Collatian towers upon their mountain base,
And Bola, and the fort of Inuus;
So shall be named the places, nameless now.
Mavortian Romulus a Grandsire's right
Shall vindicate; whom Ilia will bring forth,
Sprung from the stem of old Assaracus:
E'en now his head a double crest adorns,
The Father marks him with a ray divine.
Under his auspices will glorious Rome,
Her seven hills enclosing, o'er the earth
Extend her sway, her spirit raise to heaven;

Blest with a breed of heroes: even as
The Berecynthian Mother, chariot-drawn
Thro' Phrygian cities with her crown of towers,
Rejoices in a hundred living Sons,
All Deities, in high Olympus throned.

Turn hither, turn thine eyes, and look on these,
Thy Roman lineage; Cæsar, and the race
Of young Iulus, destin'd for the skies.
This is the Man, whom promis'd us by fate
So oft thou hearest, Progeny divine,
Augustus Cæsar; who to Latian fields,
The kingdom of old Saturn, shall restore
A golden age, his empire stretch beyond
The Garamantian tribes and utmost Ind,
Beyond the range of planets, year, and sun,
Where Atlas on his laden shoulder whirls
The axle of the starry firmament:
Whose coming even now by seers foretold
Affrights Mæotic shores and Caspian realms,
And troubles all the stream of seven-mouth'd Nile.
Alcides travers'd ne'er such vast domains,
Tho' he the brazen-footed stag did smite,
The woods of Erymanthus quieted,
And made all Lerna tremble with his bow:
Nor Liber, when his tigers chariot-yoked
With viny reins he drove victorious
From Nysa's cliff. And shall we hesitate
To win renown by valour? Or shall fear
Forbid our settling in th' Ausonian land?

But who is yonder, crown'd with olive-wreath,
A censer bearing? 'Tis the Roman King;
(I know him by his locks and hoary beard;)

Who first with laws the state shall fortify,
Sent from poor Cures and a small domain
To a high throne. Whom Tullus will succeed,
And break his country's peace, inactive men
Rouse to forgotten toil and triumphs new.
Next Ancus comes, vain-glorious, even now
Courting the breath of popular applause.
Would'st thou the Kings behold of Tarquin's line,
Th' avenger Brutus, unremorseful Soul,
And regal rods transferr'd? Him, Consul first,
The magisterial axes will attend:
He his own Sons, conspiring traitorous war,
For freedom's cause shall bring to punishment.
Unhappy man! whate'er an after-age
Count of the deed, him shall his country's love
And vast desire of glory overcome.

Now Drusus and his clan, now Decius view:
There is Torquatus with the cruel axe;
Camillus, with the standards marching home.
Yon pair, alike in fulgent armour clad,
Spirits harmonious here in shades below,
Whene'er they rise to earth, shall meet in strife
And war, how deadly! One from Alpine rocks
And fortress of Monœcus will descend;
The other lead embattled Eastern powers.
Forbear, my children; check your mad career;
Turn not your strength against your country's heart!
Thou, mine own offspring, Scion of the Gods,
Be thou the first to throw thy weapon down!

That Chief from Corinth and Achaia spoil'd
Shall ride in triumph to the Capitol;
There is another, who shall quell the pride

Of Argos and Mycenæ; who the Prince
Sprung from Achilles and great Æacus
Shall vanquish, and avenge our ancestors
Of Ilium and Minerva's plunder'd fane.

Who Cossus can pass by, or Cato's worth?
The Sons of Gracchus, or the Scipios,
Two plagues of Afric, thunderbolts of war?
Or thee, Fabricius, great in poverty?
Thee, Cincinnatus, sowing in thy glebe?
Where can I stop? Ye Fabian tribe demand
My weary voice: the mighty one art thou,
Who by delay preserv'd the commonweal.
Others, I ween, shall brass more softly carve,
From marble draw the living countenance;
Plead causes better, or with rod describe
The paths of heaven, and tell the rising stars.
Thou, Roman, still with empire rule mankind:
These be thine arts; to dictate laws of peace,
To spare the humble, and the proud subdue.

Anchises paus'd, and while in wonder mute
The hearers listen'd, thus his speech renew'd:
Behold, how stately with rich spoils adorn'd
Marcellus moves, pre-eminent o'er all:
He, valiant Knight, from sudden war-alarm
Shall save the State, the Punic host o'erthrow,
The rebel Gaul; and arms the third time won
Hang in the temple of Quirinal Jove.

But here Æneas: for a Youth he saw
Walking beside, bright-arm'd, and beautiful,
Yet with a sad aspect, and downcast eye:
Say, what is he, who on the Chief attends?

A son? perchance, a grandson? What a hum
Of comrades round! How like the countenance!
But o'er his brow night's gloomy shadow hangs.

Anchises weeping answer'd: O my Son,
Seek not to learn thy children's grievous woe.
This Youth the Fates will only shew to earth,
Not suffer him to stay. Ye Powers above,
Too mighty would ye deem the Roman race,
Had such gifts been irrevocably theirs.
What lamentation shall the field of Mars
To the great city pour! what funeral pomp
Thou, Tyber, gliding by the recent tomb
Shalt then behold! None born of Teucrian blood
Shall e'er the hope of Latian sires exalt
So high as he; nor ever glory so
In any son the land of Romulus.
O ancient faith! O piety, and right-hand
Of force unrivall'd! Him to meet in arms
None could have ventured with impunity,
Nor marching to the field, nor when he spurr'd
His charger's foaming flanks. Lamented Youth,
Couldst thou the cruel destinies rescind,
Marcellus thou shouldst be! Oh, bring your laps
With lilies full; let me with purple flowers
Bestrew the ground; such tribute to my Son,
An empty honour to his Spirit pay!

They o'er the spacious region wander'd thus,
In airy fields of light, and all survey'd:
Anchises led the Hero thro' the scene,
And fired his soul with hopes of future fame:
Then teaches him of wars that he must wage,
The Latin kingdom, the Laurentian tribes,

And perils how to shun, and how endure.

Two gates belong to Sleep; the one of horn,
Which easy outlet gives to real Shades;
The other wrought of lucid ivory,
Whereby false Dreams to upper air ascend:
By this Anchises, while the parting words
He spake, sent forth Æneas and his Guide.
Æneas hastens to his fleet and crew,
Then coasting to Caieta's harbour sails:
The vessels anchor'd lie, their sterns ashore.

ÆNEID VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, after paying funeral obsequies to his nurse Caieta, whose name, like those of Misenus and Palinurus, marks the place of her burial, proceeds on his voyage along the coast, and arrives at the mouth of the Tyber. He rows up the river, and lands on its bank in the territory of Latium. The King of that country is Latinus, who has an only daughter, Lavinia, partly promised in marriage to Turnus, Prince of the Rutulians; but oracles had forbidden their union, and warned Latinus that he must look for a son-in-law from a foreign land. A Trojan embassy is sent to Laurentum, the Latian capital, and is well received by Latinus, who declares his belief that Æneas is the foreign Prince designed by the oracle. Æneas lays the foundation of a town on the bank of the Tyber. But Juno, still bent on opposing him, summons to her assistance Alecto, one of the Furies. At her instigation, Amata, the Queen mother, who favours the suit of Turnus, takes measures to prevent the Trojan alliance. She next rouses Turnus to take arms. By another device of the Fury, the Trojans are embroiled in a quarrel with the country people of Latium, and a skirmish takes place, in which many of the Latins are slain. The people call upon Latinus for vengeance; and he, prest on all sides, is reluctantly compelled to declare war against the Trojans, or rather to let war be declared in his name. Turnus collects auxiliaries among the neighbouring Princes of Italy. These are enumerated. The principal among them are, Mezentius,—late King of Agylla in Tuscany, who had been expelled from his kingdom for cruelty, and who with his partizans had found refuge in the kingdom of Turnus,—and Camilla, Queen of the Volscians, a Virgin warrior. The forces are ordered to assemble at Laurentum.

ÆNEID VII.

Thou too, Ænean nurse, Caieta, gav'st
Eternal honour to our shores in death:
Thy name (if this be glory) still preserv'd
Tells where thy bones in great Hesperia lie.
The pious Chieftain paid the funeral rites,
A tomb was rais'd, and, when the deep lay still,
He spreads his parting sail, and leaves the port.
Night-breezes gently blow, a silver moon
His path illumines, quivering o'er the sea.

He coasts the shore by Circe's rich domain,
Where the Sun's daughter makes her lonely woods
With song incessant ring, and nightly burns
A fragrant cedar light in stately halls,
While runs her whizzing shuttle through the loom.
From hence are groanings heard, and midnight roar
Of angry lions struggling with their chains,
Bears raging in their dens, and bristled boars,
And howling monster-wolves; all human once;
But cruel Circe had by potent herbs
Transform'd them thus to bestial shape and mien.
Lest now the pious Trojans fall a prey
To like enchantment on this baneful shore,
Neptune with winds propitious fills their sail,
And wafts them safe the frothy shoals beyond.

With light now redden'd ocean, while on high
Shone in her rosy car the saffron Morn:
Winds all were hush'd, a sudden calm succeeds,
And oarblades thro' the sluggish waters toil.
Here a vast grove Æneas from the main
Descries, where Tyber makes his pleasant way,
With eddies swift and yellow sandy flood
On rushing to the sea. Above, around,
Birds many-colour'd haunt the bank and stream,
Flit in the grove, and charm the air with song.
Æneas gives the word to steer for land,
And joyful up the shady river glides.

Aid me, O Muse, while Latium's olden time,
Her kings, and the condition of her state
When the strange host first landed on her shore,
I trace, recalling how the strife began.
Goddess, inform thy bard. Of dreadful wars,
Armies and wrathful kings to slaughter urged,
Tuscans and all Hesperia rous'd in arms,
I sing. A greater theme upon me dawns,
A loftier work. Latinus, aged King,
Long o'er the realm had held a peaceful sway:
Whom the Laurentian nymph Marica bore
To Faunus; he from Picus drew his birth;
Picus from Saturn, founder of the race.
Male heirs to King Latinus fate denied;
Untimely death had snatcht an infant son;
A daughter only propp'd his house and throne,
Now ripe for marriage, in her youthful prime:
Whom many suitors out of Latium's realm
And all Ausonia woo'd; above the rest
With beauty and illustrious birth adorn'd,
Rutulian Turnus; in whose cause the Queen

Labour'd with earnest love; but still the Gods
With many a dreadful sign oppos'd her will.

Midst of the palace in a deep recess
A sacred laurel grew, with reverence
For many years preserv'd; which on the spot,
Twas said, when first Latinus built his walls,
He found, and did to Phœbus consecrate,
And hence the rising town Laurentum call'd.
A swarm of bees, sudden and marvellous,
Over the air with noisy murmur borne,
On this tree settled, and with linked feet
Hung in a cluster from the topmost bough.
A foreign Chieftain comes; the Prophet cried;
From the same quarter to the same I see
A host advance, and seize on yonder tower.

More wondrous yet; Lavinia with her Sire
Was on the altar kindling holy fumes,
When her long tresses from the torch caught fire;
The crackling flames her rich attire consumed,
Burn'd were her royal locks, her jewell'd crown;
The Princess wrapt in smoke and dusky blaze
Thro' the whole palace conflagration spread:
An omen this was held of import dire,
High destiny presaging and renown
To her, but for the people grievous war.

Latinus, by these prodigies disturb'd,
Betook him to the friendly oracle
Of prophet Faunus, in Albunea's grove,
Thickest of woods, that with a sacred fount
Resounds, and thro' the shade rank stench exhales.
Ænotrians here and all th' Italian tribes

In their distress seek guidance: here the priest,
His offerings brought, on skins of slaughter'd sheep
Lays him at dead of night, and slumber woos;
Then many a spectre strangely flitting sees,
Hears voices round, holds converse with the Gods,
And questions Acheron in the depths below.
Here sought Latinus counsel: first he slew
With custom'd rites a hundred ewes unshorn,
Then spread their fleecy hides, and laid him down:
A voice quick issued from the silent glade:
Wed not thy Daughter to a Latin Prince,
My Son; nor safe th' intended spousals deem:
Strangers will come, whose blood to ours allied
Shall lift our name to heaven; whose future race,
Far as the journeying Sun views either sea,
Shall hold beneath their feet a world subdued.
Such midnight answer of his warning Sire
The Latin Monarch kept not unreveal'd;
But o'er th' Ausonian cities far and wide
Had rumour borne it, when the Dardan crew
To grassy banks of Tyber moor'd their fleet.

Æneas, fair Iulus, and the Chiefs
Sit down beneath a lofty branching tree;
Prepare their meal, and spread upon the turf
A floor of wheaten cakes, thus warn'd by Jove,
Heaping wild fruits upon the Cereal board.
It chanced, all else consumed, for lack of food,
They turn'd their mouths upon the scanty flour;
The orbs of holy crust, the trenchers broad
With hands and greedy teeth they violate:
Lo, ev'n our tables we consume; in jest
Iulus cried; no more; that hearing only
Ended a length of woe: Æneas first

Caught up the words, and felt the power divine:
Hail promis'd land! Ye faithful Gods of Troy,
All hail! your country and your home are here.
For thus Anchises, I remember now,
Reveal'd our destinies: My Son, when thee
On a new shore, and straiten'd for repast,
Hunger shall drive thy tables to devour,
Then hope to settle and to rest from toil;
There build thine houses, and a rampart raise.
This was the destin'd hunger, this the spot
To end our sorrows doom'd. Rejoice, my friends:
When first the morrow dawns, these parts unknown,
What men inhabit, where their city stands,
We will explore, and inland bend our way:
Now goblets pour to Jove, and call with prayer
Anchises, and the tables crown with wine.

He on his temples twined a leafy bough;
Then to the Genius of the place, to Earth,
Eldest of Gods, to Rivers yet unknown
And Nymphs he pray'd; invoked the Night and Stars,
Idæan Jove and Phrygian Cybele,
His heavenly Mother and his Sire below.
Thrice answer'd thundering from the clear bright heaven
Almighty Jove, and, as he shook the cloud,
A gleam on high of golden rays reveal'd.
A sudden rumour spreads among the crew,
The day was come to build their destin'd walls:
Straight they renew the feast, and celebrate
With cups and flowing wine th' auspicious hour.

Soon as the morn had brighten'd earth with beams,
The coast, the city, and the land to view,
Diverse they wander: Fount Numicus here,

There Tyber flow'd, here dwelt the Latins brave.
A hundred chosen legates from the band
Æneas to the seat of Latian Kings
Despatch'd, with olive garlands, to present
Gifts to the Monarch and solicit peace.
They with quick pace their bidden journey speed:
He, to mark out the limits of his town,
Digs a low trench; anon the buildings rise,
The first foundations on the river-bank,
Camp-like with mound and parapet enclosed.

Far on their way th' ambassadors descry
The Latin towers, and now approach the wall.
Outside the rampart boys and vigorous youths
Were riding, or with chariots on the sand
Breaking their steeds, while others bent the bow,
Or supple javelins threw, provoked the race
Or sportive combat: when a horseman flew
With tidings to the aged Monarch's ear,
That men of mighty stature had arrived
In garb unknown: Latinus gives command,
That to the royal presence they be call'd,
Then seats him on th' hereditary throne.

A stately pile on hundred columns rose,
Crowning the city's height, the palace once
Of Picus; with dark woods and mystery
Of ancient faith surrounded. Here must Kings
Their sceptres first receive, auspicious rite,
And lift th' imperial rods. A temple this
And hall of council was, and banquet-room:
Here used the elders, having slain a ram,
To sit together at long festal boards.
Before the porch ancestral effigies,

Of antique cedar, were in order ranged;
There Italus, there stood with pruning-blade
The Sire Sabinus, planter of the vine;
Old Saturn, Janus with his double brow,
And other early Kings, that had in war
Bled for their country. On the sacred posts
Hung armour, captive chariots, helmet-crests,
Bucklers and shafts, curv'd axes, gate-bars huge,
And beaks from galleys torn. In augur's robe
There sat the Founder; a Quirinal staff
His right hand bore, his left an oval shield;
Equestrian Picus, whom with golden wand
The lustful Circe struck, and by her charms
Turn'd to a bird with party-colour'd wings.

In this high temple seated on his throne
Latinus to the Trojans audience gave;
Whom thus receiving he accosted mild:
Speak, Dardans; for your country and your name,
Ere hitherward ye sail'd, had reach'd our ears;
What is't ye seek? What purpose to our shore
Over so many seas your navy brought?
Whether your way mistook, or tempest-driven,
(The chance of sailors on the ocean wide,)
Now in our river's creek and port ye lie;
Accept our hospitality; and learn
That we the Latins, of Saturnian race,
Preserve the manners of our ancient God,
Just without law, and virtuous uncompell'd.
And I remember often to have heard
A dark tradition of Auruncan Sires;
How Dardanus, a native of this clime,
Did travel hence to Phrygian Ida's realm,
And Thracian Samos, now call'd Samothrace:

He from the Tuscan seat of Corythus
Departed; now in starry heaven he sits
Enthroned, and altars rank him as a God.

He ceas'd; to him Ilioneus replied:
O royal Son of Faunus, nor the force
Of wave or tempest drove us to this land,
Nor star nor coast misled us on our way.
Hither our course with will and purpose free
We bent, from kingdoms driven, the mightiest once
That from Olympian heights the Sun beheld.
Our ancestor is Jove; from him are sprung
The Dardan youth; from highest Jove descends
Our chief Æneas, who hath sent us hither.
How fierce a tempest over Ida's plain
Was pour'd from Argos; what disastrous fates
Europe and Asia's world in conflict brought;
What man hath heard not, tho' on shores remote
Beyond the bounds of ocean, tho' he dwell
In the mid zone beneath a torrid sky?
Escaped that deluge, borne thro' mighty seas,
For our paternal Gods a humble home,
Safe shore, and air and water (free to all)
We ask; no more. Your glory will be great,
Bestowing; we this realm shall not disgrace,
Your bounty ne'er forget; nor ye repent
That Ilium in your bosom ye receiv'd.
Oh, by our Chieftain's fates, and by his hand,
Trusty in peace, and strong in fight, I swear;
Though fillets now and suppliant words we bring,
Yet many tribes and nations have desired
And vainly sought to join us to themselves.
Fate and behest divine to seek your land
Compell'd us: to his birthplace Dardanus

Returns ; Apollo's mandate points the way
To Tuscan Tyber and the sacred stream
Of Fount Numicus. Humble gifts to thee
Our Prince presents, remains of former wealth
Rescued from flames of Troy. Anchises used
To pour libations from this golden cup :
This sceptre Priam, justice when he dealt
In full assemblies, this tiara bore,
These royal robes by Trojan women spun.

Latinus at these words upon the ground
His gaze intently fixt, while anxious thought
Glanced in his eye : nor broider'd purple him
So much, nor Priameian sceptre moved ;
He muses on Lavinia's nuptial doom,
And what the Prophet Faunus had foretold :
This was the Prince to come from foreign climes,
His Daughter to espouse and share his throne,
By fate decreed ; whose progeny should grow
By valour famous, and the world subdue.
Cheerful at length he answers : May the Gods
My counsels aid, their auguries fulfil :
Trojan, I grant thy prayer, thy gifts accept.
Nor breadth of fruitful land, while I am King,
Nor riches ye shall lack, like those of Troy.
Straight let Æneas, if indeed he seek
With us in league and friendship to be join'd,
Come hither ; kindest welcome he shall find ;
Touching his hand will I the peace confirm.
And bear from me this message to your Chief :
I have a Daughter, whom to any Prince
Of Latian blood our native oracles
And heavenly signs forbid me to espouse :
A Son from foreign lands they promise me,

Whose seed shall to the stars exalt our name.
That your Æneas is that promis'd Son,
My thoughts conjecture, and my hopes presage.

He spake, and order'd steeds to mount the band:
Three hundred shining stood in lofty stalls;
From whom he chose the fleetest, all equipt
With broider'd cloths, in gold and purple bright,
Forth to be led in order; from their necks
Hang chains of gold, and golden bits they champ:
Two for Æneas, harness'd to a car,
He sends; fire-breathers, of th' etherial race,
Which crafty Circe bred, from mortal dams
Brought stealthily to coursers of the Sun.
Such gifts and peaceful message from the King
The Trojans bearing on their steeds return.

But from Inachian Argos hasting now
Malignant Juno held her course in air,
And from the headland of Pachynus view'd
Æneas and the Dardans: they with glee
Were building houses, on the land secure,
Their ships abandon'd: fixt with grief she stands,
And shakes her head, and sighs: O race abhorr'd!
O Phrygian destinies opposed to mine!
Could these men fall upon Sigeum's plain?
By conquerors be vanquish'd? By the flames
Of Troy consum'd? Thro' armed hosts and fire
A way they found. Forsooth, my angry spirit
Weary, or glutted with revenge, lay still:
No! On their flight the exiles I pursued
Relentless, harassing from sea to sea.
Nor sky nor ocean could the Teucrians harm:
Scylla, nor Syrtes, nor Charybdis dire

Avail'd me: safe in Tyber's creek they lie,
Spite of the waves and me. Yet Mars destroy'd
The Lapiths, monstrous tribe; to Cynthia's wrath
My Consort yielded ancient Calydon;
For what so heinous crime? whilst me, great Spouse
Of Jupiter, who nought have left undone,
No scheme untried, Æneas overcomes.
Then, if my Godhead fail to work my will,
I must implore whatever Powers there be:
If Heaven I cannot move, I stir up Hell.
Grant that unalterable fate bestows
The Latian kingdom and Lavinia's hand:
Yet such great issues may be long delay'd;
Yet I the subjects may exterminate
Of both these Princes, and their nuptial pact
Shall cost the people dear. Thee, royal Maid,
Rutulian blood and Trojan shall endow;
Bellona be thy bridesmaid. Not alone
Did Hecuba a flaming torch conceive:
Venus her monster-birth, her Paris bore,
A second brand to fire another Troy.

She spake, and dreadful to the earth descends;
From nether darkness, where the Furies dwell,
Calls up the dire Alecto, whom fell war,
And plots, and broils, and baneful crimes delight;
Whom even Pluto and her Sister-fiends
Detest: such various forms doth she assume,
Shapes hideous, blossoming with serpents black.
Her Juno thus accosts, and whets her rage:
Aid me, thou Night-born Virgin, render me
This service, that mine honour be not lost:
Let not the Trojans to connubial league
Latinus draw, nor seat in Latium gain.

Thou canst turn love to hate, brethren and kin
In strife confound, in houses bring the scourge,
The funeral torch: thou hast a thousand names
And arts of mischief. Shake thy fertile breast;
Disturb the settled peace; sow seeds of war;
Arms let the young desire, demand, and seize.

At once the Fiend, with Gorgon venom fraught,
Hies to the palace of Laurentian Kings;
And there beside the quiet threshold stands
Of Queen Amata, who in fretful mood
About the Trojans and her favourite Prince
Was chafing now with all a woman's ire.
On her Alecto from the snaky locks
A serpent casts, and in her bosom deep
Insinuates the monster, thus that she
To fury stung may all the house embroil.
The snake between her robes and snowy breast
Gliding with touch insensible, inspires
His viper-breath; now stealing round her neck
Becomes a chain of gold, or ribbon long,
Now wreaths her hair, and slips about her limbs.
Awhile the poison with a subtle flow
Tingled her veins, and wrapt her bones with fire,
Nor yet her inmost soul had caught the flame:
She weeps, and softly with a Mother's grief
Her Daughter and the Phrygian marriage wails:
A Trojan exile must Lavinia wed?
O Father! Nor thy Daughter nor thyself
Nor me thou pitiest; whom the Robber false
With the first wind deserting, o'er the wave
Will bear my Child. The Phrygian Shepherd thus
To Sparta came, and Helen bore to Troy.
Where is thy solemn faith, thy natural love,

Thy promise to our kinsman Turnus given?
If by the oracle of Faunus prest
Thou art resolv'd a foreign Son to find;
All land, that doth not own our regal sway,
Foreign I deem; and so the Gods intend;
And Turnus, if his origin we trace,
From Inachus descends and Argive Kings.

Vainly she plies Latinus with her words; 390
Unmoved he stands; and now the poisonous bane
Her vitals reach'd, thro' all her being flow'd:
To madness driven forth rush'd th' unhappy Queen
Thro' the vast city raving unrestrain'd:
As when a spinning-top in some wide court
Boys on their game intent with twisted thong
In circle urge; lash-driven round and round
It whirls, the wonder of the little crowd,
By blows inspirited: not slower she
Amid fierce throngs of populace was borne. 400
Thence to the woods, more impious in her rage,
She flies, with bacchanalian phrenzy feign'd,
And hides her Daughter in the mountain vale,
The spousals to delay, the Trojan league
To baffle. Evoe Bacchus! was her cry;
Thou, thou alone art worthy of the maid;
For thee the dance she leads, the thyrsus wields,
Her sacred locks she nourishes for thee.

Fame flew; the matrons all with equal rage
Inflamed desert their homes, and range abroad, 410
Giving their necks and tresses to the wind:
Some fill the air with howlings; girt with skins
Vine-spears they brandish; midst of them the Queen
Rears a pine-torch, and sings the nuptial song

Of Turnus and her Child; her blood-red eye
She wildly rolls, then bursts in fierce exclaim:
Hear, hear me, Latin Mothers; if ye still
With duteous hearts for sad Amata feel,
If rights maternal outraged ye resent,
Your hair-bands loose, the orgies join with me.

Thus like a Bacchanal mid woods and lairs
Of savage beasts Alecto drove the Queen.
Thus the commotion to her wish begun,
The counsels of Latinus overthrown,
His house embroil'd, she lifts her tawny wings
For the Rutulian towers, proud capital
Of Turnus, which Acrisian Danae
With colonists from Argos built of yore,
By south-winds thither brought: in olden days
Twas Ardea call'd, and still it boasts the name,
Tho' all renown is gone. Brave Turnus here
In his high palace lay in midnight rest:
Alecto changed her fury-shape and limbs
To human, took a beldame's hagard face
With wrinkles plough'd, with fillet and white hairs,
Then twining on her brow an olive-wreath
Became like Juno's Priestess Chalybe,
And thus before the Youth appearing spake:
Turnus, shall all thy labours go for nought?
Thy crown to Dardan settlers be transferr'd?
Thy promis'd bride and dowry earn'd with blood
The King denies thee, and a foreign heir
Seeks for his throne. Go now, deluded man,
Again court thankless danger, overthrow
The Tuscan armies, give to Latium peace.
This warning in thy midnight sleep to bring
Great Juno bade me; these her words I speak.

Arise and arm thy people, from the gates
Go forth to battle cheerly: Phrygian hosts
Have anchor'd in our creek: assail, destroy
Them and their painted ships. Celestial Powers
Command the deed. Let King Latinus too,
Unless his word he keep and yield the bride,
Learn to his cost the prowess of thine arms.

Turnus with scoffs replied: The navy moor'd
In Tyber's channel hath not, as thou deem'st,
Escaped my knowledge: cease thy vain alarms,
Nor think that Juno hath forgotten me.
Thou, Mother, worn in years, in dotage blind,
Frettest thyself for nought, and princely arms
Excite thy boding soul to empty fear.
Go, mind thine images and holy shrine:
To men leave war and peace, their proper care.
Alecto's wrath was kindled at these words:
E'en while he spake, a trembling seiz'd the Youth,
His eyes are stiff; so dreadful grows the Fiend,
Her vipers hiss, her flaming eyeballs roll:
More he essay'd to speak; she with her hand
Repels him, rears two serpents in her hair,
And sounds her lash, and cries with rabid mouth:
See her so worn in years, in dotage blind,
Whom princely arms excite to empty fear!
Regard me! From the Furies I am come:
War in my hand and death!

Her smoky torch
On him she cast, and set his heart on fire.
Convulsive terror broke the bonds of sleep;
Sweat pouring from his body all bedew'd
His bones and limbs. For arms he madly calls,

Arms in the chamber and the house demands;
Fierce war and bloody purpose of revenge
His thoughts inspire. As when a fagot-blaze
Crackles beneath a cauldron's brazen sides,
The heated waters dance, the streams within
Bubble and swell, till upward unreprest
They force their way; black steam ascends in air.
The peace now broken, legates noble-born
He sends to King Latinus, and prepares
For instant war: Defend your native land,
Expel the stranger; Turnus can defy
Trojans and Latians both: So vaunted he,
And call'd the Gods with prayer: Rutulian bands
With mutual exhortation fly to arms,
Moved by his youth and by his noble form,
His royal birth and valiant deeds renown'd.

While Turnus thus was kindling martial fire,
The winged Fury to the Dardan camp
Hastes with a new design; for she had mark'd
A spot where fair Iulus near the shore
Was laying toils and rousing up the game.
She stirring in the hounds familiar scent
A sudden rage inspires, with hot pursuit
A stag to chase; unhappy cause of woe,
That first excited rustic bands to war.

A noble stag there was, with antlers huge,
That, snatcht a youngling from the dam, was rear'd
By Tyrrheus and his children, whom the King
Herdsman had made and ranger of his fields.
The beast was tame, to sister Sylvia dear,
Fed by her hand, submissive to her will:
She for his horns would tender garlands wreath,

She comb'd, and bathed him in the fountain clear.
He roam'd the woods, but never fail'd at eve
To the known threshold freely to return.
Now far away from home, the dogs of chase
Rous'd him, as down the river he had swum,
His hot flanks cooling by the grassy bank.
Ascanius loos'd an arrow from his bow
With eager aim; which err'd not; for the shaft
Too surely guided with a fearful sound
Smote the poor stag, his flank and entrails tore.
The wounded creature flew for refuge home,
And groaning reach'd the stall, and dropping blood;
There all the house with piteous plaint he fills:
Fair Sylvia smites her breast, and cries for help,
Calling the hardy swains; who quickly rous'd,
(For in the wood still lurks the Stygian Pest,)
Come wrathful to her side, with firebrands arm'd
Or knotty clubs; whatever comes to hand,
They seize for weapons; Tyrrheus, then (it chanced)
An oak with wedges cleaving, grasps an axe,
And breathing savage menace leads the band.

The Fiend for mischief eager watch'd her time,
Mounted the stall's high top, and with a horn
Her voice infernal straining sounded thence
A pastoral loud alarm, that made the grove
Tremble, the deep woods thunder all around:
'Twas heard by Trivia's lake, 'twas heard by Nar,
White sulphurous river, and Velinian springs;
And mothers pale in terror clasp'd their babes.

Quick at the signal of the trumpet dire,
Their weapons grasp'd, the sturdy countrymen
Assemble; from their camp the Trojan youth

Pour to the succour of Ascanius.
Array'd they meet, no more with stave or brand
Rude contest waging, but with swords unsheath'd
In deadly combat; a black crop of steel
Bristles o'er all the plain, a brazen gleam
Lit by the sun reflected shoots to heaven.
So when a wave first whitens with the breeze,
Slow swells the sea, till from her lowest depths
Gather'd, she hurls her billows to the sky.

First in the van falls Tyrrheus' eldest Son,
Almon; a hissing arrow laid him low;
Fixt in his throat, the passage of his breath
It stopt, the subtle life-stream choked with blood.
Thick lie the slain; Galesus, aged man,
With peaceful purpose while he stept between,
Was stricken down: for love of justice famed
Was he, and richest of Ausonian lords;
Five herds, five bleating flocks to him return'd
From pasture, hundred ploughshares till'd his glebe.

While doubtful combat on the field is waged,
The Fiend, her purpose wrought, the promis'd work
Of blood and death begun, Hesperia leaves,
And hastening to Saturnia thro' the air,
With triumph proud accosts her: Lo, thy will
I have accomplish'd, war and discord sown;
Sprinkled the Trojans with Ausonian blood:
Try, if thou canst, to knit the league anew.
Nay more; if thou commandest, I will rouse
The neighbouring cities with my war-alarm,
Inspire fierce rage to mingle in the strife,
Spread arms o'er all the parts of Italy!
Saturnia thus replied: Enough of plots

And terror: war is kindled, hand with hand
In battle join'd; swords drawn in casual fray
Blood hath imbued. Such hymenæal rites
Let King Latinus and this Venus-born
Redoubted Champion celebrate! But thee
Longer in upper air at large to roam
The will permits not of th' Olympian Sire.
Depart. Whate'er remains to be achiev'd,
My task shall be. She spake: Alecto spread
Her hissing snaky wings, and from the height
Of ether's region to Cocytus flew.

Deep in the centre of Hesperia lies
A mountain-valley, known to distant fame,
Amsanctus call'd: a dark wood overhangs
On either side, and in the hollow glen
Plunging from crag to crag a torrent roars.
A dreary cave within, the breathing-place
Of Pluto, may be seen, and Acheron
Here opens, bursting in a whirlpool huge,
His pestilent jaws: Alecto, hateful Fiend,
Here vanishes, and earth and heaven relieves.

Nor less meanwhile Saturnia to the war
Lends a last impulse. All the shepherd band
From battle flying to the city bear
Young Almon's body, and the mangled form
Of old Galesus; on the Gods they call,
Implore the King; while Turnus in the midst
Their rage redoubles, threatening fire and sword:
Trojans, cried he, are to the kingdom call'd,
A breed of Phrygians to pollute our race;
I from the royal threshold am expell'd.
And soon a crowd, whose mothers to the woods

Raving wth orgies bacchanal had gone,
(Such influence had Queen Amata's name,)
Assemble on all sides, and cry for war;
For impious war, regardless of the fates,
Despite of Gods and omens, one and all
The palace of Latinus they beset.
He like a rock resists, a seagirt rock,
That 'gainst th' assault of multitudinous waves
By weight sustains itself; while foamy crags
Roar at the base in vain, unmoved it stands,
Casting the seaweed from its beaten side.
At length the tide unable to control
Of counsels dark and Juno's violent will,
Latinus to the Gods and Heaven appeals:
Fate overwhelms me, to the storm I yield:
Unhappy men, with blood the sacrilege
Ye shall atone, thou, Turnus, rue the day,
And pour too late to Heaven repentant vows.
Near had I gain'd the port, my last repose,
A peaceful grave; of this am I deprived.
No more he said, but close within his walls
Retired, abandoning the helm of state.

A rite there was in Latium; Alban tribes
Long held it sacred; now imperial Rome
Observes, when first she levies dreadful war;
Whether a Getan or Hyrcanian foe
She menace, or the sons of Araby,
Whether to India and the rising Sun
She march, or standards of the Mede demand.
Two gates of war (their dread mysterious name)
To Mars are consecrate; with hundred bolts
Of during brass and strength of iron closed:
Janus the guarded threshold never leaves:

These, when the Senate hath on fight resolv'd,
The Consul, clad in his Quirinal robe
And Gabine cincture, with loud creak unbars,
And calls the troops to battle; they with shout
Answer, and trumpets peal their hoarse accord.
Thus now Latinus 'gainst the sons of Troy
War to proclaim and ope the dismal gates
Was urged; but from the loathsome task he shrank
With horror, and in dark concealment lay:
Saturnia then descending with her hand
Push'd the reluctant bars, and open wide
The war-gates grating on their hinges threw.

Ausonia, late so tranquil, is on fire.
All rush to arms; part marching to the field,
Part mounted urge their way on dusty steeds:
Some the shield burnish, others bright with seam
The javelin scour, or whet the axe's edge:
Trumpets and waving banners give them joy:
Already five strong cities (Ardea first
And Crustumerium) forge the tools of death;
With anvils haughty Tibur, and thy towers,
Antemnæ, ring, and, great Atina, thine:
The casque is hollow'd, and for bucklers bent
The osier; greaves of ductile silver smooth
Are hammer'd out, and brazen cuirasses:
The scythe, the share, all honour of the plough
To warlike use must yield; old rusty blades
Retemper'd from the fiery furnace rise:
Now clarions peal, a watchword passes round;
One snatches from the wall his burgonet;
Another yokes his neighing chariot-steeds,
The shield, the corslet triple-sewn with gold
Fits on, and girds him with his trusty sword.

Ye Muses, open Helicon, and sing,
What Chieftains join'd the strife, what divers hosts
Flock'd in their train, what warriors Italy
Bred even then, fair land, and how she burn'd
With martial rage. Ye know, and ye can tell;
Faint to our ear the breath of story glides.

First from the Tuscan shore, fierce atheist King,
Mezentius levies war, and arms his power;
A Son attends him, Lausus, who in mien
Was match'd by Turnus only; tamer he
Of steeds, and hunter of the savage game;
A thousand soldiers from Agylla's town
He leads, ill-fated youth, but yet deserves
A happier fortune and a better Sire.

Next Aventinus, Child of Hercules,
With palm-crown'd chariot and triumphant steeds
Bounds o'er the plain, and on his shield displays
A hydra serpent-wreath'd and hundred snakes,
Paternal trophies. Whom to realms of light
Upon a woody slope of Aventine
The Priestess Rhea stealthily brought forth,
Begotten of the God, when, Geryon slain,
He came victorious to Laurentian fields,
And bath'd in Tyber his Iberian kine.
The troop with pikes are arm'd, and heavy piles,
And Sabine darts with steely rounded edge;
The Chief, like Hercules, in horrid guise
Stalks in the royal hall; a lion's hide
With grinning teeth and savage mane uncomb'd
Hangs from his head, and o'er the shoulder falls.

Catillus next and Coras, Argive twins,

The walls of Tibur leave: (Tiburtus these,
Their Brother built, and gave the town his name:)
The Youths before a dense battalion stride:
As when two cloudborn Centaurs from the top
Of Othrys or the snowclad Omole
With rapid pace descend; o'er bush and brake
They sweep along; the crashing woods give way.

Nor stay'd the founder of Præneste's town,
Whom son of Vulcan ages have believ'd,
Found on the hearth, a pastoral Chieftain born,
King Cæculus. A rustic multitude
Attend him; who in high Præneste dwell,
Gabinian Juno's fields, cool Anio's vale,
And river-moisten'd rocks of Hernic land;
Whom Father Amasenus, or the rich
Anagnia feeds. Among them sound of arms
Nor rattling car is heard: the greater part
Sling leaden balls; nor want there who in hand
Two javelins grasp, nor beavers on the head,
The spoil of tawny wolves: with left foot bare
They march, with undrest hide protect the right.

Messapus, valiant horseman, Neptune's Child,
To fire and steel invulnerable born,
A peaceful people long unused to war
Arousing musters, and the sword resumes.
They from Flavinian fields or Fescennine,
Falisci's level or Soracte's height,
Some from Capena's grove, from mountains come
Or lake of Ciminus. In even rank
Singing their Prince they march; like snowy swans,
That up from pasture soaring to the sky
Stretch their long necks, and pour a tuneful strain

Whose echoes round the pool of Asius ring.
Who heard them, not the brazen files would deem
Of order'd warriors, but a cloud of birds
Borne with hoarse cry from ocean to the shore.

Clausus, from Sabine ancient blood derived,
Leads a great host; a host himself is he:
From whom the Claudian tribe and family
O'er Latium spread, since equal share in Rome
The Sabines gain'd. A legion vast he brings
From Amiternum, all th' Eretian troop,
The old Quiritians, and thy citizens,
Nomentum, and the men of Foruli:
And whom Casperia bred, or Nursia cold,
Velinian dewy meads, Himella's bank,
Or olive-clad Metusca: mountaineers
Who on Severus dwell or rugged rocks
Of Tetrica, with them that Fabaris
And Tyber drink; the Latin people, ranks
In Horta class'd, and whom the stream divides
Of Allia, mournful name: innumerable
As waves, that on the shore of Afric roll,
When sinks Orion in the wintry sea;
As cornblades parch'd on sunny Lycia's plain
Or sands of Hermus. Loud the din of shields;
Shook by their tread the frighted earth resounds.

And now Halesus, Agamemnon's kin,
Foe to the Trojan name, his chariot yokes,
And thousand warmen bold to Turnus brings:
Some, tillers of the viny Massic soil;
Some from their hills did sires Auruncan send;
Others from Cales, from thy shoaly fords,
Vulturnus, came, from Sidicinian plains,

With Oscan bands and fierce Saticulan:
Who demilances carry, to the wrist
With pliant leather fasten'd; scymitars
For close hand-fight; short bucklers for defence.

Nor Œbalus my verse shall leave unsung,
To Telon whom the Nymph Sebethis bore,
When full of years he reign'd in Capreæ
O'er the Teleboan race. Th' ambitious Heir
His realm extending had with power subdued
Sarrastian nations, lands by Sarnus laved,
Celenna, Rufæ, Batulus, and the vale
Seen from Abella's apple-bearing height.
His men in Teuton fashion use to whirl
Masses of stone; their helmets are of cork
Rough-hewn; with brass the sword and target shine.

Thee Nersa's mountain-land to battle sent,
Famous for glory of successful arms,
Ufens: the savage Æquian tribe is thine,
To forest-chase and stubborn glebes inured:
In arms they till the ground, and ever seek
To gain fresh booty, and by rapine live.

With cheerful olive-wreath his helm adorn'd,
Intrepid Umbro, Marsian Priest, the powers
Of king Archippus led. The viper race
And venom-breathing hydras he by touch
Or charm could lull to sleep, their wrath assuage,
Their bite relieve. But stroke of Dardan spear
He could not heal: his life nor sleepy charm
Could save, nor herbs on Marsian mountains cull'd:
Him did thy glassy waters, Fucinus,
Angitia's grove and liquid lakes bewail.

And Virbius rose, the beautiful, in arms ;
Whom in Egeria's grove his mother nurst,
The fair Aricia, by the humid coast
Where victims bleed on Cynthia's altar mild :
Hippolytus his sire ; who (story tells)
By wrath of Theseus and a stepdame's guile
Was doom'd to perish, dragg'd by horses wild,
But back to realms of light and air recall'd
By medicinal herbs and Cynthia's love :
Then Jupiter, indignant that to life
From nether shades a mortal should return,
Apollo's Child for such invented art
Drove thunderstricken to the Stygian pool :
Kind Cynthia in a woody glade conceal'd
Hippolytus, to Nymph Egeria's care
Consigning him, in solitude to pass
A life obscure, his name to Virbius changed.
Hence from Diana's grove horn-footed steeds
Are kept aloof, since to sea-monsters they
Affrighted cast their driver on the shore.
Nathless the Son his chariot-coursers now
Unfearing drives, and rushes to the war.

Turnus among the Chiefs preeminent
In arms and figure moves, his head o'er all
High towering ; on his triple-crested helm
An open-mouth'd Chimæra vomits forth
Ætnean fire, more fierce and terrible
Outblazing, as the fight more bloody grows.
His shield with glorious argument portray'd
Shone brilliant ; Io imaged there in gold
Stood in her heifer shape, with hairy hide
And branching horns ; her keeper Argus near,
And Father Inachus, from urn emboss'd

His river pouring. Clouds of infantry
Follow their Prince, with shields in thick array
Filling the plain: Rutulians, Argive youth,
Labician ranks with painted bucklers arm'd,
Auruncan, Sacran, old Sicanians;
Men who thy holy shore, Numicus, plough;
Who on Circeian hills, or woodlands dwell
By Tyber wash'd; where beardless Jupiter
His Anxur guards, or in the green retreats
That most Feronia loves: where the black marsh
Of Satura lies, and where thro' lowly dales
Cold Ufens makes a passage to the sea.

Last with her flower of Volscian cavalry,
Clad all in brazen arms, Camilla comes;
A warrior Virgin, needle or busy loom
Ne'er taught to ply, but hardships to endure
Of battle, and with speed the winds outrun.
She without pressure over blades of corn
Could fly, and leave unbent the tender ears;
Or on the swollen billow she could hang,
And with unmoisten'd footstep skim the main.
Whom youths and matrons pouring to behold
From house and field, with wonder and delight
Gaze after her; so beautiful she moves;
Her snowy neck with majesty a robe
Of purple clothes; her hair a clasp confines
In golden braid; a Lycian quiver hangs
Graceful behind; and in her hand she wields,
Tipt with bright steel, a pastoral myrtle spear.

ÆNEID VIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas is alarmed at the preparations for war in Italy; but, while he is reposing on the bank of the Tyber, is encouraged by a vision of the River-God, who directs him to seek the assistance of King Evander. This Prince was the leader of an Arcadian colony, who had settled on the Palatine Hill. His city, Pallanteum, was in fact the site of the future Rome; of whose antiquities the Poet makes incidental mention. Æneas ascends the river with two ships, and arriving at the city, after a voyage of about a day and a half, finds Evander and his people engaged in a sacrifice to Hercules, an annual commemoration of their deliverance by that hero from the robber Cacus. Evander receives the Trojans with hospitality, and relates the story of Cacus, which is powerfully told. He accepts the proffered alliance of Æneas, and engages to assist him with four hundred horse; but, to render more effectual service, informs him that a large force of Etrurians were at that very time preparing to invade the Latian territory, and were only waiting for a foreign general, promised them by an oracle. | Their object was to compel the delivery up of their banished King Mezentius, who had taken refuge at the court of Ardea, and was now levying partizans for Turnus. | Æneas, with a chosen body of horse, and accompanied by Pallas, Evander's Son, sets out to join the Etrurian army, who are encamped in the neighbourhood of Agylla, and have a fleet on the coast ready to transport them to Latium. | Meanwhile Vulcan, at the request of Venus, has made a suit of armour for Æneas, which his Mother brings him. On the shield are portrayed some of the most memorable events of Roman history; in the centre of all, the battle of Actium, and the triumph of Augustus Cæsar. With the description of this the book concludes.

ÆNEID VIII.

When Turnus planted on Laurentum's wall
His standard, and the trumpets hoarsely bray'd,
He prick'd his gallant steeds, and clash'd his arms;
All hearts were stirr'd, in tumult Latium rose
Unanimous for war, and fiery rage
Inflamed her youth. Mezentius, atheist King,
Messapus, Ufens, mighty levies raise,
Dispeopling far and wide the rural fields.

Then to the city of great Diomed
Is Venulus despatch'd, to pray for aid,
To carry tidings of the Trojan fleet,
And how Æneas had to Latium brought
His vanquish'd household Gods, proclaim'd himself
A destin'd King, and now by many tribes
Was join'd, and spreading o'er the land his name:
What meant th' invader, his intent and aim,
Should fortune prosper, sooner might the Greek
Than Turnus or Latinus understand.

Such warlike movement when the Dardan saw,
A sea of trouble in his bosom rose;
This way and that his rapid thoughts revolve
In restless agitation, without end:
As from some brazen vase a stream of light,

Reflected by the sun or lunar ray,
Flits tremulous all around, or sudden shoots
Upward, and strikes the vaulted roof on high.

'Twas night, and weary creatures o'er the earth,
Cattle and feather'd tribes, deep slumber held:
On Tyber's bank beneath the chilly sky
Æneas lay, by cares of war disturb'd,
His limbs at length reposing after toil:
When lo, uprising from the placid stream,
There between poplar boughs the River-God
Stood manifest: an azure filmy veil
Cloth'd him, and shadowy reeds conceal'd his hair:
Who thus began, and words of comfort spake:

O Heaven-born Prince, who bringest back to us,
Sav'd from the foe, imperishable Troy;
O long-expected on Laurentian soil
And Latin fields; thy sure abode is here;
Here fix thy household Gods, nor threats of war
Regard; for all Heaven's anger is appeas'd.
I speak no idle dream; for thou shalt find
Under an oak reclining on the shore
A huge white sow, with thirty litter'd young,
White as the dam, her udders hanging round.
Here shall thy city be and place of rest:
Ascanius here shall build, when thrice ten years
Have run their course, a city by the name
Of Alba famous. Doubt not but my words
Time shall fulfil: but now to expedite
Thine urgent needs, hear brief what I advise.
Arcadian exiles late, a people sprung
From ancient Pallas, following the command
Of King Evander, settled on this coast;

A city have they founded on the hills,
And Pallanteum from their Patriarch named.
They with the Latins wage incessant war:
With them make league, and reinforce thy camp.
I up the stream will guide thee, and assist
Thine oars to overcome the adverse tide.
Rise, Son of Venus; when the stars grow pale,
To Juno offer prayer; her enmity
Subdue with suppliant vows; and when success
Hath crown'd thee, honours thou shalt pay to me.
The River best belov'd of Heaven am I,
Cerulean Tyber, whom along these banks
Pouring thou seest th' abundance of my stream,
Cutting the fruitful meads. My chosen seat,
City of cities to become, is here.

Which said, the River plunging to his depths
Had vanish'd: night and sleep Æneas left.
He rose, and looking toward the sunlit east
Scoops water from the stream with hollow palms,
Devoutly raises it, and prays aloud:
Ye Nymphs, from whom the Streams their increase take,
Laurentian Nymphs, and holy Tyber, thou,
Receive Æneas and his troubles end.
Oh, in what fount soe'er thy watery bed
Detains thee, Father, pitying my distress,
Wherever in thy beauty thou dost rise,
Still gifts and honour I will bring to thee,
Thou horned Monarch of Italian Floods:
Now aid me, and thy prophet words confirm.

Forthwith a pair of galleys from the fleet
Two-deck'd he chose; equipp'd and arm'd his crew:

When lo, a sudden marvel; on the bank
A huge white sow, with litter white like her,
Among the trees reclining is beheld:
Them to great Juno at the altar-side
With sacrificial pomp the Chieftain slew.
All the night long Tyber his onward course
Check'd, and the swelling of his waves composed,
That level as a pool the water lay
Unruffled, easy to the sliding oar.
The crew pursue their way; smooth glide the keels
With ripple cheery; grove and stream admire
The painted moving barks, and gleam of shields
Far radiant: day and night their oars they ply,
And up the pleasant winding stream ascend,
Shelter'd by trees and various woodland shade.

The fiery Sun had clomb the middle sky,
When walls and towers and houses, thinly spread,
Are seen from far; which Roman greatness now
Hath rais'd to heaven; a scanty kingdom then
Evander ruled. The fast-approaching prows
Are turn'd to shore. It was a festal morn,
Th' Arcadian King a solemn sacrifice
Paying to great Alcides and the Gods
In a suburban grove; beside him stood
Pallas, his princely Son, the Nobles all,
And humble Senate, burning frankincense;
While blood yet warm upon the altar smoked:
But when tall vessels thro' the trees they saw
With silent oars and easy motion glide,
All start in terror and the tables leave;
Whom Pallas to disturb the sacred feast
Forbidding, grasps a weapon, and himself
Advancing boldly from a hillock cries:

Strangers, what brings you to a foreign shore?
Who are ye? wherefore come ye? friends or foes?
Æneas answers from the lofty stern,
And holds the peaceful olive in his hand:
Trojans are we, foes of the Latin race,
Who us would extirpate with cruel war;
We seek Evander; tell him, Chiefs of Troy
Come hither his alliance to implore.
Awe-struck was Pallas at so great a name:
Land, whosoe'er thou be, and face to face
Speak with my Sire, and welcome to our roof:
He said, and from the vessel kindly took
And prest the stranger's hand. Together both
Pass to the grove, and leave the river-side.

Æneas friendly thus addrest the King:
Best of the Greeks, to whom at Fate's behest
With prayer I come and branches fillet-bound;
Altho' a Danaan Prince, Arcadian born,
Wert thou, and to the sons of Atreus kin,
Nothing I fear'd. My worth and thy renown,
Our common sires and holy oracles
Unite us; nor unwilling I obey
The call of Fate. Our patriarch Dardanus,
And Ilium's founder, of Electra born,
(So Greeks declare,) among the Teucrians came
An emigrant: Electra was the child
Of Atlas, whose broad shoulders heaven sustain.
Your Sire is Mercury, whom Maia fair
Conceiv'd and bore on cold Cyllene's top;
But her, if credence we may give to fame,
Atlas begot, the same who bears the sky.
Thus from a common source we both descend.
Therefore nor embassy, thine ear to engage,

Nor wary compact needing, I myself
Came trustful hither, suppliant to thy gate.
Our foes are thine. The Daunians us pursue
With cruel war, and think, expelling us,
Full sure all Italy beneath their yoke
To bring, from th' upper to the lower sea.
Accept our proffer'd faith, and pledge thine own.
Brave souls have we, and youth in hardships tried.

Evander all this time the speaker's face,
Features and form, with curious gaze perused;
Then answer'd: Bravest of the Trojan race,
I know and welcome thee. Thy Father's look,
His very voice and language I recall.
For I remember once to Salamis,
Where Queen Hesione his Sister reign'd,
Old Priam came; and thence pursued his way
To cold Arcadia's region. Then the bloom
Of early youth was mantling on my cheek;
And much the Trojan Chieftains I admired,
And Priam too; but taller stood than all
Thy Sire Anchises; and an ardent wish
Rose in my youthful heart, to speak with him,
And press his hand in mine; and I advanced,
And him with much entreaty to the walls
Of Pheneus brought. A quiver elegant
And Lycian arrows he at parting gave me,
A mantle gold-embroider'd, and a pair
Of golden bits, which yet my Son retains.
Therefore the hand thou seekest is in league
Already join'd; and when the morrow dawns,
With aid by me recruited ye shall go.
Meanwhile, as ye are friends, these annual rites,
Which must not be delay'd, partake with us

Kindly, and learn our social board to know.

Straight he commands the goblets and the cheer
To be replaced, and on a turfy seat
Ranges the men, but to a maple throne
And cushion of a shaggy lion-skin
Invites Æneas. Then the altar-priest
And chosen youths bring roasted flesh of beeves,
Heap wheaten bread in canisters, and wine
Officious serve. Æneas and his band
The lustral entrails and long chine regale.

Their hunger soon appeas'd, Evander spake:
Trojan, these rites, this customary feast,
This altar of a mighty Deity,
Not superstition vain or ignorance
Of ancient Gods prescribed; but grateful thanks
Thus we renew, from perils dire preserv'd.
Regard that hanging precipice, and this
Rock-dwelling uninhabited, where lie
Huge scatter'd fragments from the mountain fallen:
Here was a cave far inward, sunken deep,
Where Cacus, monster semihuman, dwelt:
No ray of light could enter; with fresh blood
The floor was ever reeking; heads of men
Hung foul and ghastly rotting on the door.
This plague was Vulcan's offspring, whose black flame
His mouth disgorging, vast in bulk he moved.
Long had we pray'd for succour: time at length
Did our Avenger bring: great Hercules
With spoils of three-lived Geryon, whom he slew,
Triumphant hither came; his captive bulls,
A stately herd, thro' Tyber's valley stray'd.
Cacus, with fury blind, that fraud or crime

None he might leave unventur'd or untried,
Four bulls, four heifers from the pasture drove,
Choicest of all the herd; which by the tail
He dragg'd, all footmarks of his theft to hide,
And thrust with heels inverted in his den:
Search to the cavern thus no trace could lead.
But when Alcides for departure hence
Collected in the meads his full-fed kine,
The bulls reluctant bellow'd, hill and grove
Echoed the cry; whereat from underground
One heifer low'd responsive, and the hope
Of Cacus baffled. Stung was Hercules
With rage; he snatcht his arms, his knotty club,
And to the mountain ran: then first dismay'd
Cacus was seen, and trouble in his eye:
Swift as a tempest terror-wing'd he fled,
Plunged in the cavern's mouth, and closed the door,
A rib of solid rock, with iron chain
By Vulcan's art suspended; this, the chain
Tearing, he dropt, and bolted firm within:
Stormful Tirynthius came, and all th' approach
Examining, glanced quickly to and fro,
Gnashing his teeth; thrice furious paced he round
The hill of Aventine, thrice vainly tried
The mountain-door, thrice rested in the vale.
Behind the cavern rose a flinty rock,
Shorn from the cliffs, with peaky summit high,
Fit haunt and nestling-place for birds of prey:
This, leftward o'er the river as it hung,
He from the right shook pressing, tore it up
Loose from its firm foundations, headlong then
Push'd; at the shock vast ether groan'd, the banks
Asunder leapt, back roll'd th' affrighted stream.
Now was the creature's den exposed to view,

And all the spacious mansion, dusk and drear;
As if some mighty power should rend the earth,
The nether world and kingdoms pale disclose
By Gods abhorr'd, and sunlight thro' th' abyss
Intrusive shining scare the ghostly Shades.
Cacus, in unexpected light surprised,
Pent in the hollow rock, bray'd horribly,
That like was never heard; Alcides him
With utmost power assailing from above,
With missiles whelming, trunks, and mountain-stones;
He, barr'd of all escape, a flood of smoke
Belch'd from his jaws, most wonderful, and wrapt
The cave in stifling darkness, black as night,
Rolling in hideous volumes, flaked with fire:
The Hero this endur'd not; in the midst
Headlong he leapt, where smoke in thickest clouds
Was rushing, and the fireblast hottest pour'd:
The monster, bootless flame still vomiting,
He grasps, and double-bends, upon the neck
Fastens with stern gripe squeezing, till the eyes
Out from their sockets burst, and breath was gone.
The doors now broken, all the dark abode,
The ravish'd bulls, and many a theft disclaim'd
Were shown to heaven; the shapeless carcase dragg'd
Forth by the feet: and none could gaze enough
Upon that savage bulk and countenance;
The chest with bristles thick, the dreadful eyes,
The jaws now breathless, and extinguish'd fires.

From that time forth Alcides' festive day
We celebrate with joy. Potitius first
And the Pinarian house, that guard the rites,
This Altar built, that ever will by us
Mighty be call'd, and ever mighty be.

Then come, on this high festival, entwine
With leaves your hair, the goblets cheerly raise,
Call on our common God, and wine outpour.
Him, while he spake, th' Herculean poplar crowns
With double-shaded foliage, and his hand
Uplifts a sacred bowl. Libations all
Pour on the table, and the Gods invoke.

Meanwhile the day declines, and eve draws near:
The Priests, and first Potitius, girt with skins
In wonted form advance, and torches bear;
Renew the feast, a welcome second course
In laden dishes on the altar heap;
Around whose kindled blaze the Salian choir,
Young men and old, attend, with poplar crown'd,
And sing the glorious lays of Hercules:
How first the snakes of Juno, frightful pair,
He strangled; mighty cities he o'erthrew,
Troy and Œchalia; thousand tasks, imposed
By King Eurystheus and Saturnia's will,
Toiling he overcame: Invincible!
Thou Pholus and Hylæus, double-form'd
Offspring of Clouds, didst immolate; thine hand
Slew Cretan monsters, and the lion huge
Under the Nemean rock. Thee Stygian lakes,
Thee Cerberus, crouching in his gory den
O'er bones half-eaten, trembled to behold:
No sight appall'd thee; nor with giant bulk
Typhœus arm'd, nor hundred circling heads
Of Lerna's dragon could thy courage quell.
Hail, true-born Son of Jove, Heaven's newest glory!
Us and thy rites be present still to aid!
These lofty themes of praise, and, last of all,
Fire-breathing Cacus and his cave they sing:

The groves and hills in concert echo round.

The worship ended, to the city all
Retrace their steps; the aged King, between
Æneas and his Son, with various talk
The way beguiles; Æneas casts his eye
Curious around, delighted with the spot,
And of the monuments of ancient men
Much asks and hears attentive. Thus to him
The founder of young Rome, Evander, spake:

These groves did native Fauns and Nymphs possess,
And men who took their birth from rugged trees,
Uncouth and wild, untaught to yoke the plough,
Or wealth accumulate, or gains preserve:
Boughs and the chase coarse nourishment supplied;
Till Saturn hither came, from Heaven's high throne
A fugitive, by Jupiter expell'd:
He the rude race of scatter'd mountaineers
Settled, and gave them laws; and Latium call'd
The place, where latent he had lived secure.
Under his reign it was the golden age,
While he in tranquil peace the people ruled.
A darker age degenerate by degrees
Ensued, with rage of war, and lust of gain:
Then came Ausonian and Sicanian tribes,
And the Saturnian land oft changed her name;
Then savage kings, and Tyber's giant bulk,
From whom th' Italians call their river now,
Which lost the ancient name of Albula.
Me too an exile over distant seas
All-ruling Fortune and resistless Fate
Brought to this spot; where Phœbus, and the Nymph
That gave me birth, Carmenta, bade me dwell.

He spake, and walking on to th' altar leads,
And gate, which Romans have Carmental named
In honour of the Nymph, who first inspired
With prescient voice the future glory sang
Of Pallanteum and th' Ænean line;
Thence to the spacious wood, which Romulus
Made an asylum, and the Lupercal
(Thus they in fashion of old Arcady
Had named the temple of Lycæan Pan,)
Under a chilly rock: nor he omits
The grove of Argiletum, sacred spot;
Of Argus there inhospitably slain
Relates the story, and the place itself
To witness calls; then the Tarpeian cliff
And Capitol he shews, now bright with gold,
Then dusk with horrid shades; but even then
Religious awe the place environing
Made rustics tremble at the grove and hill.

This grove, saith he, this wood-crown'd hill, some God
(We know not who) inhabits: Jove himself
Th' Arcadians think to have seen, when he hath shook
His ægis black, and call'd his thunderclouds.
Those ruins yonder were two flourishing towns;
Relics of ancient people yet thou seest;
This was by Janus, that by Saturn built;
Saturnia and Janiculum their names.

Discoursing thus, Evander's lowly gates
They reach, and herds of cattle straying see
The Forum thro' and streets of gorgeous Rome.
Before the house they stood; and thus the King:
This threshold Hercules victorious pass'd,
This palace welcom'd him. Be bold, my Friend,

Riches to scorn, to emulate a God,
Nor spurn the scanty cheer my roof bestows.
He said, and leading thro' his narrow hall
The great Æneas, placed him on a couch
With pile of leaves and Libyan bearskin spread.

Night fell, embracing earth with dusky wings:
When Venus, her maternal fears alarm'd
By threats and tumult of Laurentian war,
Vulcan accosts, him in their golden bed
Implores, and in her voice breathes love divine:
Whilst Greeks were labouring with fire and sword
Troy to subvert and her devoted walls,
Nor aid of thee, nor arms thy workmanship
I ask'd, beloved Consort, nor would seek
To task thy powers in vain, albeit I ow'd
To Priam's children much, and many a time
Wept for Æneas and his cruel woes.
He on Rutulian shores by Jove's command
Hath settled now; and therefore am I come
A suppliant, of the God by me revered
Armour to beg, a Mother for her Son.
Thee Thetis, and Aurora thee with tears
Could melt. Oh, look, what people are combined,
What cities bar their gates and whet the sword,
'Gainst me and mine, for their destruction leagued!
She spake, and him yet unresolv'd enfolds
With snowy arms caressing: soon he caught
The wonted flame, that ran his marrow thro'
And melting bones; as when by lightning riven
The welkin blazes with a flood of fire.
She felt the snare succeed, and knew her charms:
He bounden with eternal love replies:
What need of far-sought argument? and why

Of me distrustful? Then could I have arm'd
The Trojans, had thy wish been then the same:
Nor Fate nor Jupiter forbade thy Troy
Ten further years with Priam to survive.
And now, wouldst thou accomplish feats of war,
All that my art can promise, whatsoe'er
Of steel or mingled metal can be made,
What wind and fire can execute, is thine.
Desist from prayer, nor doubt thy power with me.
He said, and clasp'd her in his warm embrace,
Then on her bosom sank in soft repose.

The race of Night half run, refresht from sleep
He rose; what time the housewife, who with loom
And thrifty needlework hard life sustains,
Her gather'd embers kindling, by the lamp
Sets to their task her maidens, night to day
Laborious adding, that her husband's bed
Chaste she may keep, and rear her little sons:
Not less the Fire-God briskly and betimes
From the soft pillow hies him to the forge.

Between Trinacria's coast and Lipare
Rises a lofty isle, with smoking rocks;
In whose womb hollow'd by Cyclopian stoves
Ætnean caverns thunder, groans are heard
Of beaten anvils, furnaces that hiss
With mineral flying sparks, and panting fire.
'Tis Vulcan's house, and call'd Vulcanian land.
To this the God descends. The Cyclop crew
All busy forging in a spacious cell,
Pyracmon, Brontes, Steropes he found
With naked limbs: under whose moulding hands
A thunderbolt, (such kind as Jupiter

Hurls down from every quarter of the sky,)
One part was finish'd, half unwrought remained:
Three rays of hail, and three of watery cloud,
Three of red fire were mixt and winged wind;
Terrific blazes they were adding now,
And sound, and fear, and instant flashing rage.
Others for Mars were hasting to complete
A swift-wheel'd car, which men and cities he
Rouses withal to battle: other hands
Brightening the dreadful Ægis, which in wrath
Minerva wields, the golden serpent-scales,
And wreathed snakes, and sever'd Gorgon's head
Whose eyeball on the Virgin's bosom glares.

Away with all, he cries; put off your tasks,
Ætnean Cyclops, and attend to me.
Arms for a valiant hero must be made:
Up, and begin; quick hands and master-skill
And all your strength are needed. At the word
They fall to work, and share alike the toil.
Copper and golden ore in rivers flow;
In a vast furnace deadly iron melts:
An ample shield they frame, with sevenfold orbs,
Meet all the Latin weapons to withstand.
Some with wide bellows catch and blow the wind;
Some in the lake dip hissing bars; the cave
Groans loud with hammerstrokes. They without pause
Their brawny arms in measur'd cadence ply,
And with tenacious tongs the metal turn.

Whilst Vulcan thus th' Æolian isle employs,
Refreshing dawn and song of matin birds
Under his lowly roof Evander wake.
He rises; with a tunic girds his waist,

His feet with Tuscan sandals; to his side
Hangs from the belt a Tegeæan sword,
On his left shoulder throws a panther's hide:
Two faithful dogs, that watch'd beside his door,
Precede their master, and his steps attend.
He, mindful of his word and promises,
Hastes to the chamber where his guest reposed;
Who not less early from his couch had risen,
And with Achates in the middle hall
The King and Pallas meets. Their hands they join,
And sit them down, free converse to enjoy.
Thus first the King:

O mighty Trojan Chief,
Who living, never shall I deem subdued
The ancient realm of Troy: to aid thy war
Small means have we, unworthy of our name;
For here the Tuscan river shuts us in,
While there Rutulian arms infest our wall.
Yet puissant hosts and nations in thy cause
To join I purpose: unexpected chance
Their succour brings, and opportunely thou
Comest at Fortune's call. Not far from hence
Stands on an ancient rock Agylla's town,
By warlike Lydians built, who came to dwell
Among th' Etrurian hills. For many a year
It flourish'd, till Mezentius with his arms
Subdued and held it with a cruel sway.
What need this tyrant's impious deeds to tell,
And savage murders? May the Gods requite
Him and his race! The living to the dead
He used to fasten, hands and faces link'd
In foul embrace, till dropping fetid gore
In lingering agony the victims died.

At length his weary subjects, arms in hand,
Assail the madman, and his house besiege;
His friends they massacre and fire his roof:
He thro' the carnage safe to Ardea fled,
Where Turnus shelters him with friendly power:
But all Etruria rose for just revenge,
And threatening instant war demand their King
For punishment. Thee leader will I give
To all these hosts, Æneas. Even now
Their galleys crowd the shore, and loud they call
For battle; but an aged soothsayer
With prophecy restrains: Ye band (he cried)
Of brave Mæonians, flower of noble breed,
Whom generous wrath against a tyrant arms,
Your legions no Italian may command;
A foreign general choose. Th' Etrurians thus
Warn'd by the Gods encamp'd in my domain:
Envoys to me from Tarchon with the crown
And royal ensigns came, beseeching me
To join their camp, their sceptre to assume.
But years, which damp my spirit and my strength,
For high command or enterprise of war
Unfit me now. I might have urged my Son;
But Pallas, of a Sabine mother born,
Is half a native. Thee thine age, thy birth
Mark for the fates: Go, heaven-call'd Chieftain, go,
Lead on the force of Troy and Italy.
Pallas with thee, my comfort and my hope,
Shall march; of thee the rudiments of war
Shall learn; thy deeds from earliest years begin
To witness and admire. Two hundred knights,
Flower of Arcadian youth, with him I join;
He the like number in his own name leads.

He ceas'd: Æneas and Achates cast
Their eyes in silence down, and on grave thoughts
Were entering tristful; when from open skies
A sign from Venus came, a lightning flash
By thunder follow'd: all the heavens appear
To fall, and Tuscan trumpets loudly bray.
Upward they look: again, and yet again
Thunder; and in a cloud serenely bright
A gleam of arms, and sound of clashing steel!
Amazed were all the rest; Æneas knew
That sign, fulfilment of his Parent's word:
Fear not, my Friend, saith he, what this portends:
The heavenly call, the warning is for me:
My Goddess Mother, on approach of war,
Such signal promis'd, and Vulcanian arms
To bring me from the sky. Alas, what scourge
Of death and slaughter over Latium hangs!
What vengeance, Turnus, will I take on thee!
What heaps beneath his waves will Tyber roll,
Helmets and shields and bodies of the brave!
Now armies let them raise and break the league!

This said, he rises from his rustic throne,
And first th' Herculean altar reillumes,
Salutes with joy the hearth of yesterday
And little household Gods, while chosen ewes
Evander and the Trojans duly slay;
Then to his galleys and their crew returns,
Selects the bravest to attend his march;
The others gliding down the rapid stream
Bear to Ascanius tidings of his Sire.
Steeds for the Trojan escort are assign'd,
And one of matchless beauty for the Chief,

Whose back a lion's tawny hide enfolds,
With golden paws that glittering hang before.

Soon thro' the little city rumour spreads
The march of horsemen for the Tuscan court.
Mothers in fear redouble all their vows,
Nearer the peril, images of war
More dreadful seem. Evander clasps the hand
Of his departing Son, and clings to it
Insatiably weeping while he speaks:

Oh, my past years could Jupiter recall!
Such were I now, as when the foremost rank
Before Præneste's wall I struck to earth,
And burn'd the pile of shields victorious:
King Herilus my sabre sent below,
To whom Feronia when she bore him gave
(Monstrous to tell!) three lives, arms thrice to wield,
And triple death to die; yet all his arms
I spoil'd him of, and all his lives destroy'd:
Not from thy sweet embrace, my Son, should I
Be sever'd now; Mezentius had not dared
Insult my kingdom thus, laid waste the land,
So many people slain! But oh, ye Gods,
And Jupiter supreme, have pity on
Th' Arcadian King, and hear a Father's prayer.
If Pallas ye have destin'd to preserve,
If yet again before these eyes to bring,
For life I pray, no suffering I decline:
But if some dire misfortune be decreed,
Now, now this wretched life exterminate,
While fear is doubtful, and while hope survives,
While my dear Boy, my last and sole delight,

I hold embracing. Ne'er let fatal news
Afflict mine ear! These words, the last farewell,
He spake: the servants bore him fainting home.

And now the horsemen issued from the gate,
Æneas and Achates in the front,
Then other Chiefs of Troy; i' th' centre rode
Pallas, with scarf and variegated arms,
Bright, as when Lucifer, of all the stars
To Venus dearest, by the wave refresht
Of Ocean rises, and with glance divine
Scatters the dark in heaven. Upon the wall
Stand fearful matrons, following with their eyes
The dusty cloud and brazen-glittering band:
They through the open passage of a wood
In martial order wheel; then loosing rein,
Their shouts are heard, and horny feet of steeds
Clatter in heavy prance and tear the ground.

A grove there was by Cære's chilly stream
Extending wide, in hollow hills enclosed,
Begirt with gloomy firs; a far-known spot,
And hallow'd by traditionary faith:
'Tis said, Palasgian settlers to the God
Sylvanus, guardian of their flocks and fields,
This grove did consecrate, and eke the day
That fixt their home in Latium. Near to this
Th' Etrurian legions from the hill were seen
In camp intrench'd, wide spreading o'er the plain.
Æneas and his chosen band approach,
And horse and man from toilsome march repose.

Soon with her gifts fair Cytherea came

Veil'd in a cloud, and in the valley spied
Æneas by a solitary bank
Of the cool stream: accosting him she made
Her presence known: Behold my promis'd boon
By Vulcan's art accomplish'd: fear no more
The proud Laurentians; fear not now, my Son,
To challenge valiant Turnus to the field.
With that embracing him, the dazzling arms
Under an oak she placed; which he with pride
Thankful receives, and gazes o'er and o'er
With eager scrutiny, inspects, admires,
Holds in his hand, and poises with his arm;
A crested helm terrific, breathing fire,
A deadly sword, a breastplate ponderous,
Of brass compact, and blood-red as a cloud,
Whose azure folds with sunny radiance glow;
The spear he clasp'd, the greaves of metal fine
Temper'd with gold; but lost in wonder views
Th' incomparable texture of the shield.

There had the God, of prophecy and fate
Not uninform'd, Italian story carv'd,
The future lineage of Ascanius,
Triumphs of Rome, and wars in order waged.

Recumbent in the grassy cave of Mars
A Wolf with milky dugs had Vulcan wrought;
Twin playful boys were hanging at the breast,
Licking their Mother fearless; she her neck
Bends fondly down, caressing both by turns
And shaping with her tongue. Not far from hence
Rome he had placed, and Sabine dames by force
Torn from their seat at great Circensian games;
Then sudden war; old Tatius leads the race

Of hardy Cures 'gainst the sons of Rome:
But soon the Kings, their quarrel laid aside,
Before the altar stand of Jupiter,
Both arm'd, but holding sacrificial bowls,
And with a slaughter'd sow the peace confirm.
Next, Metius, limb from limb by chariots torn;
(False Alban, punish'd for thy broken vows!)
His mangled carcase Tullus thro' the wood
Was dragging, while his blood the brakes bedew'd.

There was Porsenna pressing with blockade
The city, and commanding to restore
The banish'd Tarquin: Romans to the fight
Were rushing on for freedom: he like one
Indignant might be seen and menacing,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and 'scaping loose
From bondage o'er the river Clælia swam.

On the Tarpeian height stood Manlius bold,
To guard the Capitol, whose recent dome
Yet bristled with the straw of Romulus.
Before the gilded porch a silver goose
Was fluttering, and with timely cackle warn'd,
The Gauls were at the gate: in silence they
By night and darkness favour'd thro' the glades
Had crept, and all but gain'd the citadel:
Whom auburn locks distinguish, yellow vest,
And cloaks with gaudy stripe; their snowy necks
Are twined with gold; each brandishes in hand
An Alpine lance, and wears a length of shield.

Here Salian dancers, and Lupercans bare,
The woollen caps, and bucklers dropt from heaven,
Are shown: chaste matrons with their sacred gear

In easy litters thro' the city ride:
At distance, the domain of Tartarus,
The lofty gates of Pluto, and the place
Of penal torture; Catiline is there,
Hung on a precipice, and at the looks
Of Furies trembling; happy Souls apart,
With Cato giving laws.

Between all these
A scene extended of the swollen sea,
Golden of hue, but white with foamy waves;
Bright silvery dolphins gambol in a ring,
And cleave with tails the ocean: in the midst
The Actian conflict, brazen ships are seen,
Leucate glowing with proud war-array;
One side Augustus Cæsar leading on,
Italians, people, senate, household Gods
And Deities of Heaven; upon the stern
Aloft he stands; a double flame serene
His temples pour, full on his forehead beams
The Julian star: conspicuous to the charge,
Aided by winds and Heaven, Agrippa comes,
His temples pointed with a naval crown,
Trophy of glorious war: to them opposed,
With mixt barbarian squadron, Antony,
From th' orient victor and the red-sea coast,
Egypt and eastern powers and aid remote
Of Bactra bringing; in his train (oh shame!)
Th' Egyptian Paramour: together all
Rush, and with straining oars and trident beaks
Convuls'd the waters foam; one might believe
That Cyclad isles uptorn were floating huge,
Or mountains meeting mountains in the deep:
The lofty decks are throng'd with combatants;

Showers fly of missile steel and hempen flame;
Streams of fresh blood the fields of Neptune dye.

The Queen with Pharian timbrel calls her host,
And doth not see two serpents creep behind:
The Dog Anubis and a medley crew
Of Monster-Gods 'gainst Neptune stand in arms,
'Gainst Venus and Minerva: steel-clad Mars
And Furies join the strife; with rended robe
Discord is there, Bellona with her scourge;
But from the heights of air his conquering bow
Actian Apollo bends, whereat dismay'd
All Egypt, Arab, Indian turn to flight;
The Queen, as if the winds invoking, seems
To spread her sail and loosen every cord,
Amidst the rout, and pale with future death,
Borne by the tide and Iapygian gale:
Nile opposite, his mighty form in grief,
With open lap and robe the vanquish'd calls
To the deep bosom of his dark-blue stream.

Cæsar, with triple triumph entering Rome,
A votive offering to th' Italian Gods,
Three-hundred fanes immortal, consecrates;
With joy the roads, with game and plaudit ring:
In every temple matron-choirs attend,
Bulls at each altar fall in sacrifice:
He, seated by Apollo's marble porch,
Views numerous gifts, and on the gorgeous doors
Hangs them. In long train conquer'd nations march,
Diverse in tongue, habiliment, and arms;
Numidians here and loose-robed Africans,
There Scythian archers, Thracian, Carian tribes:
Now with more gentle stream Euphrates flow'd,

Two-horned Rhine, and scorner of a bridge,
Araxes; humbly stoop'd the Dahan now,
And fierce Morinians, farthest of mankind.

Such scenes upon the bright Vulcanian orb
Æneas, ignorant of their wondrous tale,
Admiring view'd, and on his shoulder bore
The glorious fates of his posterity. 770

ÆNEID IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus marches with a part of his army, to surprise the Trojan camp in the absence of Æneas. The camp has by this time assumed the form of a town; fortified externally with a trench and rampart, in the manner of a Roman encampment; with a few dwelling houses constructed within. The Trojans not stirring out of their walls, Turnus attempts to burn the ships in the Tyber, which are transformed by a miracle into Sea-nymphs. Night coming on, he defers the assault till the next morning, and surrounds the town with his force. The Trojan leaders, anxious to inform Æneas of their danger, are at a loss how to convey the intelligence; when Nisus and Euryalus volunteer to pass the blockading camp, and make their way to Pallanteum, where they suppose Æneas still to be. They set out in the dead of night, and pass safely through the camp, after killing many of the sleeping enemy; but are at length captured and slain by a troop of cavalry, who had been sent to join the besiegers. At break of day the attack begins. The Trojans successfully repel all the efforts of the Latins; but having attempted a sally, are driven back into the town by Turnus, who rushes in after them, and makes great slaughter; till finding himself alone, and overwhelmed by numbers, he leaps into the Tyber and escapes. The episode (as it is called) of Nisus and Euryalus occupies a large portion of the book, and has been deservedly admired. The action of the siege is vividly described; the operations are borrowed by the Poet from the practice of Roman warfare.

ÆNEID IX.

Such work in distant quarters was begun:
Meanwhile to Turnus, in the lonely vale
And grove of Sire Pilumnus where he sat,
Iris at Juno's bidding hastes from heaven,
And thus with rosy mouth her message bears:
Turnus, what no Immortal to thy wish
Could promise, time and accident have wrought:
Æneas from his town, his fleet, and crew,
To Palatine Evander's realm hath gone,
The distant walls hath reach'd of Corythus,
And rouses Lydian countrymen to arms:
Seize thou the moment, muster all thy steeds
And chariots, and the Dardan camp surprise.

She spake, and upward soar'd with even wings,
And flying cut a rainbow in the clouds:
Then Turnus knew her, rais'd his hands aloft,
And follow'd with his voice: Thou pride of heaven,
Iris, who sent thee hither? and from whence
This sudden brightness in the firmament?
I see the mid sky open, and above
The stars careering. Whosesoe'er it be,
Th' auspicious call I follow. Saying which,
He sought the stream, scoop'd water from the marge,
Pray'd to the Gods, and loaded heaven with vows.

And now the army pour'd along the plain,
With horse-array, with broider'd vests and gold;
In front Messapus, in the rear the sons
Of Tyrrheus, Turnus in the centre rides,
With spear in hand, majestic: on they move,
Like seven-arm'd Ganges, where in silence flows
His mighty breadth of stream; or fruitful Nile,
When ebbing to his channel he subsides.

Soon a black cloud of dust the Trojans view
Gathering from far, and darkening all the plain:
First from the nearest height Caicus calls:
Townsmen, what dusky volumes yonder roll?
Arm, arm; bring swords and javelins; mount the wall;
The enemy! holla! With loud cry all
Flock to the gates, and fill the battlements:
For thus Æneas, politic in arms,
Parting enjoin'd; whatever might betide,
Not to march out or venture in the field,
But safe within their lines intrench'd to bide:
Therefore their fiery valour they restrain,
Obedient to command, and close the gates,
And in their hollow towers await the foe.

Turnus with twenty chosen horsemen flew
Before his tardy line, and suddenly
Burst on the city's view: a Thracian steed
White-spotted bears him; on his golden helm
A red crest gleams: Who follows to th' attack?
Behold! he cries; and, signal of the fight,
His javelin whirls, and rushes prancing on;
With dreadful shout his comrades follow him,
And much their sluggish enemy disdain,
Who dare not meet them in the open field,

But to the ramparts cling. He round and round
Impetuous rides, and thro' the guarded wall
An entrance seeks. As when a famish'd wolf
Beside the fold, enduring wind and rain,
Prowls after midnight, while the lambs lie safe
Under their mothers bleating; he shut out
With fury howls, unable to appease
His ravenous hunger and bloodthirsty jaws:
So the Rutulian gazes on the wall
Indignantly, and with impatience burns,
Perplext which way to approach, how from their height
Dislodge the foes, and force them to the plain.
Their fleet he spies, which cover'd by redoubts
Between the rampart and the river lay;
This he assails, and calls aloud for fire,
And grasps a blazing pine; the zealous band
Urged by his presence hurry to the task,
With pitchy torches arm'd; already they
Have stripp'd the kindled hearths, and dusky flame
Shoots up with smoke and cinders to the sky.

What God from flame and conflagration dire
The Trojan ships preserv'd? Ye Muses tell:
The tale is old, eternal the renown.

When first a fleet in Phrygian Ida's wood
Æneas built, to bear him o'er the main,
Thus Berecynthia, Mother of the Gods,
Accosted Jove: My Son, thy Parent asks
This recompense of thee for Heaven subdued.
A grove for many years on Ida's top,
Belov'd by me and sacred to my rites,
Flourish'd with maples thick and dusky pines:
Them to the Dardan Prince, to build his fleet,

I freely gave; but now with fear am prest:
Relieve me thou, and grant a Mother's prayer;
That these my mountain-children, for my sake,
Nor tempest shatter, nor the seas impair.
To whom sphere-moving Jupiter replied:
What would'st thou, Mother? How the fates revoke?
Can ships by mortal framed immortal stand?
Æneas danger unendanger'd meet?
What God can work such miracle? Yet I
This favour will concede: when 'scaped the seas
Thy fleet hath found her haven, every ship,
That brings Æneas to the Latian shore,
To a Sea-Goddess changed such form shall take,
As Galatea and her sister-choir
Of Nereids, when they breast the foamy wave.
He said, and swearing by the Stygian gulf
And pitchy torrent flood, his mighty oath
Nodding affirm'd, and shook th' Olympian realm.

The promis'd day was come, fulfill'd the time
Due to the fates; when Cybele alarm'd
Hastes from Rutulian fire her ships to save.
Sudden a light shone radiant from her eyes,
An eastern cloud 'gan move athwart the sky
With the Idæan choirs; a dreadful voice
Came down thro' air, and either army fill'd:
Trojans, be still, nor arm ye to defend
My ships: the sea may Turnus easier burn
Than these my sacred pines. Go freely, ye,
Sea-Goddesses, your Mother bids you, go.
Straight from the bank each galley breaks her cord,
And (wondrous) in the wave with sunken beak
Dives dolphin-like; and swimming there appear
As many Virgin forms beneath the main,

As whilom brazen vessels faced the shore.

Amazement held th' assailants, back recoil'd
With frighted steeds Messapus, and with stream
Hoarse-murmuring Tyber halted on his way:
Yet Turnus nothing daunted cheers his men
With valorous haughty words: These prodigies
Menace the Trojans, whom their guardian Jove
Abandons. For Rutulian fire and steel
They wait not. Closed against them is the sea;
No hope of flight, and half their chance destroy'd.
The land is ours; the powers of Italy
Flock to our aid. Their vaunted oracles
Affright not me: to Venus and the fates
It will suffice, that Phrygian barks have touch'd
Th' Ausonian shore: to me too are reserv'd
My fates, an impious race to extirpate,
Robb'd of my bride. Not sons of Atreus only
Such wrong hath touch'd, nor Argos may alone
Such vengeance claim. Once punish'd were enough,
Had they but once offended. Well, methinks,
Might Trojans have abjured all womankind.
Fools! on their ditch and ramparts they rely,
Slight barriers, brief and impotent defence!
Did they not see their old Neptunian walls
In ashes laid? Come on, my trusty men,
Cut down their wall, assault their coward camp.
I nor Vulcanian arms nor thousand ships
Against these Teucrians need. Let all the host
Of Tuscans join them! Night and stratagem,
Palladium stolen, or slaughter'd sentinels
They need not fear; nor will we hide ourselves
Within a horse's paunch, but in full day
Their city gird with flames, and let them know

Tis not with Greeks they strive or Argive youth,
Whose victory Hector ten long years delay'd.
But spent is now the day: companions brave,
Well have ye sped; this night refresh your limbs,
And cheerful for the morrow's fight prepare.

The city now with sentries to blockade,
Surround with fires, Messapus hath the charge:
Twice seven Rutulian captains keep the watch,
Each with a hundred men, bedight in gold
And purple crests; who hasting to and fro
Relieve the guard, or stretcht upon the turf
Indulge in wine, and brazen goblets pour;
Fires gleam beside them, as the wakeful night
They give to play. The Trojans from above
Not unobservant keep their post in arms;
Explore the gates with caution, tower to tower
With bridges join, and missiles bear aloft:
Mnestheus and brave Serestus urge them on,
Deputed by the Chief, should need befall,
To take command and conduct of the war:
By just allotment the defenders all
Divide the toil, and watch and rest by turns.

A gate to valiant Nisus was assign'd,
The Son of Hyrtacus, a hunter erst
In Ida's wood, expert with bow and spear:
With whom was join'd Euryalus: in the camp
Was fairer none than he; his unshorn cheek
Just bloom'd with youthful down. The twain were friends,
Fought ever side by side, and at the gate
Kept watch together now. The elder spake:
Euryalus, do Gods this ardour prompt,

Or Gods to us become our strong desires?
My soul is restless, and for battle burns,
Or some great enterprise. Dost thou perceive
The confidence supine of yonder foes?
Their watchfires thinly burn; by sleep and wine
Relax'd they lie, and all is silence round.
Now mark what purpose rises to my thought:
Leaders and men desire our Chief's recall,
And message to apprise him of our need:
If they will promise thee what I demand,
(Me will the fame content,) by yonder hill
A way to Pallanteum I could find.

Euryalus with love of glory fired
Answer'd his friend: Dost thou deny to me
Share in thy danger and thy great design?
And could I send my Nisus forth alone?
Not such the lessons which my valiant Sire
Opheltes gave, who me amidst th' alarm
Of Argives and calamities of Troy
A soldier rear'd; not such my deeds with thee,
Following Æneas and our slender hopes.
I have a soul like thine, that life contemns,
And holds it cheaply barter'd for renown.
Nor otherwise imagin'd I of thee;
Said Nisus: never! so may Jupiter
And friendly Gods in triumph bring me home.
But (for this venture is of hazards full,)
Should I be stricken by some evil chance,
Thee would I wish to live; thy youthful years
Of life are worthier. Let me leave behind
One who my corse may rescue or redeem,
And give me burial, or (be that denied,)
Pay the last rites, and for mine honour raise

An empty tomb. Oh, let me not afflict
Thy wretched Mother! She of all the dames
Left great Acesta's town, to follow thee.
Vain are thy pleas: Euryalus exclaim'd:
Unmoved is my resolve; let us be gone.
The guard he wakens; and, the watch exchanged,
Forth to the Captain's tent they both repair.

All other creatures now reposed in sleep,
Forgetting sorrow and reliev'd from toil:
The Trojan leaders and a chosen band
Held counsel, what for safety could be done,
What envoy to Æneas they could send:
With shields in hand, and leaning on their spears,
Full in the centre of the camp they stood:
Euryalus and Nisus come in haste,
And pray admittance, on a matter grave
And pressing to be heard; Ascanius them
At once receives, and bids the elder speak,
Who thus began: Ye Trojans, lend your ears,
And not our age, but what we say regard:
Buried in wine and slumber lie the foes;
A secret passage by the branching road,
Close by the river-gate, we have espied;
Their fires are scatter'd, and black smoke ascends:
Let us embrace th' occasion; we shall find
Th' Arcadian walls, and soon with bloody spoils
Triumphant here Æneas ye shall see:
We cannot miss the road; for hunting oft
Thro' the dark valley glimpses of the town
We both have caught, and all the stream explored.

O Guardians of my country, Gods of Troy!
Alethes grave in years and wisdom cried:

Ye could not mean to extirpate our race,
When ye created brave young hearts like these!
And both their shoulders and right hands he clasp'd,
Wetting his cheek with tears: Oh, what reward
Meet for your high deserts can we bestow?
The noblest meed your own approving hearts
And Heaven will give: yet otherwise, be sure,
Our pious Chief Æneas will requite,
And young Ascanius ne'er forget your deeds.

Yes; cried Ascanius; by our household Gods,
The sacred hearth of old Assaracus,
And shrine of hoary Vesta, thus do I,
Whose only safety is my Sire's return,
Swear, Nisus: in your bosoms I repose
My fortunes and my hopes: recall my Father,
Restore him to my sight, and all is well.
Two silver cups emboss'd I promise thee,
Spoil by Æneas at Arisba won,
A pair of tripods, talents twain of gold,
An antique goblet, Tyrian Dido's gift;
And when th' Italian sceptre having won
Our prizes we allot—beheldest thou
The charger by Rutulian Turnus prest,
His armour golden bright? That very steed,
That shield and crimson plumes from all the spoil
Will I except; this moment they are thine,
Nisus. Yet more; the fairest matrons twelve
My Sire shall give, twelve captives with their arms,
And all the land which King Latinus holds.
But thee, whose years are nearer to mine own,
Heroic Youth, thee to my heart I take,
For life henceforth my comrade and my friend.
No glory will I seek unshared by thee

In peace or war; in word and action thou
My trustiest guide shall be.

Euryalus
Thus answer'd: Me may conduct ever prove
In good or adverse fortune still the same.
Of thee one only kindness do I ask:
I have a Mother of old Priam's line,
Who Ilium's land and King Acestes' town
Gave up to follow me; whom unapprised
Of this my peril, whatsoe'er it be,
I leave without farewell. Night and thy hand
Be witnesses, her tears I could not bear.
Console her thou, support her age forlorn:
Give me this hope, and bolder shall I go
To meet all danger. Smitten by his words
The Dardans wept, Iulus more than all,
Touch'd by the sight of filial piety.

The full reward of this great enterprise
I promise thee. My Mother she shall be;
Creusa's name alone will not be hers:
Well she deserves who bore so brave a Son.
Whate'er the issue, by this head I swear,
(My Father's ancient oath,) what now to thee
I promise, if in triumph thou returnest,
Shall to thy Mother and thy race belong.
Weeping he said; and from his shoulder took
A falchion rich with gold and ivory sheath,
Gnossian Lycaon's cunning workmanship:
Mnestheus a shaggy lion's hide and spoils
To Nisus gave; Alethes helms exchanged;
Forth arm'd they go, while nobles young and old
Attend them to the gate with anxious prayer:

Iulus thoughtful, wise beyond his years,
Sent numerous mandates to his Sire; but them
Winds frustrate bear and scatter to the clouds.

They pass the trench, and seek thro' shades of night
The hostile camp, to many on their way
The messengers of death. Upon the grass
Bodies were strewn around in drunken sleep;
Chariots with upright poles upon the shore;
Men between wheels and harness; cups and arms
Mingled. Here Nisus whispering: My Friend,
Occasion presses; I must use my strength:
This way; keep watchful eye, that no attack
Be made behind us: I will clear the ground,
And open thee a track. Nor said he more,
But stately Rhamnes with the sword assails,
Who on a cushion rais'd from all his lungs
Was breathing sleep; a king and augur he
By Turnus lov'd; but all his auguries
Destruction could not ward: attendants three
Stretcht careless by the armour share his fate.
The squire of Remus and the charioteer
Under the steeds were found; their hanging necks
The Dardan sever'd, and their master's too,
The trunk left gurgling, bed and ground bedrench'd
With gory streams. Next Lamus, Lamyrus
He smote, and young Serranus, who the night
Had given to free debauch; with comely face
Opprest by wine he lay; better for him,
Had he prolong'd his wassail to the morn.

So, when a lion rushes thro' the fold
By hunger urged, the flock in terror mute
He tears, devours, and revels in their blood.

Like deeds the younger homicide enacts
Unsparing: in the midst a nameless crowd,
Hebesus, Fadus, Abaris he slew;
Them sleeping: Rhætus woke and saw it all,
But slunk behind a beaker; as he rose,
Euryalus in his bosom the sword's length
Plunges, and draws it back; the dying man
Vomits his purple life, blood mixt with wine;
Flush'd with his night-exploits th' adventurer bold
Pursues his way; and faring on, had reach'd
The quarters of Messapus, where but faint
The last fires burn'd, and horses duly tied
Were cropping grass; when Nisus, for he felt
The lust of blood was urging them too far:
Let us have done; the daybreak threatens us;
Enough of slaughter; we have made our path.
Heaps there they leave of massive silver carv'd,
Goblets and arms and curious tapestry;
But the rich trappings and gold-studded belt
Of Rhamnes, (friendly gifts which Cædicus
Had erst to Remulus of Tibur sent;
He left them to his heir; they next became
Rutulian spoil;) these now Euryalus
Throws vainly on his shoulder; then puts on
The helmet of Messapus bright with plumes.
Both quit the camp and gain the open ground.

Meanwhile a troop of horsemen, forward sent
From the main body of the Latian camp,
To Turnus bearing message from the King,
Three hundred, arm'd with shields, by Volscens led,
Approach the Trojan wall; and from afar
The youths off-turning to the left espy:
His helm the rash Euryalus betray'd,

As in the glimmering of the moon it shone:
What can this mean? Stand, strangers; Volscens cried:
Who are ye? wherefore here? and why in arms?
They answer not, but hie them to the woods,
Trusting to night: the horsemen quick surround
The well-known roads, and all the passes guard.

It was a forest thick with dusky holms,
With thorny brakes and bushes overgrown;
The paths were few, and led by narrow tracks:
Euryalus dark boughs and heavy spoil
Encumber on his way, and fear misleads;
Unknown to Nisus, who had pass'd the lakes
Since Alban call'd, where King Latinus now
His pastures kept, and had escaped the foe;
When looking back, and seeing not his friend,
Euryalus, he cried: Where left I thee?
Where shall I find thee? Back again he trod
The woody maze, retracing every step,
And winding thro' the forest signals heard
Of men pursuing and the tramp of steeds;
Nor waited long, before a shout his ears
Reach'd, and he sees Euryalus, whom surprised
On his dark way the enemy surrounds:
Vain all resistance; numbers overwhelm
And drag him captive. What can Nisus do?
What help? what means of rescue? should he rush
Full on the foes, and seek a soldier's death?
Poising a lance, and looking to the Moon
Then high in heaven, he pray'd: Diana fair,
Queen of the Stars, and Guardian of the groves;
If e'er my Father Hyrtacus for me
Gifts to thine altar brought, if I myself
Have to thy roof my sylvan prizes fixt,

Or on thy ceiling hung; assist me now;
Let me confound this troop, direct my steel.

He straining with his body hurl'd the spear;
The weapon flying cut the shades of night,
And pierced the back of Sulmo, there it broke,
And in his vitals left the splinter'd wood:
Down Sulmo falls, death-cold; a purple stream
Wells forth, and sobs convulsive shake his loins:
While all were looking in amazement round,
Another weapon from the Dardan's ear
Hissing with fury flew, the temples cleft
Of Tagus, and stuck warm within his brain:
The leader storms, but seeing not the foe,
Nor vengeance where to wreak, Thou, Volscens cried,
Thou with thy lifeblood shalt for both atone;
And with drawn sword upon Euryalus
He flies: then Nisus, terror-stricken, wild,
Exclaims aloud, unable to remain
In ambush longer, or that sight to bear:
Me, me, 'twas I; on me your weapons turn;
Mine was the guilt, Rutulians; nothing he
Or durst or could have done; bear witness, Heaven,
He only lov'd too well his wretched friend:
Vain words: the falchion's unremorseful stroke
Enter'd the side, and rent the snowy breast;
Euryalus rolls in death, his fair limbs dew'd
With blood, his neck upon the shoulder fallen.
So languishes and dies a purple flower
Struck by the plough; so poppies hang their head
And drooping sink to earth, o'ercharged with rain.
Amidst the troop rush'd Nisus; thro' them all
Sought Volscens, none but Volscens he beheld;
The soldiers round him close, but stab nor thrust

Can force him back ; he presses on, he whirls
His lightning sword, and in the open mouth
Of Volscens burying deep the mortal blade,
Not unavenged he falls ; all pierced with wounds
Over the lifeless body of his friend
He threw himself, and found his last repose.

O happy pair, if aught my verse can do,
Famous your names shall live for evermore,
While by the firm-set Capitolian rock
Th' Ænean house shall dwell, and Jupiter
Still hold the sceptre of imperial Rome.

Their spoils recover'd, the Rutulian band
Bear Volscens' body weeping to the camp ;
Where other sight of woe, Rhamnes they find,
Serranus, Numa, many chieftains kill'd :
Crowds gather round the dead and dying men,
The place yet warm with slaughter, and wide streams
Of foaming blood. The spoils they recognize ;
The brilliant helmet that Messapus wore,
The costly trappings with such toil regain'd.

And now Aurora from her saffron couch
Uprisen sprinkled earth with orient light ;
The Sun shone forth, and all things dark reveal'd :
Turnus to arms, himself in arms array'd,
Summons the host ; each Chief his brazen files
For battle musters, and with fierce harangue
Their ardour kindles. Then with clamour loud
On spears erect they fix, a woful sight,
The heads of Nisus and Euryalus.
The Trojans on the left wall range their force,

Their right the stream protects. The trench they guard,
Stand on the lofty towers, with firm resolve,
But sorrowful; too well alas! they knew
The gory faces that before them glared.

Meanwhile thro' all the city rumour flew,
And reach'd the Mother of Euryalus:
An icy chill benumbs her, from her hand
Down falls the shuttle, and the web unwinds:
She rushes forth, with torn hair, shrieking wild,
Runs to the wall and seeks the nearest group;
Weapons nor men doth she nor danger heed;
And fills the sky with wailing: Is it thou,
Euryalus, whom I see? Oh cruel, thus
To leave thy Mother, old and desolate,
Thou, my last comfort! To such peril sent,
Nor suffer'd to bid me a last farewell!
Ah! on a soil unknown a prey thou liest
To Latin dogs and fowls: no funeral rite
Thy Mother hath perform'd, nor closed thine eyes,
Nor bathed thy wounds, nor wrapt them in the robe
Which toiling day and night I wove for thee,
And with the task my wretchedness beguiled.
Where shall I follow thee? What land contains
Thy limbs and mangled corse? Can this be all
That of my child returns? Is't this by sea
And land I follow'd? O Rutulians,
If ye have hearts, on me your javelins hurl;
Pierce me, destroy me first! Or, Jupiter,
Since by no other means my wretched life
I may cut off, have pity, with thy bolt
This hateful head thrust down to Tartarus!

Moved by her cries the men with groans reply ;
Their souls are shaken and their courage melts :
Her Actor and Idæus, by command
Of old Ilioneus and the weeping Prince,
Snatch in their arms, and to her roof convey.

Anon the trumpet gives a brazen peal,
A loud shout follows, and all heaven resounds :
The Volscians cover'd by a roof of shields
Advance to fill the ditch, to storm the wall ;
Some seek approaches, or the rampire scale,
Where not so close compact the ring of men
An opening shews. The Trojans on their heads
Shower missiles, thrust them back with heavy poles,
Used by long war a city to defend :
Stones of vast weight are roll'd, the solid shell
To burst asunder ; which in union firm
Stout limbs beneath sustain, but cannot long ;
For where in thickest swarm th' assailants press,
The Trojans an enormous mass roll down,
Which breaks the shed of arms, and scatters wide
The falling ranks ; nor dare they longer wage
Blind battle, but with missiles from their wall
The townsmen drive. Elsewhere, with dire aspect,
Mezentius brandishes a Tuscan pine
And smoking flame ; Messapus, Neptune's Son,
Attempts a breach, for ladders loudly calls.

Ye Muses aid my song, whilst I record
The havoc made by Turnus with his lance,
The feats perform'd, the slayers and the slain,
And all the compass of the war unfold :
Ye Goddesses know all, and best can tell.

A tower there was aloft, with bridges high,
And site of vantage, which to overthrow
With all the means and instruments of war
Th' Italians labour, the besieged with stones
Defend, and thro' the loopholes aim their steel.
Turnus advanced, and threw a pitchy brand,
Which caught the side; the flames are blown along
From plank to plank, and fasten on the beams,
Consuming all. Alarm and terror seiz'd
The crowd within; while in confusion they
Rush to escape, and hurry to the part
Unreach'd by fire, the overladen tower
Gives way, and suddenly with loud crash falls:
With the vast mass come tumbling to the earth,
By their own steel or heavy splinters pierced,
A half-dead heap; Helenor only 'scaped
And Lycus; hardly they: the first, a youth,
Whom secretly to Lydia's King the slave
Licymnia bore, and with forbidden arms
To Ilium sent, light-clad, with naked sword
And a blank shield, inglorious: when he sees
Italian hosts encompass him around,
As a wild beast, by hunters close beset,
To fury kindled, goaded by despair,
Springs with a bound amid th' array of spears,
So, where embattled hosts most thickly throng,
Helenor rushes resolute to die.
Lycus, more swift of foot, thro' all the foes
Flies to the wall, and struggles with his hand
To grasp the top, and friendly succour reach;
But Turnus throws a javelin, and himself
Swift as the javelin follows: Didst thou think,
He cries insulting, to escape from me?
Thou fool! and seizes Lycus where he hung,

And tears with him a fragment of the wall:
As when an eagle snatches with his claw
Cycnet or hare, and rises to the sky;
Or grim wolf bears a youngling from the fold,
Which long the bleating mother seeks in vain.
Loud shout the Latins and renew th' assault,
Heap fagots in the trench, toss blazing brands.

Ilioneus with massy rock-stone smote
Lucetius, rushing to a gate with fire;
The dart of Liger hits Emathion;
Thy shaft, Asylas, Chorinæus feels;
Cæneus Ortygius kills, and Turnus him;
Turnus kill'd Itys, Clonius, Promulus,
And Sagaris, and Dioxippus bold,
And Idas, while he stood to guard a tower.
The archer Capys lays Privernus low;
Whom first Themilla's javelin lightly grazed;
He rashly dropt his buckler, to the wound
His hand applying, when the winged steel
Nail'd hand and side together, forcing on
A deadly passage to the source of breath.

The Son of Arcens in bright armour stood,
And dark embroider'd scarf of Spanish dye;
Fair Youth, bred up in his maternal grove
By waters of Simæthus, where with blood
The placable Palician altar smokes:
At whom Mezentius, quitting dart and spear,
Aim'd with a sling, which thrice above his head
He swung; the lead, half melting as it flew,
Cleft the Youth's brain and stretcht him on the sand.

Then first in war Ascanius aim'd a shaft;

(Beasts of the chase had been his mark before;)
And hit Serranus, surnamed Remulus;
Who late the younger Sister had espous'd
Of Turnus: proud of this alliance now
He stalk'd before the host, his boastful thoughts,
Fit or unfit for utterance, bawling loud:
Twice vanquish'd Phrygians, are ye not ashamed
To be again blockaded, and behind
Your walls to skulk? Shall men like you demand
Brides with the sword? What God to Italy,
What madness brought you? No Atrides here,
Nor subtle-tongued Ulysses ye will find.
We from our cradle are a hardy race:
Our infants to the river-side we bring,
In water plunge, invigorate with cold:
Our boys are hunters taught the woods to range;
Their pastime, steeds to curb, or bend the bow:
Our youths to toil and scanty fare inured
Subdue the earth with ploughs, shake towns in war:
We pass our life in arms, our oxen's back
Goad with inverted spears. Not even age
Our minds can weaken or our strength impair:
The hoary head in helmet we encase,
Subsist on plunder, and in spoil delight.
But ye in saffron vest and purple shine,
Ye love the dance and sloth and indolence,
Sleeves on the tunic, coifs with ribbon tied;
Women, not men! Go back to Dindymus;
Where the pipe's double note may charm your ear:
The timbrels and the flutes of Cybele
Await you there. To men leave arms and steel.

The scornful boast enraged Ascanius;
Who pull'd his horsehair string, drew wide his arms,

And aim'd the weapon, praying first to Jove:
Great Jupiter, assist my bold emprise:
I to thy temple solemn gifts will bring,
And slay a white young bull with gilded horns,
That bears his head not lower than the dam,
And pushes with his horn and spurns the sand:

The Father heard, and thro' a cloud serene
Thunder'd upon the left: that instant twang'd
The deadly bow, the hissing arrow smote
Serranus on the temples. Go and mock
The brave with taunts again; Ascanius cries;
We the twice vanquish'd Phrygians this reply
Send to our foes. The Trojans raise a peal
Of joy, and lift their courage to the skies.

Bright-hair'd Apollo, seated in a cloud
Viewing the city and Italian hosts,
Bespake the victor thus: Go on, brave boy,
And win by manly worth the road to heaven;
Thou Son and future Ancestor of Gods!
Under the children of Assaracus
War shall in justice end. Thy native Troy
Contains not thee! Then from his cloudy height
Descending, Phœbus cut the liquid air,
And sought Ascanius, to the likeness changed
Of ancient Butes: (trusty chamberlain
And armourer to Anchises once was he;
Æneas now committed to his care
Ascanius:) his white hairs and voice and mien,
His heavy-sounding arms the God assumed,
And thus the valiant Prince accosting spake:
Son of Æneas, well hast thou begun,
Thyself unscathed, Numanus overthrown:

Phœbus the praise concedes, and envies not
Thy rival skill: with this be satisfied,
And now desist from war. So saying, in air
His mortal figure melted and was gone:
The Dardan leaders knew him, heard the arms
Divine, and quiver rattling as he flew:
They in Apollo's name th' impetuous Youth
Force to retire; but undismay'd themselves
Stand to their post, and all the peril brave.
Their bold shouts ring along the battlements:
Now the stout bow is bended, whirl'd the sling,
Strewn all the ground with weapons, loud the din
Of batter'd helm and shield; fierce combat swells:
As in the west when rise the showery kids,
Rain beats the earth; or hail upon the floods
Tempestuous falls, when Jove with southwinds arm'd
Drives winter-storm, and bursts the clouds in heaven.

Here Pandarus and Bitias, mountain-bred
Sons of Alcanor, (whom Hiera nurst
In sacred woodlands of Idæan Jove,
Tall as the pines upon their native hill,)
A gate committed to their charge unbar
With hardy courage, and invite within
Th' assailants; right and left before the towers
They stand themselves, with glittering panoply
And nodding plumes; like two aerial oaks
Together by the bank of Padus grown
Or pleasant Athesis, whose unshorn heads
Rise heavenward, and arms majestic wave.
Quick to the open gate Rutulian force
Comes pouring; headstrong Tmarus rushes on,
Quercens and goodly-arm'd Equicolus
And martial Hæmon: at the entrance they

Or perish, or with whole battalions flee;
Redoubled rage ensues, and carnage dire;
The Trojans gather to the scene of blood,
Press on their foes, and sally to the plain.

In other parts the might of Turnus raged,
Spreading alarm, when messengers announce
The foe's new onset and the gates unclosed:
His post he leaves, and hies with fierce intent
The gate and haughty Brothers to assail:
And first the bold excursion he confronts
Of young Antiphates, the base-born Son
Of King Sarpedon by a Theban slave;
Whose throat th' Italian cornel forceful thrown
Transfixes, in his lungs the steel grows warm,
The wound's deep cavern spouts a foamy stream.
By the same hand Aphidnus, Erymas,
And Merops fall; and Bitias, where he stood
Raging with eyes of flame: no vulgar dart
Him slew, or could have slain; a fire-spear came
With speed of lightning and the noise of wind;
Nor two bullhides, nor cuirass firm with gold
And double scales that fury could withstand;
Down sink his giant limbs, earth gives a groan,
The shield with thunder-crash falls over him:
As when on Baian shores some rocky mole
Built up with strong foundations in the sea
Gives way; the whole mass tumbling from its height
Prone on the deep a sunken ruin lies;
The seas are mingled, and black sands uproll;
Shook to the base all Prochyta resounds,
And vast Inarime, the penal bed,
Which Jupiter hath on Typhœus laid.

Here Mars with strength and bold encouragement
The Latin host inspired, black Fear and Flight
Among the Trojan sent: and soon a swarm
Of fierce besiegers by th' unguarded pass
Were making inroad; had not Pandarus,
Dishearten'd when he saw his Brother's fall,
The fortune of their battle how it swerv'd,
With all his ample shoulder's force the gate
Turn'd pushing on its hinge; some friends without
He leaves abandon'd to unequal fight,
Some flying he receives within the walls;
Alas, he sees not Turnus with the crowd
Forcing his way, but shuts him in the town,
Like some fierce tiger in a timorous fold:
Whose eye flash'd fire; the waving of his crest,
The clangor of his arms was terrible,
The shield shot lightning rays. Disorder spreads
Among the Trojan ranks, when they behold
The hateful features and gigantic form:
But Pandarus, his Brother to avenge,
Springs fiercely forward and in heat exclaims:
No bridal palace of Amata this,
Nor safe is Turnus in his Ardea now;
The hostile camp he sees, and no escape:
To whom thus Turnus with a placid smile:
Come on, if thou hast mettle in thy soul,
Begin the fight, and Priam thou shalt tell
A new Achilles was in Latium found:
He spake, and doughty Pandarus hurl'd his lance;
'Twas rough with rind, and knotty; but the force
Was lost in air; Saturnia turn'd aside
The hurtling steel, and fixt it in the gate.
Not so my trenchant blade escapest thou,
An abler weapon, aim'd by surer hand;

Turnus rejoin'd, and rising to the stroke
With lifted sabre dealt a hideous wound,
That shore the temples to the beardless chin:
Down Pandarus falls, with heavy sound; his arms
Dabbled with brains and blood; the cloven head
In equal parts on either shoulder hung.
The townsmen flee; and now, had Turnus thought
To burst the gates and let his comrades in,
The war was ended, nor had day again
Dawn'd on the Teucrian race; but fierce desire
Of chase and slaughter drove him reckless on.

First Phalaris and Gyges he o'ertook;
(Hamstrung was Gyges;) on the flying crowd
He launch'd their ravish'd spears: by Juno still
With strength supplied, he numbers with the dead
Halys, and Phegeus, wounded thro' the targe;
Alcander, Halius, and Noemon next,
And Prytanis, incautious at the wall
Who stood defending: Lynceus bravely turn'd,
And call'd his comrades, but the swifter sword
Of Turnus, glancing from the rampart's edge,
His head and helmet severs at a blow,
That off to distance fly. And Amycus,
Hunter of beasts, whom none surpass'd in skill
The deadly steel with venom to anoint,
And Clytius and the poet Creteus fall;
Creteus, the Muse's friend, who lov'd to join
Harmonious verse, to strike the tuneful lyre,
Of war and steeds and battling hosts to sing.

At length the Chiefs these dismal tidings hear:
Mnestheus and brave Serestus hasten up,

Perceive their routed troops, th' insulting foe:
And whither fly ye, cowards? Mnestheus cried:
What other bulwark or defence remains?
For shame, companions! Will ye let one man,
Shut in the city, slay our noblest youth,
Make rout and havoc with impunity?
For great Æneas have ye no regard?
None for your country and your ancient Gods?

Rous'd by his words they rally to the fight,
And stand collected; Turnus with slow pace
Retires to where the river skirts the town:
Th' embolden'd Trojans with loud shouts press on,
And gather round him. As when hunters arm'd
Assail a savage lion; he dismay'd
With stern grim look recedes; to turn his back
Nor wrath nor courage suffers him; advance
He would, but cannot, thro' the men and spears:
So the Rutulian his reluctant step
Still measures back, yet burns with fierce disdain.
Twice even then he charged the banded host,
Twice chased them flying; till the citizens
In mass assemble, nor Saturnia dares
To succour him, for Jupiter had sent
Aerial Iris down, with stern command
That Turnus from the city she recall:
And now with myriad weapons overwhelm'd,
Scarce upright can he stand with arm or shield:
His hollow temples rattle with the sound
Of batter'd brass, his crestshorn burgonet
Is hack'd and hewn with stones, the buckler's orb
Too narrow for the blows, which thicker now
The Trojans pour, while Mnestheus at their head

Like thunder rushes on: a clammy sweat
Oozes from every pore; he gasps for breath,
His weary limbs sink under him: at length
Into the yellow stream with all his arms
He plunges headlong; him the gentle flood
Falling receives, and wafts upon the wave,
And cleans'd from slaughter to his camp restores.

ÆNEID X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter calls a council of the Gods, and declares his will that none of them shall interfere in the Italian war. Æneas having been elected general of the Etrurian army, embarks his forces, and sails for the coast of Latium. The fleet and army are described. Meanwhile the assault on the Trojan town has been renewed by Turnus; but, on the appearance of a Tuscan fleet sailing up the Tyber, he marches with the greater part of his force to attack the new enemy. Æneas effects his landing, and a general battle ensues. The Arcadian auxiliaries are routed, and Pallas, their leader, slain by Turnus, who carries off his belt as a trophy. Turnus himself is soon afterwards removed from the field by a device of Juno, who has received permission from Jupiter to save his life for that day. Æneas is victorious in his part of the field, and the Trojans seize the proper moment to sally from the town. For some time however, the allied Princes of the Latin army sustain the fortune of the day; and Mezentius makes great slaughter among the Tuscans, till at length encountering Æneas, both he and his son Lausus are slain. The death of Mezentius forms the most interesting portion of this book, which is occupied chiefly with fighting of the Homeric kind. The affection of that Monarch for a virtuous Son; his remorse and grief on learning the fate of Lausus, who falls in the attempt to succour him; and his regard for his horse, whom he pathetically addresses before he makes his last charge; exhibit a pleasing contrast to the general ferocity of his character. The battle terminates in the total defeat of the Latins.

ÆNEID X.

Meanwhile th' Olympian mansion open stands;
And Jupiter a council of the Gods
Calls to the starry throne, whence all the earth,
The Dardan camp he views, and Latin host:
In his transparent hall th' Olympian Powers
Assembled, and the Father thus began:
Inhabitants of Heaven, what means this change
Of purpose, and your jarring discord here?
I had forbidden Italy and Troy
To meet in war: then wherefore disobey'd?
What quarrel either nation drove to arms?
The battle-day shall come, and soon enough;
When Carthage on the Roman citadel
Destruction dire and open Alps will pour:
Then havoc and fell strife shall have their course:
Now quit these feuds and ratify the peace.

Thus briefly Jupiter; to whom not brief
Venus replied: O Sire omnipotent,
(For to none other can I pray, but thee:)
Seest thou the triumph of the Daunian host;
Turnus, elate with victory how he rides
Aloft among them? Bulwarks the besieged
Protect not now, within the gates assail'd,
And on the battlements; with bloody stream

The moat o'erflows; Æneas far away,
And ignorant of all. Shall this blockade
Be never rais'd? The walls of infant Troy
New foes, new armies menace; and again
Tydides from Ætolian Arpi comes
To smite the Dardans. Me too, I suppose,
My wounds await, and mortal arms must I
Thy Daughter feel. If without thy behest
The Trojans came to Latium, punish them;
Withold thine aid: but if by oracles
Of Nether and Celestial Powers impell'd;
How is't that any one can thwart thy will,
Or found new destinies? Need'st thou be told
Of ships at Eryx burn'd, the Tempest-King,
The winds evoked from caves of Æolus,
Or Iris sent from heaven? She now hath dared,
(This was reserv'd for her,) from shades below
To summon aid, and send the Fury loose
To fill with rage all parts of Italy.
No thought of empire moves me, once my hope,
While fortune smiled. Give victory how thou wilt.
But if no spot on earth thy cruel Spouse
Leave to the Trojans, this at least, O Father,
By Troy's yet smoking ruins I implore:
Far from the war remove Ascanius;
Preserve my Grandson: let his Sire be tost
On waves unknown, and follow fortune's course:
Him let me rescue and from strife withdraw.
I have a home in Paphos, Amathus,
And high Cythera's isle: there he may live
In peace obscure. Bid Carthage overwhelm
With mighty sway Ausonia. Nought hath she
From him to fear. Alas, what profited
Escape from slaughter and Pelasgian fire;

Long travel over land and perilous waves
In search of Latium and a second Troy?
Better had Ilium's children lain among
Their country's ashes! Give them Simois
And Xanthus back! Oh, give them to endure
Their ancient woes, my Father!

At these words
Incens'd was royal Juno: Must I then
Perforce break silence, and my griefs declare?
Did God or man Æneas drive to war
With King Latinus? Italy to seek
The fates commanded! rather let me say,
Cassandra's madness urged. Was't my advice
To leave his camp, to brave the winds, entrust
His city and his fortunes to a Boy;
Seek Tuscan aid, and peaceful nations rouse?
What God, what power malignant used by me
Ensnared him? Where was Juno in all this,
Or Juno's Messenger? 'Tis hard, forsooth,
If Latian fires surround the new-born Troy;
If Turnus on his native ground set foot,
Whose grandsire is Pilumnus, and the Nymph
Venilia bore him. What then? Is it nought,
That Trojans light the torch in Italy;
Strange lands, for conquest and for spoil, invade;
Alliances demand, steal promis'd brides;
Advance with peace in hand, and vessels arm'd?
Thou from an Argive sword canst snatch thy Son,
And substitute a cloud and empty air;
Yea, turn his fleet to Goddesses: but I
Must lend no succour to Rutulians.
Æneas is away, and ignorant:
So let him be. Idalium is thine own,

And Paphos, and Cythera's lofty isle:
With cities of brave men why meddlest thou?
Did I the Phrygian empire overturn?
I, or the man who Grecian vengeance drew
On hapless Troy? Whose treachery broke the peace,
And brought two worlds in conflict? Was it I,
To Sparta's plunder led th' adulterous Prince,
Or gave him arms, or fed with passionate lust
The flames of war? To fear for thy beloved
Then was the time. Too late dost thou prefer
An unjust plaint, and idly wrangle now.

She ceas'd; and thro' the heavenly synod ran
Discordant murmurs; as when winds begin
To roar in woods confined, with fitful gust
Rising, to seamen presage of a storm.
Then spake th' Omnipotent; and all around
Was silence; still the heavens, the lofty sky,
And the deep trembling earth; hush'd every wind;
And with smooth brow lay motionless the sea.

Hear my commands, and fix them in your breasts.
Since nor the warring powers to reconcile
Permitted seems, nor hath your strife an end;
Whate'er their fortunes or their hopes to-day,
Rutulian, Trojan, are the same to me:
Whether this siege of Troy the fates contrived,
Or lack of wisdom and her own misdeeds;
Nor Troy, nor Latium mean I to absolve
From war's just issue, be it weal or woe:
Aloof I stand, indifferent to all:
The fates their way shall find. Pronouncing thus,
By the black gulf and pitchy floods of Styx
His mighty oath he swore, and with a nod,

That shook heaven's vast circumference, confirm'd.
The session ended, from his golden throne
The Monarch rises; whom on either side
The Gods attending to his threshold lead.

Meanwhile Rutulian hosts at every gate
Make slaughterous onset, and with flames begird
New Ilium; whose beleaguer'd garrison,
Hopeless of flight, but thinly man the walls,
Or on the towers forlorn and weary stand.
Two namesakes of Assaracus are seen
With Asius, valiant Son of Imbrasus,
In front defending; Castor by the side
Of aged Thymbris and Thymætes fought;
Themon with them, and Clarus, Lycian Chiefs,
Sarpedon's kin. A mountain-fragment huge
With all his might Lyrnessian Acmon hurl'd,
The Son of Clytius, active like his Sire
And Brother Mnestheus. Javelin nor stone
They cease to throw, while some the arrow string,
Some brandish fire. Conspicuous in the midst
The Dardan Boy, to Venus justly dear,
With his bare head and open countenance,
Shines like a gem, that parting yellow gold
Forehead or neck adorns; like ivory fair
Inwrought in yellow box or ebony:
His locks encircled with a golden ring
Profuse upon the snowy shoulders hang.
Thee, noble Ismarus, the hosts beheld
Envenoming thy shafts, and dealing death;
In Lydia born wert thou, the rich domain,
Whose cultur'd fields Pactolus laves with gold:
Mnestheus was there, exalted in renown,
Since the repulse of Turnus from the walls;

And Capys, who to Capua gave his name.

Whilst these in toilsome battle are engaged,
Æneas on the midnight ocean sails.
He from Evander to the Tuscan camp
Had found his way, and to the Chief announced
His name and country, what relief he sought,
What power he led, what musters of fierce war
Turnus and King Mezentius had prepared:
Then on the fickleness of human chance
He argued, mingling prayers: without delay
Tarchon accepts the league, and joins his power:
Releas'd from fate, the Lydian troops embark
Under a foreign Prince, as Heaven had will'd.
First sails th' Ænean ship, beneath whose stern
Were Phrygian lions carv'd, and Ida's hill,
A welcome sight to wanderers of Troy:
There sits the pious Chief, and in his mind
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of war;
On whose left side was Pallas, asking much
About the stars, the path of dusky night,
And his long sufferings over land and sea.

Ye Goddesses, now open Helicon;
What forces mann'd the fleet, what people sail'd
With great Æneas from Etruria, tell.

The brazen Tiger foremost thro' the waves
Bears Massicus, and thousand archers bold,
From Cosæ's town, from Clusium, on their backs
Light quivers carrying, and deadly shafts.
Abreast of them fierce Abas, on whose stern
A gilt Apollo shone, six hundred men
From Populonia led, a veteran troop

Bedight in gallant arms ; three hundred more
From Ilva's isle, which inexhaustibly
Teems with Chalybean ore. Asylas next,
Of Gods and man th' interpreter, (whose will
Fibres of cattle and the tongue of birds,
Stars and prophetic fires of Heaven obey,)
A thousand bristling spearmen thick-array'd
From Pisa brings, Alphean city, built
On Tuscan soil. Fair Astur follows them,
Confiding in his horse and colour'd arms.
Three hundred men, with equal ardour fired,
The ancient Pyrgi sent, and Minio's field,
And Cære, and Gravisca's noisome clime.

Nor thee can I forget, brave Cinyras,
Ligurian Chief ; nor thee, with scanty train,
Cupavo, on whose helm swan-pinions rise :
Love was thy Parent's crime, and thy device
His figure shews : for Cycnus, they relate,
While mourning for lost Phaëton he sat
Under the sister-trees, a poplar grove,
And solaced his unhappy love with song,
Wax'd old with downy plumage overgrown,
And up from earth rose singing to the stars.
His youthful Son with comrades of like age
The stately Centaur rows ; which o'er the wave
Stands eminent, and threats a rock to hurl,
Furrowing the waters with his length of keel.

Nor Ocnus fail'd his countrymen to arm,
Old Tyber's Child, of Priestess Manto born,
Who Mantua built, and from his mother named ;
Thee, Mantua, rich in noble ancestry,
Not from a common stock : three clans are thine ;

Four towns in each ; and all on thee depend,
Their strength deriving from Etrurian blood.
And hence five hundred foes Mezentius rous'd,
Whom Mincius, cover'd with blue reedy veil,
From Sire Benacus carries to the main
In piny ships of war. Auletes grave
With hundred oarblades rising to the stroke
Lashes the sea ; the parted billows foam.
Him the huge Triton bears, and with a shell
Swimming affrights the wave, a monster-shape,
Man to the waist, but ending in a fish
Of hideous bulk, beneath whose shaggy breast
The foamy waters roar. Such Champions leagued
For Troy's deliverance were on their way,
Cleaving with thirty barks the briny field.

The day was ended, and aloft in heaven
Night-wandering Dian wheel'd her middle course :
Æneas, by grave thoughts disquieted,
Himself directs the helm, and plies the sail :
Half on his way, behold, a choir of Nymphs
Advance to meet him, his companions once,
From ships to Sea-nymphs changed by Cybele :
As many Goddesses now swim the deep,
As brazen prows were anchor'd on the shore.
Their Prince they knew from far, and dance around :
The most expert of tongue, Cymodoce,
Upstands breast-high ; her right hand clasps the stern,
Her left slides oar-like thro' the silent waves ;
Full of strange tidings thus her speech began :
Wakest thou, Goddess-born ? Awake, and all
Thy sails unfurl. The sacred pines are we
Of Ida, once thy fleet, but Sea-nymphs now.
The fell Rutulian us with sword and flame

Assail'd, and we were lost: thy moorings then
Against our will we broke, and hither sped
In quest of thee. Our Mother pitied us,
And changed to Goddesses, and gave the deep
To be our home. But hear: Ascanius now
Within his trench and wall enrounded lies
With horrent Latian arms: th' Arcadian horse
To the brave Tuscan join'd their bidden post
Already hold; but ere they reach the camp,
To intercept them Turnus hath design'd:
Arise; at break of morning call thy power
To battle; grasp th' unconquerable shield
Which Vulcan gave, and edged with plates of gold.
The morrow's dawn (believe my word) shall see
Rutulian heaps in bloody carnage strewn.

Parting she spake, and with a skilful hand
Pushes the lofty stern; which thro' the wave
Swift as a dart or winged arrow flies;
Nor lags the fleet behind. The Trojan Prince
In wonder lost, but by the omen cheer'd,
Looks upward praying to the vault of Heaven:
O Queen of Ida, Parent of the Gods,
Whom Dindymus and tower'd cities please,
And lions double-harness'd to thy car,
Second the omen thou, propitious come,
And lead thy Phrygians on to victory.

Clear broke the dawn, and scatter'd darkness fled.
Straight he commands, that to their signals all
Give heed, for battle hand and heart prepare.
And now the Trojans and his camp in view,
He stood upon the stern, and rais'd aloft
His glowing shield. The Dardans from the wall

With courage and alacrity renew'd
Their missiles hurl, their shouts redoubling raise:
As when a legion of Strymonian cranes
Under black clouds make signal, and pursue
Their airy flight, before the southern wind
Sailing with cries of joy. Amazement held
Th' Ausonian leaders, till the fleet they saw
Approach to land, a floating sea of ships:
The Dardan's helmet beam'd, his crest flash'd fire,
Outblazed the golden circle of the shield
As fearfully, as when a Comet shoots
His sanguine glare athwart th' unclouded night;
Or as the rising Dogstar, whose red flame
Sheds pestilence and drought on mortal men,
And drearniment on all the face of heaven.

But valiant Turnus undismay'd prepares
To seize the shore, all access to repel.
Soldiers, he cried, your wishes are fulfill'd;
Combat and conquest to your hands are given:
Let each his wife and home remember now;
Think on the glory of your ancestors:
Come, let us meet those strangers on the wave,
While in disorder and with staggering feet
To land they struggle. Fortune aids the bold.

He spake; and for a moment ponders, whom
To battle he should lead, to whom entrust
The leaguer'd walls. Meanwhile Æneas toils
With bridges from the deck to land his power:
Some watch the sea's retreat, in th' ebbing flood
Spring with a leap, or aided by the oar:
Tarchon, the coast observing, where 'twas free
From breathing shoals or breakers, and the tide

Came gliding in with unimpeded flow,
Steer'd sudden thither, and implor'd his crew:
Bend to your oars, my trusty men; now, now,
Lift, strain your vessels; cleave with every beak
This hostile strand, and let the keel itself
Furrow a way: I fear not on the spot
My bark to shatter, so I gain the land.
He said; his comrades rising to the stroke
Pull'd to the Latian strand their foaming ships;
Till striking all aground upon the dry
Unharm'd they stand, save, Tarchon, only thine;
Which, dash'd upon a sandbank, hangs awhile
In balance doubtful, and repels the wave,
But sudden falls to pieces, overboard
Casting her men, whom broken oars impede
And floating planks, their feet the ebbing tide
Bears backward. Turnus in the instant led
His whole battalion charging to the shore;
The trumpets peal'd: Æneas first assails
The rustic legion, omen of the fight,
Scatters their deep array, and Theron slays,
Tall champion rushing forward: him the sword
Thro' chains of brass and tunic rough with gold
Pierced to the ribs. Next Lycus falls; who erst,
Ripp'd from his mother's corse, a child became
Sacred to Phœbus, from the sharp steel's edge
Thus young preserv'd. Nor Gyas better fared
Nor hardy Cisseus, who with clubs were seen
Felling whole ranks, but with their brawny strength
Escap'd not death; nor them Herculean arms
Avail'd, nor Sire Melampus, comrade once
Of great Alcides, while on earth he toil'd.

Pharus aloud was vaunting, when his mouth

A javelin enter'd, by the Trojan aim'd.
And Cydon, thou hadst fallen; but the Sons
Of Phorcus rush'd between, in close array,
Seven brothers, seven darts hurling. Part rebound
Harmless from helm and shield; part, as they graze
The Hero's body, Venus turns aside.
Æneas call'd Achates' friendly aid:
Give me the weapons, which on Greeks were flesh'd
In Ilium's field; none powerless will I
Discharge in this: then grasp'd a ponderous lance,
Which driving sheer thro' Mæon's brazen shield,
The breastplate and the bosom both he rends.
Alcanor's arm his falling brother caught;
But thro' his arm a second javelin driven
Held on its bloody course, and by the nerves
His right-hand quivering with remains of life
Hung from the shoulder: Numitor incens'd
The weapon from his brother's body torn
Aim'd at Æneas, but to hit the mark
Forbid by fate, it grazed Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth Quiritian Clausus came,
And aim'd at Dryopes a distant spear:
Under his chin with unresisted sway
It lights, the windpipe cleaving, while he spake,
And stifling voice and breath: with falling brow
He strikes the earth, and vomits clotted blood.
Three men of Thracia's northern clime, and three
Whom Idas rear'd in vales of Ismarus,
The Sabine slays. Halesus now leads on
Th' Auruncan troop; now rushes in his car
Messapus, Neptune's son. Each way by turns
The tide of onset rolls; the battle-ground
Ausonia's threshold. As when adverse winds

Of equal strength and courage in mid sky
Wage dubious war; nor one to th' other yields,
Nor sea nor clouds to them; but obstinate
All strive 'gainst all resistance to prevail:
So Trojan hosts and Latian mingling held
Close conflict, foot with foot, and man with man.

In other parts, where rocky fragments lay,
Down by the torrent swept, and trees uptorn,
Th' Arcadians, by uneven ground compell'd
To quit their steeds, but inexpert to form
Pedestrian ranks, before the Latins flee:
Pallas the flying host, a last resource,
Intreats, rebukes, their courage to revive.

Oh, whither fly ye, comrades? To yourselves,
Your ancient deeds and victories I appeal,
To King Evander's name, to all the hopes
That urge me now to emulate my Sire;
Trust not your feet, but where yon hostile swarm
Press thickest, cleave a passage with your steel:
That way our country calls us to return.
No God assails us, but a mortal foe,
With hands no more nor better than our own.
Behold; the broad waves hem you in: no land
Remains for flight: your choice, the sea, or Troy.
He spake, and rush'd amid the circling foes.

First Lagus met him, led by evil fate;
Whom, striving to uplift a weighty stone,
Pallas with spear transfixt, where by the spine
The ribs are parted, from the bone then pull'd
The clinging weapon. Hisbon to avenge
His comrade hastes, unwary; for the blow

Ere he can strike, within his panting lungs
The sword of Pallas falls. Then Sthenelus,
And he, of Rhœtus' ancient line, who dared
A stepdame's bed profane, Anchemolus;
Larides next and Thymber were assail'd,
Twin Sons of Daucus, whom, so like in mien,
Their Parents, not discerning, each for each
With fond delight mistook: but Pallas now
A cruel difference made; for Thymber's head
His falchion sever'd, and Larides' hand:
The hand, its master seeking, throbs in death,
The fingers open start and clutch the sword.

Rous'd by the words, encouraged by the sight
Of their young Prince, self-anger'd and ashamed,
Th' Arcadians rally. Pallas with a spear
Strikes Rhœteus, past him in a chariot flying:
Ilus had else been slain; at whom the spear
Was aim'd, but intercepted in its course
By Rhœteus, while he fled from brothers twain,
Teuthras and gallant Tyres; headlong now
Roll'd from his car, he spurns the Latian soil.

As when a shepherd over stubble sends,
Blown by an autumn breeze, contagious fire,
Which first the centre catching, sudden pours
A force of dire combustion all around;
He sits aloft to view the conquering flames:
So the united onset of his troop
Pallas delights. To meet them undismay'd
Halesus comes, collected in his arms;
Smites Ladon, Pheres, and Demodocus;
The hand, which to his neck Strymonius rais'd,
Lops with the sword; then shatters with a stone

The face of Thoas, bones and gory brain
Dispersing wide. His Father had conceal'd
Halesus in the woods, foreboding fate ;
But, when the old man's pallid eye was closed,
The fatal Sisters on the Child laid hands,
And to Evander's lance devoted him.
Pallas, while yet he meditates the blow,
Prays to his River-God : O Tyber, grant
Successful fortune ; let the lance I poise
Way to the breast of stout Halesus find :
Thine oak the spoils and armour shall receive.
The prayer was heard : Halesus, while he strove
Imaon to protect, his breast unarm'd
Exposes rashly to Arcadian steel.

The men were daunted by their leader's fall ;
But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Forbids despair. By him was Abas kill'd,
Whose stubborn courage long the fight upheld :
Arcadian, Tuscan, strew the field ; and ye,
By Greeks invulnerable Sons of Troy.
All rush to conflict, men and leaders matcht ;
The rear close up their files, that battle-room
Is hardly left ; these Pallas urges on,
Those Lausus, both alike in flower of age,
In beauty eminent, and doom'd alike
Home never to return. But Heaven's high King
Permits them not to meet, for each reserves
The deadly trial of a mightier arm.

Turnus meanwhile his Naiad Sister warns
To succour Lausus. Thro' the middle crowd
His car he drove, and shouted to his friends :
Retire ye from the combat ; I alone

Encounter Pallas; Pallas is my prize:
Would that Evander could our meeting see!
His comrades clear the plain: the Youth amazed
At the proud bidding, promptly thus obey'd,
On Turnus gazes, o'er the doughty frame
Rolling his eyes, perusing every limb
With stern aspect. Or peerless princely spoil
I win, he answer'd, or a glorious death:
Equal to either fortune is my Sire;
Spare idle threats: then strode into the plain:
In all Arcadian hearts the blood ran cold:
Turnus, to meet him, from the car leapt down:
As when a lion rushes on a bull,
Whom from a lofty station he espies
Low in the valley meditating fight;
With such mien Turnus to the battle comes.

Whom within distance of his flying spear
When Pallas view'd, his fortune first to try,
Unmatch'd in force, yet dauntless he prepares;
Praying to Heaven: Oh, aid my bold attempt,
Alcides; by my Father's friendly board,
Which thee a stranger welcom'd, I implore:
Let Turnus see me from his bleeding limbs
Ravish the spoils, and own me conqueror!
Alcides heard, and in his heart repress
The rising groan, and fruitless tears let fall:
Him Jupiter with friendly speech consoles:
Each hath his day; th' irrevocable hours
Fly fast; but yet by deeds to win renown
Is virtue's aim. Beneath the walls of Troy
Children of Gods were slain; Sarpedon there,
Mine own Son, perish'd. Turnus too hath reach'd
His goal of life; fate summons him away.

He spake, and turn'd his eye from Latium's field.

Pallas with youthful vigour hurl'd his lance,
His glittering falchion from the scabbard drew:
The spear on Turnus thro' the upper marge
Of his broad buckler falling, slightly razed
The shoulder-joint: he poises with long aim
A counter-weapon, threatening ere he throws:
See if my steel hath greater force than thine:
The steely-pointed shaft at Pallas flew,
Smote the shield's centre, and with thrillant stroke
Thro' brazen plates and iron, folds of hide,
And all the stiff impediment of mail,
Pierced to his ample breast: he the warm steel
Plucks vainly from the wound; the blood and life
Together issuing come; with bloody mouth
He bites the ground; his armour o'er him rings.
Turnus bestrode the corse: Arcadians, mind
This message to Evander that ye bear:
Such as he merits, Pallas I restore:
The solace of a tomb and burial-rites
I freely grant: his Dardan guest, methinks,
Hath cost him dear. So saying, with left foot
He stamp'd upon the Dead, and seiz'd the belt,
Of massy weight, and thick emboss'd with gold:
Eurytion there had wrought with skilful hand
A tale of blood, the bridegrooms in one night
All in their nuptial chamber massacred:
Turnus the prize in triumph carries now.

Blind to his future destiny is man,
And knows not how to bear prosperity.
Turnus the day shall see, when he would give
His all, that Pallas were to life restored,

When he will rue this triumph and these spoils.
A crowd of comrades Pallas on a shield
Extended bear away with groans and tears:
O sad return, yet glorious to thy Sire!
This, thy first battle-field, hath been thy last;
Yet heaps of slaughter'd foes thou leav'st behind.

Eftsoone was rumour to Æneas borne,
And messengers confirm'd the dismal news:
Rescue, or all is lost! The Trojans flee!
Straight thro' the nearest ranks with brandish'd sword
He mows an ample path, and hastes to find
Thee, Turnus, in thy flush of victory.
Evander, Pallas, all before his eyes
Seem to return, their hospitable cheer,
Their plighted hands. Then seizes he alive
Four youths by Sulmo, four by Ufens bred,
Victims, the ghost of Pallas to appease,
And sprinkle with their blood his funeral pyre.
At Magus next a deadly spear was aim'd;
Who bent his head; the spear flew quivering o'er;
He clasp'd the Trojan's knee, and suppliant cried:
Oh, by the Spirit of thy Sire, by all
The hopes of young Iulus, grant my life,
Restore me to my Father and my Son!
A lofty house is mine, deep buried stores
Of silver carv'd, and massy bars of gold
Wrought and unwrought: the fortune of the day
Rests not on me; one life can nought decide.
Æneas answer'd: For thy children keep
Thy gold and silver; Turnus cut away
All hopes of ransom, Pallas when he slew:
So doth the Spirit of Anchises feel,
So feels my Son. And grasping with left-hand

The suppliant's helmet, bending down the neck,
He buries to the hilt his falchion-blade.

Nigh came Apollo's Priest and Trivia's,
Æmonides, with sacred turban crown'd,
In full bright robe and armour. He before
Æneas fled, but stumbled on the plain;
The foe stood o'er him, darkening him in death
With dreadful shade: Serestus carried off
The choicest arms, a trophy, Mars, to thee.

Vulcanian Cæculus the fight restores,
With Umbro, Chieftain of the Marsian hills:
Nor less against such adversaries raged
The Dardan. Anxur's arm his falchion clove;
And arm and buckler dropt together down:
Anxur had mutter'd spells, and in their force
Believ'd, fond man, and rashly to himself
Had promis'd length of life and hoary hairs.

Then Tarquitus in brilliant armour clad,
(Whom the Nymph Dryope to Faunus bore,)
The victor meets: but mail and massy targe
Nail'd by the Trojan lance encumber him;
His head Æneas, while the lip yet breathes
A prayer for mercy, severs, and to earth
The warm trunk rolling, thus insulting cries:
Lie there, dread warrior: in thy native land
Thee shall no mother bury or entomb;
Wild birds shall tear thee, or the billowy wave
O'erwhelm, and greedy fishes lick thy wounds.

Antæus, Lucas, from the van he chased
With fell pursuit, and valiant Numa next,

And brown-hair'd Camers, heir to Volscens born,
Who in the silent town Amyclæ reign'd,
The richest owner of Italian soil.

As when Ægæon, Monster hundred-arm'd,
From fifty breasts and mouths pour'd hideous fire,
So many blades at once, so many shields,
Resounding rais'd against the Thunderer:
Thus, when his sword grew warm, Æneas raged
Victorious o'er the field. Now rushes he
To meet Niphæus, whom four horses drew;
They saw the giant strides, the furious mien,
And starting back in terror overthrew
Their lord, and dragg'd his chariot to the shore.

In the mid battle with a milkwhite pair
Comes Lucagus, and waves a naked sword;
His brother Liger guides the chariot-reins.
Their bold advance incens'd the Dardan Chief,
Who stood in might before them, and opposed
His ponderous lance: to whom the Charioteer:
Nor steeds of Diomed, nor Achilles' car,
Nor Phrygia's plain thou seest; thy wars and life
Are ended on this field. Mad Liger thus
Let loose his braggart tongue: no word-reply
The Trojan Hero deign'd, but hurl'd his lance.
The Swordsman, who had bent to prick the steeds,
Was even then with left protended foot
Commencing battle, when the spear pass'd thro'
His buckler's lowest edge and pierced his groin:
Off-shaken to the ground he rolls in death.
Æneas him with bitter speech derides:
Thee, Lucagus, no flying steeds betray'd,
No empty shadows turn'd them from the foe;

Thyself thou leapest from the chariot-wheels.
He spake, and seiz'd the reins: then Liger too
Slipp'd from the car, and stretcht his helpless hands:
Oh Trojan, by thy valour I implore,
By the brave ancestors whose blood is thine,
Pity and spare my life! The enemy
Cut short his prayer: Thy tone is alter'd now;
Go, share thy Brother's fate! The sword his breast
Enter'd, and oped a passage for the soul.

So swept the slaughterous Dardan o'er the field,
Like a black whirlwind or a torrent flood:
And now the brave defenders of the town
Out from the gates with young Ascanius pour.

Meanwhile in Heaven great Jove accosts his Queen:
My Sister and my Consort best-beloved,
The aid of Venus, thou didst rightly judge,
Sustains the Trojan power: what valiant souls
The men display, what strength and hardihood!
To whom the Queen submissive: Dearest Lord,
Why troublest thou my heart, so ill at ease,
And fearing thy harsh words? Were such thy love,
As once it was, and ever ought to be,
This wouldst thou not refuse, Omnipotent,
That Turnus from the field I might withdraw,
And safe to Father Daunus render him.
Now let him die, and with his pious blood
Glut Trojan vengeance, heavenborn tho' he be,
His ancestor Pilumnus, and his hands
Oft at thy door have costly offerings piled.

To her th' Olympian King: If short reprieve
From certain doom thou ask'st, and nothing more,

Mark well my words: bear Turnus from the field,
Save him from instant death: thy wish to indulge
Thus far is lawful: but if aught beyond
Lurks in thy prayer, or thinkest thou to change
The fortune of the war, such hope is vain.

Juno in tears replied: Oh, if the boon,
Thy words refuse to grant, thine heart intend,
And life to Turnus yet may be prolong'd!
Now doth an undeserv'd and cruel death
Await him, or my prescient heart deceives me.
Oh, that my fears were vain, and Jupiter,
Who can do all, would change his harsh decrees!

She spake, and girded with a cloud descends,
Driving a storm before her, thro' the air.
She sought the Trojan camp and battlefield;
There in the likeness of Æneas forms
An airy phantom, wondrous to behold,
With weapons like the Dardan Chieftain arm'd;
His crest and shield, his gait she simulates,
Lends an unreal voice and empty words.
Such after death do flitting ghosts appear,
Such the vain dreams, that mock the slumbering sense.
The Spectre stalks exulting in the van,
Its airy weapons waving, challenging
Turnus to combat; Turnus rushes on
And hurls a hissing shaft; the Spectre flees.
Then (for Æneas flying he believ'd,)
With empty hope the Prince's bosom swells:
Coward, he cries; thou fleest; thou leav'st thy bride:
Stay here; the land thou seekest o'er the wave
This hand shall give. So shouting he pursues
With brandish'd sword, unweeting how his joy

The wind would scatter. By a coign of rock,
With bridge and ladder ready for descent,
A vessel stood, which late from Clusium's coast
Had brought the King Osinius: hither now
The trembling Image into darkness fled;
Turnus in haste pursues, and overleaps
The lofty bridge; but scarce hath touch'd the prow,
When from her moorings by Saturnia torn
The ship runs drifted seaward by the tide:
Forth from its hiding-place the phantom-shape
Rises, and mingles with the dusky air:
On absent Turnus while Æneas calls,
And gives to slaughter who oppose his way,
Turnus far off by wind and water borne
Looks back bewilder'd, thankless for escape,
Lifting both hands to heaven, exclaiming thus:

Great Jupiter, oh, why didst thou inflict
This dire reproach, this bitter punishment?
Whence am I borne, and whither? When and how
Shall I return, disgraced? Can I behold
The Latian camp again? And what will they
Deem of my flight, the host that follow'd me;
To battle whom I led, but now desert,
And leave to rout and carnage? O foul shame!
I see them fly, I hear their dying groans.
What shall I do? Can earth yawn deep enough
To hide me? Rather pity me, ye winds;
On rocks, on mountains dash my ship; on shoals
Of cruel Syrtes, I beseech you, bear me,
Where nor Rutulian eye, nor conscious fame
Can ever follow!

Madly while he spake,

His soul distracted fluctuates to and fro;
Should he the naked sword, for such disgrace,
Plunge in his side, or leap into the waves
And swim ashore, the battle to renew?
Thrice he attempted both; Saturnia thrice
Check'd the wild purpose, pitying his despair.
Urged by the tide the vessel cuts her way,
And bears him to his Father's ancient town.

Meanwhile Mezentius at th' impulse of Jove
Comes all on fire, the Trojans to assail.
The Tuscan host advance, on him alone
Pressing with common hate and showers of steel.
He, like a rock, that fixt in open sea
Braves all the fury of the wind and wave,
Unshaken stands. First Dolichaon's Child,
Hebrus he slew; next, Palmus, Latagus;
One the huge fragment of a mountain smote
On mouth and cheek; the other in his flight
Drops to the ground ham-string'd; his crest and arms,
A warlike trophy, Lausus bears away.
Next Phrygian Evas fell; next, Mimas, thou,
The friend of Paris and Theano's Child,
To Amycus the self-same night brought forth
When the fire-pregnant Queen her Paris bore:
But Paris fell upon his native soil;
Thou, Mimas, liest on Latian ground unknown.

As when a boar, whom piny Vesulus
Or the Laurentian bog hath long conceal'd,
And fed with produce of the marshy glade,
By dogs and huntsmen from his mountain-lair
Driven among the toils, stands fierce at bay
With bristling shoulders, terrible to view;

None dare attack him or encounter nigh,
But all around with clamour and with darts
Ply at safe distance; he on every side
Deliberate, fearless turns, and grinds his teeth,
And shakes the barbed weapons from his hide:
So now the troops, that burn for just revenge,
Not with Mezentius hand to hand will cope,
But stand aloof, and shout, and missiles hurl.

Acron, a Greek, from ancient Corythus
Had join'd the war, and left a bride espous'd.
The Tuscan spied him, as with purple plume
And bridal favours thro' the ranks he moved
Confusion spreading. Thus a lion sees
A timorous goat, or lofty-antler'd stag,
When long he hath been roving round the fold
With hunger famish'd; then with fierce delight,
His mouth wide open, and his mane erect,
Forward he springs, and on the mangled prey
Fastens, and bathes his ravenous cheeks with blood.
So fierce Mezentius on his victim flew:
Unhappy Acron fell, and spurn'd the ground,
The broken lance besprent with crimson dye.

The victor scorn'd to strike Orodes flying,
Or a blind weapon at his back to throw;
But met him front to front, in open fight,
Not wiles, superior; o'er the fallen man
Planted his foot and spear, and cried aloud:
Comrades, behold, this mighty Champion dies.
The troops with glad acclaim their Pæan ring:
Then thus Orodes: Not unscathed, proud man,
Thou goest hence; thy body soon shall press
The dust, like mine; and I shall be avenged.

Mezentius with a wrathful smile replied;
First perish thou; the Gods will look to me:
Then drew the weapon from the bleeding wound:
To his last rest the warrior sank; his eyes
In iron sleep and endless night are closed.

To Cædicus the brave Alcathous yields,
Hydaspes to Sacrator; Rapo smote
The strong-limb'd Orses and Parthenius:
Messapus Ericetes overcame,
On foot engaging; Clonius, on the ground
Thrown from a restive steed, of life he spoils.
The Lycian Agis rued his bold advance,
By high-born Valerus worsted: Salius lays
Atronius in the dust; Nealces him,
An archer for unerring shafts renown'd.

Now Mars in even balance held the war:
Victors and vanquish'd smite and fall by turns,
Nor either dream of flight. The Gods in heaven
Pity their empty rivalry, and grieve
That mortals thus should toil. Here Juno sits
Spectatress, Venus there; Tisiphone
Midst of the host her demon rage inspires.

Mezentius brandishing a ponderous lance
Strides furious o'er the field: as when thro' depths
Of middle ocean stalks Orion huge
Cutting his path, and rears above the wave
His ample shoulder; or from some high cliff
When he descends, and wields a knotty ash,
With foot on earth and head among the clouds.
Æneas in the line of battle spied
The Tuscan Monarch, and to meet him came

Advancing; he his great-soul'd opposite
Fearless awaits, and stands in strength unmoved,
Still measuring with his eye the lance's throw:
Aid me this hand and weapon which I poise!
No other Gods I call: and here I vow;
Thou, Lausus, in the Pirate's armour clad
Thyself shalt be my trophy! Swift thro' air
The hissing weapon flew, but glanced oblique
From off the Dardan shield, and struck the brave
Anthores 'tween the stomach and the side;
Anthores, Argive born, Alcides' friend,
Who in Evander's town had fixt his home:
The stroke intended for another smote
This hapless exile; up to heaven he looks,
Dear Argos now remembering as he dies.

Anon the pious Chieftain launch'd a spear;
Which lighted on the shield, thro' linen plates,
Thro' triple-folded brass and three bullhides,
Enter'd the groin, but entering spent its force:
Æneas, joy'd to see the blood gush forth,
Flies with drawn sword upon the trembling foe:
Deep was the groan of Lausus, and the tears
Roll'd on his cheek, in anguish for his Sire.
Heroic Youth, thy deeds and cruel death
Will I (perchance a wonder to believe)
Hand down to latest years and memory.
Mezentius, cumber'd, helpless, from the fight
Withdrew, the weapon dragging on his shield;
Lausus ran forward, as the Trojan's arm
Rose to the stroke, and rushing underneath
Th' uplifted sword the whole descending shock
Sustain'd. His comrades with loud shouts press on,
While shielded by the Son their King retires,

And hurl a shower of missiles ; but the foe
With stern intent stands gather'd in his arms.
As oft when clouds in tempest of thick hail
Come driving down, the ploughmen and the swains
Fly from the field dispers'd, the traveller
Hies to some river-bank or high-arch'd cliff
For shelter ; waiting all the sun's return,
To ply their daily toil : Æneas thus
Waits till the iron storm hath overblown,
But unto Lausus, warning, threatening cries ;
Why rushest thou to death, attempting feats
Beyond thy strength ? Rash Youth, thy piety
Betrays thee. All his threats the Youth defies :
And now the Trojan's wrath to fury rose ;
The fatal Sisters gather his last threads
For Lausus : in his breast the falchion's length
Æneas plunges, piercing the light targe,
And tunic, that with finest threads of gold
His mother spun : the bosom all was fill'd
With blood ; the life fled sorrowing to the shades.

Æneas, when the fallen Warrior's face
Changing to ghastly paleness he beheld,
Groan'd with compassion deep, by th' image touch'd
Of filial love, and stretcht his hand, and spake :
Unhappy Boy, what honours can I pay
To worth like thine ! These arms, thy pride, retain :
Thee to the ghosts and ashes of thy Sires,
If that may aught concern thee, I restore.
Yet ev'n in death be solaced with the thought,
By great Æneas thou wert overcome.
Then to the wavering troop he calls aloud,
And raises up the Dead, whose neat-comb'd locks
Were dew'd with bloody stain.

Meanwhile the Sire
On Tyber's bank against a tree reclines,
Easing his limbs, and stanching with the stream
His gush of blood; the helmet on a bough,
The heavy armour rested on the field:
A chosen few stood round: gasping and faint
He sits, his neck supporting, his long beard
Over the bosom dropt: about his Son
He oft enquires, and many a mandate sends
To quit the field; in vain: behold, the Son
Laid on a shield his weeping comrades bear,
A mighty body, gash'd with mighty wound.
The wretched Father heard their moans from far;
His heart divines the cause: with dust he soil'd
His hoary hair, and clasp'd his hands aloft,
And clinging to the Dead, My Son, he cried,
Could I so fondly cherish mortal life,
That I would let my Child in my defence
The foeman's arm encounter? By thy wounds
Am I preserv'd, and live I by thy death?
Now, now I feel the pains of banishment;
Now the wound pierces deep. My crimes, my Son,
Have tarnish'd thy good name; my subjects drove
Me their oppressor from my native throne,
The just requital of my tyranny.
I should myself have given to thousand deaths
My guilty soul. I live, I still abide
Among mankind, and see the light of day;
But will not long.

With that he rais'd himself
On his weak thigh, and crippled by his wound,
But not dejected, for his Horse he calls,
His pride and solace, who from every field

Had carried him a victor. The brave Horse
Stood sorrowful, while thus his Master spake:
Rhœbus, we long have lived, if any thing
Be long to mortals. Or with me to day
The Dardan's head and all those bloody spoils
Thou shalt bring back in triumph, and avenge
My hapless Child; or if no force avail
To win success, together we will fall.
For sure, my bravest, thou wilt ne'er submit
To new commands, nor Trojan lords endure.

He said, and on the charger's willing back
Placed his familiar limbs, and both his hands
With javelins arm'd; a brazen helmet shone
High on his head, and waved a shaggy plume;
Then swiftly rode to battle. Shame and grief,
Pride, wrath, and fury all his soul inflame.

Thrice on Æneas with loud voice he call'd:
Æneas heard, and answer'd him with joy:
May Jupiter and Phœbus give thee heart
To try this venture: and with brandish'd lance
Moved towards him. Proud man, Mezentius cried,
Thy threats are idle; Lausus thou hast slain:
This was the only way to conquer me:
Nor death I fear, nor any Gods regard:
Forbear: I come to die, but first these gifts
I bring to thee.

A weapon at the foe
He darted, then another and another,
Still flying round him in a spacious ring,
Drives in the shield; the shield sustains them all.
Thrice in a circle to the left he rode

Hurling his darts; Æneas on his feet
Turn'd thrice, and carried in the brazen orb
A wood of shafts; till weary of delay,
Plucking so many javelins, harass'd thus
In fight unequal, with a sudden thought
Forward he sprang, and hurl'd his deadly spear
Full on the temples of the warrior-steed:
The horse rear'd upright, tost his heels in air,
And plunged, and threw his rider, over whom
Reeling with all the shoulder's breadth he falls.
A cry from either army rent the skies:
Æneas rushes on, and from the sheath
His falchion snatching, Where is now, he cries,
The fierce Mezentius, and his haughty soul?
To whom the Tuscan, upward as he look'd
With half-recover'd sense and quaff'd the air:
Why taunt me, cruel foe, and threaten death?
Tis no disgrace to die: nor I myself
Came with such thought to battle, nor my Son
Bargain'd with thee for mercy to his Sire.
And yet, if any pity be reserv'd
For vanquish'd enemies; 'tis all I ask;
Let me in earth be buried. Well I know,
My people's bitter hatred craves revenge:
But oh! avert their fury; grant that I
In the same tomb with Lausus may repose.
He spake, and in his neck receives the sword;
The lifeblood gushing o'er his armour streams.

ÆNEID XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of King Mezentius, and pays funeral honours to Pallas, whose body is sent in state to his Father Evander. The Latins solicit a truce to bury the dead; which is granted by Æneas. He at the same time proposes to the envoys, to decide the war by single combat with his rival. At the expiration of the truce he marches with his whole army against Laurentum. Meanwhile Latinus convenes a council of nobles. The ambassadors, who had been sent to Arpi, to request the assistance of Diomed, report his answer, refusing to engage in the war. Latinus recommends peace with the Trojans; and is seconded by Drances, who, after bitterly inveighing against Turnus for his selfish ambition, urges him to accept the challenge of Æneas. Turnus replies, charging Drances with cowardice, and advising the continuance of the war. But the council is suddenly broken up by intelligence of the enemy's approach. Their cavalry, which had been sent forward, was almost in view of the town; the main body were at some distance behind, marching over the hills. Turnus hastens to occupy a narrow pass, which lay in their route; and orders Camilla in the mean time to engage the horse. Here the Poet digresses into the early history of Camilla. It is related by the Goddess Diana, who predicts her approaching death, and charges the Nymph Opis to avenge her. Camilla, after enacting wonderful feats of valour, is slain, and her troops are routed by the Tuscans, who pursue them to the city gates. Turnus, informed of their defeat, quits his ambuscade, and marches back to the relief of the town. Æneas follows close upon his heels, and night only prevents a battle. Both armies encamp round the walls. This book is full of spirit and animation. The speeches at the council, the adventures of Camilla, and the whole description of the cavalry action, are among the master-pieces of Virgil.

ÆNEID XI.

The Morn from ocean rose: the pious Chief,
His fallen friends though anxious to entomb,
And sadden'd by the neighbourhood of death,
Yet to the Gods at morning-break perform'd
A victor's vow. An ancient oak he bared
Of all her boughs, and fixt upon a mound,
Clad in bright spoils from King Mezentius won;
To thee, great Mars, a trophy; bloody crests,
And broken spears, the cuirass of the King
Pierced thro' and thro', the shield upon the left
He hangs, and from the neck an ivory sword:
Then the full crowd of warriors, who around
In triumph stood, exhorting he began:
Comrades, the hardest labour is achieved:
Fear not for what remains. Behold these spoils,
The first fruits ravish'd from the haughty foe;
Here is Mezentius vanquish'd by this arm.
Now 'gainst the King and Latian capital
We march: prepare your arms, in heart and hope
Anticipate the war: and when the Gods
Shall give command our standards to unfurl,
And lead our army forth, let no delay
Impede you unforewarn'd, nor idle thought
Suggesting fear. Meanwhile our uninterr'd

Consign we to the earth ; for only thus
Can honour find them in the realms below :
Pay we the last sad tribute to the brave,
Who with their blood have this our country won.
And first to sad Evander's city bear
Pallas, whom death's black hour hath snatch'd away,
Not unrenown'd, but prematurely fallen.

He spake with tears, and to the house return'd ;
Where lay the corse of Pallas in the charge
Of old Acœtes, armourbearer once
To King Evander, late upon the Prince
Sent with less happy fortune to attend :
About him throng'd the servants, men of Troy,
And dames as mourners with dishevell'd hair :
They, when Æneas pass'd the lofty door,
Loud moans upsend to heaven, and beat their breasts ;
The palace with their shrill lament resounds.
Æneas, when he saw the head uprais'd,
The pallid countenance, and wide spear-wound
On the smooth breast, with gushing tears exclaim'd :
Oh, why hath Fortune dash'd my hour of joy
With bitterness ? Dear Youth, thou should'st have lived
To see my kingdom, and return to thine
In triumph ! Other promise to thy Sire
I gave at parting, when to high command
He sent me, warning, as my hand he grasp'd,
What brave and hardy people were my foes.
He now perchance, with empty hope beguiled,
Makes vows, and gifts upon the altar lays :
We the dead Prince, no duty owing more
To Gods above, with bootless honours mourn.
Unhappy King ; the funeral of thy Child

Thou soon wilt see; and this is our return,
This our vain boast and promis'd victory!
Yet better this, than see with dastard wounds
A fugitive, and blushing for his life
Wish for thyself a miserable death!
Alas! how brave a Champion Italy
And thou, Iulus, in the Prince have lost.

Thus having mourn'd, the body of his Friend
He bade them raise, and thousand warriors chose
The funeral procession to attend,
And share the Father's grief; to woe so deep
A slender solace, but an honour due.
Others not slow of oak and sallow twigs
Construct a wicker bier, a pile of leaves
Thick-pressing overspread: on this rude couch
The Youth is laid, still beautiful in death,
Like a soft hyacinth, or violet-flower,
Which, cropt by virgin finger, hath not lost
All native gloss and brightness, but no more
From mother earth support or nurture draws.

Two robes the Chieftain brings, of purple dye
And stiff with gold, Sidonian Dido's gift;
(She with her hands rejoicing in the task
Had wrought them, and with golden threads inwove:)
One on the body wraps, a last attire,
And one around the locks, with them to burn:
A heap of booty, prizes of the field,
He sends in solemn state, with steeds and arms
Won from the slain, and, manacled behind,
The wretched captives, destin'd with their blood
The funeral flames to sprinkle. Trunks of trees,
In hostile armour clad, the Chiefs themselves

To bear he orders, and their names inscribed.
Acœtes burden'd with his years and grief
Is now led forth; disfiguring his cheek
With ghastly scratches, buffeting his breast,
He casts himself to earth, and groveling lies:
The chariot purple with Rutulian blood
In pomp is drawn; and next the war-horse comes,
Æthon, his trappings doff'd, his face bedew'd
With big tears rolling down. Some bear the lance
And helmet of the Dead; what else was his,
The spoiler Turnus hath. Anon, the train
Of mourners follow, Tuscan, Trojan Chiefs,
And last, Arcadians, with their arms revers'd:
When all in pensive march had pass'd along,
Æneas paus'd, and sighing deeply spake:
To other doleful stour the fates of war
Call me and mine: farewell, illustrious Prince,
Farewell for ever! Then with silent step
He to the camp and city bent his way.

And now Laurentian legates had arrived,
With olive boughs, soliciting a truce;
Praying the Chief for burial to restore
The bodies of their slaughter'd countrymen:
None war against the slain, and he should spare
A Monarch whilome his ally and friend:
He to their suit gave merciful regard
And gracious answer: What unhappy chance
Involv'd you, Latians, in this fatal war,
Rejecting my alliance? Ask ye now
Peace for the dead, who strew the battlefield?
Peace on the living I would fain bestow.
Nor hither came I, but by fate's command
To fix my dwelling here; nor war I wage

Against the Latin race. Your King forsook
My friendship, and to join the standard chose
Of Turnus. Better Turnus had alone
Sustain'd the contest. If the force of arms
He wishes yet to try, and drive us hence,
Let our two lances arbitrate the strife,
Be his the victory, whose the stronger hand,
Or whom the Gods prefer. And now depart,
And kindle for your dead the funeral pyres.

Th' ambassadors awhile in mute amaze
Stood, with their faces to each other turn'd.
At length their elder, Drances, ever prompt
Against young Turnus with his tongue to rail,
Thus answer'd: Prince of Troy, whose warlike deeds
Transcend renown, thy praises how to speak,
I know not; whether to exalt thee more
For valour or for justice. These thy words
We to our City grateful will report,
And, if a way be left, will labour hard
To reconcile Latinus unto thee.
Let Turnus find alliance where he may.
'Twould please us well to build thy destin'd walls,
And on our shoulders lift the stones of Troy.
He spake; his comrades murmur'd their applause.
A twelve-day truce agreed, in peace the while
Trojans and Latians mingled o'er the woods
And mountains roam: beneath their steel resounds
The stricken ash, down falls th' aerial pine;
Wedges the scented cedar and the oak
Cleave without pause, and loaded wagons groan.

Now flying Rumour, messenger of woe,
Evander reach'd, his town and palace fill'd

With other tale than when she late announced
The Prince a conqueror. Arcadian crowds
Rush to the gates, and snatch (accustom'd rite)
Funereal torches; a long train of fires
The road illuming shews the distant fields.
The sad procession comes; the mingled throng
Advance and enter mourning; matrons rend
The city with their shrieks. And now no force
Can hold Evander; in the midst he runs,
Falls on the bier, and to the body clings
With tears and groans; with difficulty a voice
His anguish found: O Pallas, and was this
Thy promise rash adventure to eschew?
I knew how honour's charms all new to thee
In thy first battlefield would lure thee on.
O fatal fruits of youthful bravery!
O cruel lessons of a neighbour war!
No God would listen to my vows or prayers!
Happy wert thou in death, my sacred Spouse,
For this reserv'd not! I have overlived
My destiny, am childless and alone.
Me should Rutulian swords have stricken down;
For I espous'd this fellowship with Troy;
Me, not my Son, this funeral pomp should bear.
Yet not you, Trojans, nor our league in arms
And mutual plighted friendship I accuse.
To my old age this misery was due:
And, if my Son was doom'd to early death,
Well hath he done so many Volscian foes
First to have slain, and led my brave allies
The way to Latium. Honours to thy tomb
None worthier, Pallas, could I give than these,
Which the brave Phrygians and their pious Chief,
The hosts and Captains of Etruria pay.

They bring victorious trophies of the men
Slain by thy hand. Thou, Turnus, here perchance
Hadst stood a trunk in armour, had thine age
No stronger been than his. But I delay
These warriors with my grief. Go, tell your King;
A hateful life, since Pallas I have lost,
Expecting an avenger I endure:
Æneas to the Father and the Son
This vengeance owes; 'tis all I ask of him
Or Fortune. Joys of life 'twere foolishness
To hope for now. To Pallas let me bear
A welcome message in the shades below.

Meanwhile the Morn to wretched mortals brought,
With gentle light, renewal of their toil.
Æneas now and Tarchon by the shore
Raise funeral pyres, as ancient rites ordain'd:
Each brings the bodies of his countrymen:
Black fires beneath are kindled, and the sky
Bedimm'd with dusky fumes: thrice round the blaze
Both horse and foot with brilliant arms adorn'd
Run with loud shrieks; their armour and the ground
With tears they sprinkle; shouts and trumpet-peals
Ascend to heaven. Some scatter o'er the pile
Laurentian spoil, casques, bridles, glittering swords,
And glowing wheels; some offer to the dead
Their own familiar weapons, which they bore
In luckless battle. Beeves, and bristled swine,
And sheep, the plunder of the country round,
They slaughter o'er the flames; then all along
The shore they stand, and on the burning heap
Of comrades gaze, and watch the dying flames;
Nor can be torn away, till humid night
Hath lit with stars th' inverted cope of heaven.

Elsewhere the vanquish'd Latian host erect
Their pyres unnumber'd; many of the slain
In earth they bury, many send away
To the chief city, or the bordering lands;
The rest, a heap of undistinguish'd dead,
Without account or honour they consume.
Till the third morn their fires incessant blaze;
Then, soon as day the mists dispersing broke,
The mingled bones and ashes they collect,
And cover with a tepid mound of earth.

But in the palace of Latinus reigns
The loudest tumult and the deepest woe.
Matrons, and wretched wives, and orphan boys,
And broken-hearted sisters, execrate
The cruel war and evil-omen'd suit
Of Turnus; him they urge by single fight
The war to finish, him that would usurp
The highest name and place in Italy.
Drances inflames their clamour, and with spite
Proclaims the challenge of the Dardan prince.
Yet want there not, whose voices in dispute
Are loud for Turnus: high desert in arms
And glorious trophies won his cause support;
The Queen protects him with her mighty name.

Amid their broils and bickerings, with response
From Diomed's great town th' ambassadors
Fruitless return: with all their labour nought
Had been accomplish'd; gold nor gifts avail'd,
Nor warm entreaty; elsewhere they must look
For succour, or the Dardan sue for peace.
Sunk was Latinus with a load of grief:
The Gods with admonition of their wrath,

The tombs before his eyes, too plainly told
Æneas was th' elect of destiny.
A high and solemn council he convenes;
The Nobles at his mandate gathering
Flock to the gates, and fill the palace-hall:
There in the midst, preeminent in age
And royal state, but with uneasy brow,
The Monarch sits; the legates, what success,
What answer from th' Ætolian court they bring,
He orders to declare; and Venulus,
While all attend in silence, thus begins:

My countrymen, Tydides and the camp
Of Argives we have seen, surmounted all
The perils of the way, and touch'd the hand
Which Ilium overthrew. A city named
After his father-land, Argyripa,
On Iapygian soil by Gargan's mount,
Victorious he was building. Introduced,
And audience granted, we our gifts present,
Our name and country tell, our embassy
What motive urged, what nation were our foes:
He with attention heard, and answer'd mild:
Ye happy denizens of Saturn's realm,
Ausonian ancient people, what disturbs
Your peaceful state, or tempts to hazard war?
We who the land of Ilium with our swords
Laid waste, (I name not, who in battle fell
Beside the walls or stream of Simois,)
Unutterable penalties have paid
O'er all the earth, atonement for our crime,
That Priam e'en might pity us. I call
Minerva's baneful star, Eubœan cliffs
To witness, and Caphareus' vengeful shore.

Long war for distant exile we exchanged:
To Proteus' pillars was the younger Son
Of Atreus driven; Ulysses hath beheld
Th' Ætnæan Cyclops. Why should I relate
The doom of Pyrrhus, or Idomeneus,
His household overturn'd, and Locrian bands
In Libya settled? Great Mycenæ's King,
The leader of confederated Greece,
Scarce past his threshold, perish'd by the hand
Of his own Spouse; a foul adulterer
Mounted his throne, who conquer'd Asia's realm.
And me; the Gods denied me a return
Home to my Wife and pleasant Calydon;
E'en now terrific prodigies pursue:
My lost companions changed to birds of air
Took flight; by river-banks (dire punishment)
They wander, fill the rocks with mournful scream:
All, all to be expected, from the time
When heavenly bodies madly I assail'd
With steel, and outraged Venus with a wound.
Oh, urge me not to such a fight again!
Since Ilium's fall I war not with her Sons;
Nor past misfortunes I recall with joy.
The gifts ye bring me from your native land,
Give to Æneas. Hand to hand have we
Stood fierce antagonists; and I can speak,
For I have felt, how mighty o'er the shield
He rises, how he whirls the lightning spear.
Two more such men had Ida's land possest,
The Dardan 'gainst the walls of Inachus
Had march'd, and Argos met the fate of Troy.
Whate'er resistance in that stubborn siege
For ten long years our victory withstood,
To Hector and Æneas all was due;

For military prowess both renown'd,
Æneas in his piety more blest.
Then make what peace ye can ; but oh, beware
Of meeting him in arms. Thus, honour'd King,
The answer thou hast heard of Diomed,
And his opinion of this arduous war.

He ceas'd ; a multifarious clamour rose
From all th' assembly, as when rocks delay
A torrent flood, imprison'd waters roar,
And banks remurmur to the fretful surge.
At length the tumult and the buzz of tongues
Were hush'd ; and King Latinus from his throne
(Invoking first the Gods) his thoughts declared :

Ye Peers of Latium, had I but resolv'd
On earlier measures for the public weal,
It had (methinks) been wiser, than to call
A council now, when foes besiege the town.
We wage, my Citizens, a fruitless war
Against a race of Gods, unconquer'd men,
Whom battle never tires, nor e'en defeat
Inclines to yield. If in Ætolian aid
Ye once had any hope, dismiss it now ;
All hope is in yourselves ; how scanty this,
Ye surely see, when all before your eyes
Is consternation. Yet do I upbraid
No man : what valour could do, hath been done ;
With our whole kingdom's power have we contended.
But now, what counsel my considerate heart
Suggests to me, hear brief while I explain.
An ancient tract of land far westward lies,
Beside the Tuscan river, and beyond
Sicanian boundaries ; 'tis my domain ;

Auruncans and Rutulians till the soil,
And plough the hilly slopes, whose roughest ground
Their herds depasture. All this territory
And piny mountain region let us cede
In friendship to the Trojans, and with them
Make terms of equal peace, inviting them
To share our kingdom ; such if their desire,
Here they may settle, and their city build.
But would they rather hence to other realms
And other people migrate, let us build
Full twenty galleys, if they need it, more,
Of Latian timber : by the stream it grows
Plenteous : the size and number of the ships
They shall prescribe ; brass, labour, naval stores,
By us be furnish'd. Envoys let us choose,
A hundred of our chief nobility,
To bear our message and the peace confirm :
Send them with olive-branches in their hand,
And golden gifts, our ivory chair of state,
And regal robe. Ye have what I advise :
Consult ye all, and save the sinking land.

Then Drances rose, to deadly rancour stung
By envy of the Daunian Prince's fame :
Exceeding rich, and able-tongued was he,
But slow to combat ; sage in counsel deem'd,
In faction busy ; by the Mother's side
Of birth illustrious, by the Sire's obscure :
He now on Turnus foul reproaches threw :

Thy counsel, honour'd King, so plain to all,
Lacks not my voice : what public weal requires,
All men confess to know, but fear to speak.
Let him abate his arrogance, and grant

Free liberty of tongue, thro' whose vain pride
And inauspicious conduct, (speak I will,
Albeit with arms and death he threaten me,)
So many warriors fallen, the land immers'd
In mourning we behold, whilst he pretends
To storm the hostile camp, and Heaven defies,
Trusting to flight alone. Thou best of Kings,
To all the gifts thy bounty would bestow
Upon the Dardan Chief, yet one more add;
And be deterr'd by no man's violence,
But to a Hero worthy her and thee
Thy Daughter wed, and make a lasting peace.
If fear hath cow'd all hearts, let me entreat
Of this proud man himself, that he withdraw,
That to a King and people he concede
Their own just rights. Why thus endanger all
The Latian state, thou source and origin
Of our misfortunes? Fatal is this war,
And hopeless: peace we all demand of thee,
Peace, with its only certain guaranty.
And I the foremost, whom thou deem'st thy foe,
(Nor I disown the name,) a suppliant come:
Quell thy proud spirit, Turnus; from the strife
Worsted retire, and spare thy countrymen.
Enough of rout and slaughter have we seen,
Of waste and desolation in our fields.
Yet if thy bravery must needs achieve
The meed of honour and a kingdom's dower,
Be bold to meet thy Rival breast to breast.
Must we forsooth, that Turnus may obtain
A royal bride, we worthless creatures lie
Strewn on the plain, unburied and unmourn'd?
If thou hast any force or courage in thee,
Go forth, I say, and face thy challenger.

The wrath of Turnus kindled at these words;
He gave a groan, and all his heart outpour'd:
Drances, thy speech runs ever fluently,
When war to action calls; and still art thou
First in the council-hall; though little boot
The lofty-sounding words, that from thy mouth
Fly safely, whilst the enemy and us
Tall ramparts and a bloodless trench divide.
Then thunder with thy wonted eloquence,
And me with cowardice thou, Drances, charge,
When thine own arm such heaps of slaughter made,
And mark'd the field with trophies! Would'st thou try
Thy valour's mettle? 'Tis not far to seek
Our opposites; the city they surround.
March we against them? Wherefore laggest thou?
Lies all thy courage in those windy words
And dastard feet? I worsted? Miscreant!
And who dares call me worsted? let him look
At Tyber swelling high with Trojan blood,
Evander's house in ruin overthrown,
And all th' Arcadian force discomfited.
Not so great Pandarus and Bitias found,
And thousand more, whom I in one brief day
Enclosed and hedged within their rampart slew.
Hopeless the war? Go, Madman, prophesy
This to the Dardan and thine own cabal;
Spread terror and confusion; magnify
The prowess of a people twice subdued;
Disparage King Latinus and his power.
Now e'en the Myrmidons at Phrygian arms,
Now Diomed and Achilles are dismay'd,
And Aufidus flies back from Hadria's tide!
Mark'd ye the malice that would feign alarm
At its own slander, to increase the sting?

Dismiss thy fears; thou never by this hand
Shalt lose thy precious life; no, keep it still
An inmate of that breast! And now to thee,
Great Father, and thy project I return.
If in our arms thou placest hope no more,
If we are so forlorn, that, one field lost,
All else be lost, and ne'er to be retrieved;
Submission tender we, and sue for peace:
Yet oh! were ancient worth not all extinct,
Magnanimous and in affliction blest
Him would I deem, who, sooner than behold
This last dishonour, once for all would choose
To bite the ground and perish by the sword.
But if new levies, warlike youth intact,
And succour of Italian towns remain;
If Troy with blood her triumph dearly bought,
Her children strew the field; and over all
Alike the tempest roll'd; why basely thus
On the first threshold faint? why tremble we
Before the trumpet sounds? How many a change
Time works to better us; and fickle chance
Delusive casts us down, to raise again.
Th' Ætolian Prince and Arpi aid us not:
Yet will Messapus, and (auspicious name)
Tolumnius, and the Chieftains who command
So many brave allies; nor Latium's troop
Nor the Laurentian will their honour lose:
From mighty Volscian states Camilla brings
Her flower of brazen-glittering cavalry:
Yet, if the battle singly to darrain
On me the Trojans call, and ye approve,
And I remain sole obstacle to peace,
This arm is not to victory so unknown,
That aught I would refuse for hope so high

To venture: I will go, and boldly meet
My Rival: tho' Achilles he excel,
And clothe him in the like Vulcanian arms;
To you, and to my Father, Latium's King,
I Turnus, valiant as mine ancestors,
Devote this life. Æneas challenges?
Heaven grant he may! Nor Drances in my stead,
Be't death or glory which the Gods design,
Their wrath shall expiate, or their bounty win.

While thus debate to warm contention grew,
His camp Æneas and battalions moved.
A hasty message to the palace brought
With panic fills the town; from Tyber's vale
The banded powers of Tuscany and Troy
Were marching now, and covering all the plain.
The rabble were surprised with damp dismay;
Others were hot for battle and revenge:
To arms, the youthful cry; the elders weep
In moody silence: then from every side
Dissentious clamour rose; as oft when birds
Settle in flocks upon some lofty grove,
Or swans about Padusa's fishy pool
With scream and plunging make the deeps resound.

Turnus the moment seiz'd: 'Tis well! sit here
In conclave, citizens, declaim on peace,
Whilst enemies the kingdom overrun.
He said, and hurried from the lofty hall:
Thou, Volusus, the Volscian maniples
For action muster, the Rutulian force
With them be join'd; Messapus o'er the plains
With Coras and his Brother spread the horse;
Some, the approaches guard, and man the towers:

The rest, as I shall order, march with me.

From all the city to the walls was run:
The King his great design reluctant quits,
Dissolves the Council, and full sorely now
His folly rues, that weakly had delay'd
The Dardan to receive as Guest and Son.
Some digging trenches at the gates are seen,
Some carrying stake and stone: the trumpet gives
A dread war-signal; boys and matrons crowd
The rampart; imminent peril summons all.

The Queen with offerings to the lofty dome
Of Pallas rode, escorted by a train
Of matrons; fair Lavinia by her side,
The cause of all their woe, with eyes deject:
Within the sanctuary their incense burns;
Sad supplication from the porch ascends:
Goddess of war, Tritonian Virgin, hear us:
Break with thine hand the Phrygian robber's lance;
Him at our gates hurl prostrate to the ground.

Turnus with ardour girds him for the field,
Fits on the corslet rough with brazen scales,
Buskins of gold, and falchion at his side;
Then with bare temples from the citadel
He hurries down, and sheds a golden gleam:
His heart exults, as he were nigh the foe.
Thus, when a steed hath broken from the stall,
And gain'd his freedom o'er the fields to range,
Impatient to rejoin the pastures green
And herd of mares, or in th' accustom'd stream
His limbs to plunge, he tosses up his neck,
He neighs, he prances, rampant with delight,

His mane redundant o'er the shoulder plays.

Camilla with her Volscians at the gate
Meeting the Prince leapt nimbly from her steed;
The rest in imitation of their Queen
Alighting, she with eagerness began:
Turnus, if confidence becomes the brave,
I dare, and undertake to meet the foe,
Alone the Tuscan horsemen to withstand.
Leave the first venture of the field to me;
Thou with the foot remain, and guard the walls.

O pride of Italy! the Prince return'd,
And fixed his eyes upon the martial Maid:
What thanks thy generous ardour can repay?
Thy spirit unassailable by fear
Defies mischance. But share these toils with me.
The wily Trojan, rumour and our spies
Do thus avouch, light horsemen hath despatcht
To skirr the country; by the rugged hills
Himself ascending marches on the town.
Along the woody slope an ambuscade
I purpose, to blockade the mountain-pass.
Do thou await and charge the Tuscan horse:
With thee Messapus and the Latin troop
And brave Tiburtus will unite their powers:
Take thou the joint command. So spake the Chief,
Then with like words Messapus and the rest
Exhorting urged, and march'd against the foe.

A winding deep defile, for stratagem
And ambush form'd, thick woods on either side
Enclose: the gorge is narrow, dark th' approach
And intricate: above, upon the heights,

Is level ground, a lurking-place unseen,
And safe retreating, whether right and left
Ye purpose on the enemy to fall,
Or stand above, and massy rocks roll down.
Hither by well-known paths the Chieftain sped,
And took his crafty station on the hills.

Meanwhile in realms above Latona's Child
Call'd Opis, fleetest Virgin of her train:
Alas, dear Opis, to a cruel war
Camilla goes, with Dian's armoury
In vain accoutred; she my best-beloved,
Whom to my heart no sudden choice endears,
No new-born fancy: Metabus her Sire,
For cruelty dethroned, and forced to quit
Privernum's ancient city, bore away
Thro' hostile arms, companion of his flight,
An infant Daughter; whom, the Mother's name
Casmilla varying, he Camilla call'd:
Her in his bosom bearing, to the woods
And lonely hills he fled: upon his rear
Were Volscian troopers hunting him to death;
And lo, the frothy floods of Amasene,
Swollen above their banks with stormy rains,
Opposed his passage: he, prepared to swim,
Bethought him of the Child, his precious charge,
And fear'd to venture; pondering for a while,
He this device with hesitation chose:
Fast to the middle of a knotty spear,
(His own stout weapon of well-season'd oak,)
He bound the Infant, handy for his throw,
With ligament of sylvan cork secured;
The shaft he strongly pois'd, and spake this prayer:
Latonian Virgin, lover of the groves,

I mine own Daughter thus devote to thee:
This thy first weapon carrying thro' the air
She flies to thee for refuge: Goddess kind,
Receive thine Handmaid, to the doubtful winds
Committed now. The lance with sinewy arm
He threw; the waters roar'd; across the stream
Borne on the hissing shaft Camilla flew:
On come the fell pursuers: Metabus
Leaps in the stream, and spear and Maiden both,
His gift to Trivia, from the grassy turf
Plucks on the farther shore. No cities him
Under their roofs or in their walls received;
His nature fierce and rude had brook'd no laws:
A shepherd's life in mountain solitudes
He pass'd, his Babe in forests and wild dens
With mare's milk nourish'd, in her tender lips
Squeezing the dugs. No sooner on the ground
With footstep firm she trod, than in her palm
He placed a javelin, from her shoulders hung
A bow and quiver: she nor flowing robe
Nor golden hairband wore, but on her head
A tiger-skin, that loosely fell behind.
Her little hand could boyish weapons wield,
Around her temples whirl the leathern sling,
Strike down the cycnet or Strymonian crane.
Etrurian mothers woo'd her for their sons,
But all in vain; attach'd to me alone,
Love of her arms and pure virginity
She cherishes, nor other passion knows.
I grieve, she ever join'd offensive war
Against the Dardans: else my favourite Nymph
Now had she been. But stern fate threatens her:
Glide, Opis, from the sky to Latian fields,
Where evil-omen'd battle is begun:

Take these; from out the quiver ready draw
A vengeful arrow; and whoever dares
To violate with a wound her sacred limbs,
Be he of Troy or Latium, let his blood
The forfeit pay. Then I th' unhappy Maid,
Body and arms unspoil'd, will in a cloud
Bear to her country, and in earth entomb.
Thus bidden, Opis in a whirlwind wrapt
Sped thro' the air, and sounded as she flew.

Meanwhile the Trojan band approach the walls,
Etrurian Chiefs, and all th' equestrian force
In squadrons form'd. The prancing charger neighs,
And struggles with the tighten'd rein, his head
Tossing from side to side; the field all iron
Bristles with spears, and casts a blaze on high
Of glittering armour. Opposite in view
Messapus and the Latin host advance,
Catillus, Coras, and the Volscian wing.
Their spears in preparation they protend,
Their javelins brandish; in the lessening space
Louder and fiercer horse and man come on.

Yet within javelin's throw, the adverse hosts
A moment halted; then with sudden cry
Cheer on their neighing coursers, pour their darts
Thick like a snowstorm, darkening all the sky.
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus, lance in hand,
Met full careering; dreadful was the sound
Of conflict, and the shock of rushing steeds
Breast against breast: Aconteus headlong thrown,
Like a huge missile from an engine cast,
At distance fell, his life dispers'd in air:
A panic seiz'd the Latians; hastily

They turn to flight, their targes thrown behind;
The Trojans with Asylas at their head
Far as the gates pursue; the Latins there
Wheel sharply round, and raise the battle-cry,
The Trojans flying give their steeds the rein:
As when alternate waves now roll to land,
Splashing the rocks, and with their sinuous tide
Laving the farthest sand; now to their depths
Sucking the shingle rapid they retire,
The ebbing shallow trips along the shore.
Twice to the gates th' Etrurians chase their foes,
Twice chased themselves they shield their backs and flee.

But when, a third time charging, all the troops
Closed in a war-embrace, man singling man,
Death-groans were heard, bodies and arms were seen
Soak'd deep in blood, the rider and his steed
In mingled slaughter rolling; obstinate
The combat grew. Orsilochus on the ear
Smote with his lance the horse of Remulus,
Whom to attack he fear'd; th' impatient steed,
Gall'd by the wound, curvets in air, and shakes
His rider down. Catillus overthrows
Iolas, and the strong Herminius,
Strong in his limbs, in spirit and in arms;
Whose auburn locks were bare, and shoulders too;
A mark for weapons fearless he exposed
His ample bulk; but by a thrillant spear
Pierced thro' the neck, and double-bent with pain,
He falls. The carnage thickens all around;
Men rush on wounds, and strive for glorious death.

Fierce in the midst th' exulting Amazon
Camilla rides, one bosom bared for fight;

Now scatters thick her darts, now wields untired
A ponderous battleaxe; the golden bow
And arms of Dian on her shoulder sound.
E'en from the combat when repuls'd she flees,
Her bow she bends, and aims a shaft behind.
Larina, Tulla, skirmish at her side,
Tarpeia follows, with a brazen axe;
Italian Nymphs, her chosen ministers
In peace and war, her glory and her pride:
Like as the Amazons of Thrace, that war
With colour'd arms, and shake Thermodon's flood,
Around the banners of Hippolyte,
Or when Penthesilea chariot-drawn
Returns in triumph, and the female host
Raise their wild cry, and clash their moony shields.

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Whom first, whom last, didst thou, fierce Virgin, smite?
How many prostrate lay? Eunæus first,
The son of Clytius, falls, whose breast adverse
Thy long fir-shaft found open to the blow:
Rivers of blood he vomits, in death-pang
Bites the red dust, and welters on his wound.
Next Pagasus and Liris; one, while thrown
Over his wounded horse he grasps the rein;
The other, while he stoops with hand unarm'd
To help his comrade; both at once to earth
The Heroine strikes: Amastrus after them,
The Son of Hippotas; and pressing on
With lifted spear Demophoon she pursues,
Tereus and Chromis and Harpalycus:
No javelin threw she, but a Phrygian fell.
The hunter Ornytus uncouthly clad
Back'd an Apulian steed, a bull's hide thrown
O'er his broad shoulders, a wolf's cheek and jaw

With white teeth hideous grinning on his head;
A rustic spear in hand, among a troop
The midmost he, above them towering, rode:
Camilla with a spearthrust unawares
Pierced him, (an easy task, his troop dispers'd,)
And cried insulting: Tuscan, didst thou think
To hunt wild beasts? A woman's arm to-day
Confutes thy boast. Yet to thy sires below
This praise recount, Camilla vanquish'd thee.

Orsilochus and Butes next she slew,
Trojans of mighty stature: face to face
Butes she met, and struck him full between
The helm and cuirass, where the buckler hung
From his left shoulder, and the bare neck shone:
The other with pretended flight she mocks,
Wheels in a spacious ring, then inward turns
Pursuing the pursuer, whom with axe
Uplifted she regardless of his prayer
Smites, and repeats the stroke; her sturdy blade
Thro' helm and skull resistlessly she drives,
The warm brain scatter'd all his cheek besmears.

The Son of Aunus on the Heroine lights,
And stops affrighted at the sudden view:
From Apennine he came, nor least was he
Among Ligurians, while on fraud to thrive
The fates allow'd him. Now when he perceives
Flight intercepted, hopeless to avert
The Queen's attack, a wily trick he tries:
What honour this, cries he, if womanlike
Thou trustest in thy steed? Abandon flight;
Venture on foot and even ground with me;
Then see, whom fickle glory will prefer.

She stung with rage to her companion gives
The steed dismounting, and for equal fight
Stands ready with plain shield and naked sword:
The artful coward weening to have 'scaped
His bridle turns, and gallops hard away,
Goading the courser with his iron heel:
Presumptuous fond Ligurian, vain th' attempt
Thy native wiles to practise; they shall not
Bring thee in safety to thy fraudful Sire:
Camilla said, and lo, her fiery feet
Chasing outrun the steed; she grasps the rein,
Confronts the fugitive, and with his life
Appeases her revenge. Thus on a dove
The sacred falcon from a rocky height
Pounces with ease, and stops her cloudy course;
Griping he tears her entrails with his claw,
While plumes and gory dew from ether fall.

But not with heedless eye th' Olympian King
Sitting in highest heaven the scene survey'd:
Etrurian Tarchon's valour he inflames,
And stimulates to feats of warlike rage:
Amid the rout of his disorder'd files
Rides Tarchon, every soldier calls by name,
Revives their hope, and rallies to the field:
What fear possesses you? Is no shame left,
Ye ever slothful men of Tuscany?
A woman drives and scatters all your troop!
Why bear we swords, why lances idly wield?
Not slow are ye to love's nocturnal wars,
Or when the flute of Bacchus calls the dance,
And festive cheer invites, and flowing wine:
This is your joy, to wait th' auspicious hour,
When sacrifice the augur will announce,

And the plump victim summon to the grove.

He said, and in the clustering battle drove
Reckless of life, and furiously fell
On Venulus, whom tearing by main force
From the steed's back, and clipping to his breast,
He carried sheer away: shouts rise to heaven,
And all the Latins gaze, while he like fire
Flies with the armed warrior o'er the plain.
Now breaks he off his lance's iron head,
And searches for an opening, to inflict
The mortal wound; hard struggles Venulus
His throat to guard, and force by force repels.
As when an eagle snatches up in air
A serpent, fastening with her talons round;
The wounded snake in many a spiral fold
Writhes, and erects his bristling scales, with hiss
Wrathful his mouth upraises; not the less
She with her crooked beak incessant rends
The struggling prey, and pinion-flaps the wind:
Thus fiercely Tarchon from the Latin line
His captive bears: the Lydians, like their Chief,
With hot incursions animate the war.
Then Aruns, doom'd by fate, with dart in hand,
In circuit round the swift Camilla rides
At cautious distance, spying where to find
The readiest chance: whene'er in onset bold
She charges, Aruns watchful in her track
Follows; when flush'd with slaughter she retires,
Towards her in haste he bends his crafty rein;
Now this approach, now that, with stern resolve
Hovering he tries, and shakes his deadly spear.

It fortuned, that in sight one Chloreus came,

A Seer, and once a Priest of Cybele,
In Phrygian arms conspicuously bright;
Whose foaming steed a leathern breastpiece wore
With clasps of gold and brazen plume-like scales;
Himself in foreign deep-dyed purple clad
Shot Cretan arrows with a Lycian bow;
Distinguish'd by his bow and burgonet
Of golden sheen, a saffron scarf comprest
In golden knot, with linen rustling folds,
A broider'd tunic, and barbaric hose.
Camilla, whether on the temple-porch
Those arms to hang she purpos'd, or herself
Accoutre for the chase in captive gold,
Him from the whole troop singles for pursuit,
And follows blindly rash, with woman's love
Of prize and spoil. Then Aruns chose the time,
Pois'd his insidious lance, and pray'd to heaven:
O thou, of Gods whom chiefest we adore,
Soracte's guardian, Phœbus, thou for whom
The piny heap is kindled, when thro' fire
In pious confidence thy votaries pass,
And tread the burning coal: grant, Mighty One,
My weapon may extinguish this disgrace:
Nor spoil nor trophy of the vanquish'd Maid
I covet: other deeds will speak my praise:
Let me but riddance make of yonder pest,
And willing I return inglorious home.

Apollo heard the prayer, and in his breast
A part concedes, part scatters to the wind:
With mortal wound Camilla to o'erthrow,
He granted, but a safe return denied.
Now as the weapon sounded in the air,
The Volscians to their Princess in alarm

Turn'd their eyes all: she heeded not the sound,
The wind, or rushing weapon, till it struck
Her naked pap, and cleaving to the wound
Drank deep her virgin blood. Th' attendant maids
Flock to her succour, and their falling Queen
Support, while Aruns in confusion flees,
With mingled fear and joy, nor longer dares
Trust to his lance, nor meet the Virgin's ire.
As when a wolf, the shepherd having slain
Or some tall bull, ere vengeful swains pursue,
Scared by his own audacity, with tail
Cowering between his legs, betakes him fast
For refuge to the pathless mountain-glen:
Thus Aruns out of sight in terror fled,
Content to 'scape, and mingled with the crowd.
Camilla from her side the javelin pulls,
But fixt within her bone the steel remains;
Bloodless and faint she sinks, with death-pale eye,
The purple hue hath left her countenance:
To Acca, the companion of her youth,
Her trustiest friend and partner of her cares,
With feeble voice she spake: Thus far have I,
Dear Sister, striven; but now my bitter wound
Consumes me; darkness blackens all around:
Fly hence; to Turnus bear my last command,
Hither to bring his power, and from assault
Protect the capital: and now farewell!
With that she quits the rein, and downward drops
Insensible, with mortal shiver chill'd;
The neck falls powerless, the head reclines;
Body and life must part; she loos'd her shield,
Gave a last groan, and forth the spirit flew.

Then rose a cry, that smote the golden stars,

And hotter wax'd the fight, Camilla slain:
The Trojans all rush on in thick array,
Etrurian leaders, and Arcadian wings.

Long time had Opis, true to Cynthia's charge,
Sat on a hill, and calmly view'd the field:
When from afar amidst the strife of men
She saw Camilla's melancholy fall;
Alas, dear Virgin! with a groan she cried:
Cruel, too cruel is the punishment
For this thy Trojan war; nor boots it thee
Diana's Nymph in deserts to have dwelt,
And on thy shoulders borne our sylvan bow.
Yet ev'n in death thy Queen will not forget
To honour thee; thy fall nor unavenged,
Nor nameless among nations will she leave.
Whoe'er thy flesh hath outraged with a wound,
His blood the crime atones.

Below the hill
There rose a mound of earth, the monument
Of old Dercennus, a Laurentian King,
With dark holm shaded: thither swift as thought
The Goddess flew, and on the summit standing
View'd Aruns, bright in armour where he sat
With pride elate: Why skulkest thou away?
Turn hitherward, and for Camilla's death
Receive thine own, a worthy recompense:
Must such as thou by Cynthia's weapon fall?
She said, and from her gilded quiver chose
A winged shaft, the bow with deadly aim
She drew full stretching, till the curved horns
In contact came, her hands to level brought,
One touch'd her bosom, one the arrow's head:

At once the wind and whizzing of the steel
Did Aruns hear, and feel it in his heart.
Him stretcht upon the dusty field unknown,
Groaning his last, oblivious comrades leave:
Opis on rapid wing ascends the sky.

First fled Camilla's troop, their Princess lost;
Next the Rutulians and Atinas fly;
Ranks broken, scatter'd leaders, for their lives
Ride spurring to the city, and no more
The furious Trojan onset can withstand:
Behind their weary backs the bows hang loose,
Their steeds with heavy trample shake the ground:
Before them to the city clouds of dust
Roll darkly; matrons from the battlements
Behold, and smite their breasts and shriek aloud:
The foremost flyers at the open gates
Burst in, but mingled with pursuing foes
Escape not death; within their country's wall,
On the safe ground and threshold of their homes,
Transfixt they breathe their last. Some close the way
Against their comrades, fearing to admit,
And deaf to prayer: then woful carnage rose,
These with sword barring entrance, those without
On the sword rushing; then a piteous wail
Of parents, while their children headlong tumble
In the steep fosses driven from behind,
Or with loose rein impetuous borne, on bar
And bolted rail with fearful battery fall.
Matrons themselves hurl missiles from above,
(Their patriot zeal Camilla's aspect fired,)
For lack of steel, with heavy bludgeons arm'd,
With stake and firebrand, in their home's defence
Foremost to toil, and fearing not to die.

Acca meanwhile to Turnus in the wood
Her tidings brought, that fill'd him with dismay;
The Volscians overthrown, Camilla slain,
The foes in full career of victory
Pursuing, bearing terror to the town:
He full of rage, (so adverse Jove decreed,)
Forsakes his ambush on the woody steep;
Yet scarce had reach'd the champaign out of view,
Ere to the woods Æneas wound his way,
Pass'd thro' the deep defile, and clomb the hill:
Both with their whole battalions to the town
March at full speed, nor long the space between:
At once Æneas o'er the plain descried
The dust thick smoking and Laurentian bands;
And Turnus view'd his Rival's battle, heard
The tramp of infantry and breath of steeds:
Nor had they now forborne in close contest
Of arms to mingle; but the weary Sun,
(His chariot dipp'd beneath Iberian waves,)
Gave sign of parting day: before the town
Their camps they pitch, and round the wall repose.

ÆNEID XII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus resolves to decide the war by single combat, and in spite of the urgent entreaties of Latinus and his Queen, sends a challenge to Æneas; which being accepted, the conditions are arranged, and the lists prepared. Juturna, a Water-Nymph, and Sister of Turnus, at the instigation of Juno, stirs up the Rutulians to violate the treaty. Æneas is treacherously wounded, and forced to retire. A general battle ensues, in which Turnus prevails, until Æneas, miraculously cured, returns to the field. Juturna contrives for some time to keep her Brother at a distance from Æneas; but at length, hearing that the Trojans had assaulted the town, he hastens to its relief, and joins battle with his Rival. The fight is described at great length, and with various incidents. During its progress, Jupiter strictly charges Juno to desist from all further interference; and reconciles her to the triumph of the Trojan race, by the assurance that their name and language shall be lost in those of Latium, that the Roman nation will be formed by the blending together of the two people, and that she herself will hereafter be the special object of devotion at Rome. Turnus, wounded and struck to the ground, prays for mercy; but Æneas, though at first inclined to grant it, is exasperated at seeing the belt of Pallas on the shoulder of his enemy. The death of Turnus terminates the poem. All further impediment to a general peace is removed by the death of Queen Amata, who, on the first news of the town being assaulted, had hanged herself in despair. Æneas, according to the received tradition, marries the daughter of Latinus, and builds a capital city, which, after his bride, is called Lavinium.

ÆNEID XII.

When Turnus now the Latians by defeat
Dismay'd and broken saw, himself the mark
Of every eye, his promise claim'd of all,
He rouses up his courage, burns with wrath
Implacable. As when in Punic woods
A wounded lion on the hunter turns
Prepar'd to spring; his neck and bushy mane
He shakes with joy, the javelin with his teeth
Fearlessly breaks, and gives a dreadful roar:
Ev'n thus the might of Turnus into rage
Was kindled: turbid he accosts the King:

Ready am I: let not the dastard foe
Retract his challenge, or the terms refuse:
I meet Æneas: thou the sacrifice
Prepare, my Father, and the compact draw.
Or I this Dardan, Asia's runaway,
Will send to Tartarus; the Latin host
Shall sit spectators, while my sword wipes out
The land's disgrace; or him your conqueror
Receive, and yield Lavinia for his prize.

To whom Latinus with composure mild:
Brave-hearted Youth, the more distinguish'd thou
For reckless courage, more it me becomes

With forethought grave each adverse chance to weigh.
The Daunian kingdom is thine heritage,
And many captur'd cities own thy sway:
Riches have I and friendly will to thee:
Within Laurentum and the Latian realm
Are other maids of lineage not obscure.
Let me without disguise harsh truths unfold,
And hearken thou. 'Twas order'd that my Child
Should not be wedded to a native lord;
So Gods and prophets warn'd: yet I o'ercome
By consanguinity and love to thee,
And by Amata's weeping, broke my word,
My Daughter snatch'd from her affianced Spouse,
And levied impious war. What troubles thence,
What loss hath fallen to me, thou knowest well,
What painful toils thyself hast undergone.
In two great battles vanquish'd, in our walls
We scarce maintain the hopes of Italy:
Yet with our blood flows Tyber warm; vast plains
Are whiten'd with our bones. But why so oft
Wavers my mind, tost madly to and fro?
If, Turnus overthrown, I am prepared
Th' alliance to accept, were it not best,
While Turnus lives, the quarrel to compose?
What will thy kinsmen of Rutulia say,
What will all Italy, if I to death
(Heaven falsify the word!) abandon thee,
The suitor of my Child? But oh, regard
The fickle chance of war; compassionate
Thine aged Sire, who now in Ardea mourns
From thee divided.

Words can not appease
The violence of Turnus, all the more

Enchafed by soothing. Vent to his full heart,
After brief pause, he gave: The kind concern
Thou tak'st for me, good Father, lay aside,
And suffer me with death to purchase honour.
I bear a weapon strong and sharp as his:
Blood follows from the wound which Turnus deals.
No Goddess will be there, to veil in clouds
Her coward Son, and vanish into shade.

The Queen affrighted by his new resolve,
And weeping in despair, the fiery Prince
Strove to restrain: O Turnus, by these tears,
I pray, by all the reverence which yet
Thou for Amata feel'st, thou the last hope
And refuge of mine age, on whose support
The throne and glory of Latinus hang,
And all our house; this only I implore:
Forbear to meet thy Rival: whatsoe'er
Should hap to thee untoward in the strife,
Awaits me likewise, Turnus: I with thee
The hateful light will quit, and never live
Captive to take Æneas for my Son.

The fair Lavinia to her Mother's words
With tears responded, while a deep red blush
Glow'd in her cheek, and mantled o'er her face.
Like ivory with sanguine purple stain'd,
Or lilies blent with clusters of the rose,
The Maiden's colour seem'd: on her with love
The ardent Chieftain passionately gazed,
And burning more for combat answer'd thus:
O Mother, I beseech thee, not with tears,
Not with such evil omen send me forth
To the fell strife of battle: Turnus now

Hath no free choice his destiny to shun.
Go, Idmon, to the Phrygian King from me
Bear this, no welcome message: When the Morn
Shall lift her purple chariot in the east,
Let him not march against us with his power;
Rutulian arms and Trojan be at rest;
We with our lives the quarrel will decide;
In yonder plain Lavinia's hand be won.

He spake, and to his roof in haste withdrew;
Calls for the steeds, whom gladly he beholds
Before him neighing, steeds, a noble gift,
Which Orithyia to Pilumnus gave,
Whiter than snow, and swifter than the wind:
Prompt come the charioteers, and stroke their chests,
With words of praise, and comb their flowing manes.
The Prince a breastplate fastens on, rough-scaled
With gold and glittering brass; his buckler next,
And crimson branching plumes; beside him girds
The sword, which Vulcan had for Daunus forged,
And dipp'd it hissing in the Stygian wave.
A spear, Auruncan Actor's noble spoil,
Which in the hall against a pillar leant,
He grasps, and while it quivers in his hand,
Exclaims aloud: Thou spear, which at my call
Didst never fail me yet, the hour is come:
Thee once great Actor held, now Turnus wields:
Oh, grant that I this girlish Phrygian lord
May strike to earth; his cuirass with strong arm
Let me tear off, and in the dust besmear
Those tresses wet with myrrh, with iron curl'd!
Such fury goads him; all his countenance
Sparkles inflamed, his eyes flash angry fire.
So, when a bull for combat first prepares,

Loud bellowings mark his rage; a tree's firm trunk
Butting, he tries the prowess of his horn,
Assails the wind with blows, and with his foot
(Prelude to battle) tosses up the sand.

Nor less Æneas, clad in heavenly arms,
To martial temper rouses him, rejoiced
The challenge to accept and end the war.
His friends and sad Iulus he consoles,
The fates expounding, to the Latin sends
His answer and conditions of the fight.

Scarce had the Morning sprinkled with her beams
The mountain-tops, what time the sun-steeds lift
Their nostrils from the wave, and daylight breathe;
Heralds from either host beneath the walls
The measur'd lists prepare; i' th' middle space
Turf-hearths and altars for the common Gods
Erect, while others crown'd with vervain-wreaths,
With aprons girded, fire and water bring.
Th' Ausonian legion here in dense array
Pours from the crowded portals; there advance
Etrurian, Trojan, variously arm'd;
With steel equipt, as if to conflict keen
Of battle call'd. The leaders thro' the ranks
Moving are seen, in gold and purple gay;
Mnestheus, descendant of Assaracus,
And brave Asylas, and th' equestrian Chief
Messapus, Neptune's Child. At signal given,
Each to his post withdraws, and spears in earth
Are fixt, and shields laid down. In eager haste
Matrons, and aged men, and crowds unarm'd
Swarm on the roofs and towers, while many throng
The lofty portals.

On a mount meanwhile,
(Now Alban call'd, then without note or name,)
Saturnia stood, and thence the field, the hosts
Of Troy and Latium, and the city view'd:
Anon the Heavenly Deity address'd
The Goddess of the lakes and sounding streams,
Sister of Turnus: (Jupiter to her
Godhead had given for lost virginity:)
Thou pride of Rivers, by my soul beloved,
Whom to all Latian nymphs, that e'er did mount
Th' ungrateful bed of Jupiter, thou knowest,
I have preferr'd, nor grudged thy place in Heaven;
Learn now thy grief, nor me, Juturna, blame.
While fate allow'd, and fortune gave success,
For Turnus and Laurentum I have striven:
Now is he match'd against unequal powers;
His evil hour, his hapless doom is near.
Yet I this fight, this treaty to behold
Can never brook: if any bold device
Thy love suggests, strive thou to succour him;
Strive, ('twere a Sister's part,) perchance to save.

At this Juturna tears of grief let fall,
Thrice her warm bosom striking with her hand.
No time is this to weep; Saturnia cried:
Haste, snatch thy Brother, if thou canst, from death;
Stir up the war anew, the truce confound;
'Tis Juno bids thee. So the Nymph she urged,
Then left her in suspense and trouble sore.

Straight to the lists Latinus in high state
Four chariot-coursers draw; twelve golden rays
The royal temples gird, his ancestor
The Sun-God shewing. Turnus in his car

A milk-white pair convey'd; two spears he shook
Of weighty steel. Forth from their tents advance
Æneas, author of the Roman race,
Blazing with starry shield and heavenly arms,
And near him, second hope of mighty Rome,
Ascanius. Robed in snowy vest, the Priest
To th' altar's kindled blaze a lamb unshorn
Brings with the youngling of a bristly boar:
They, turning all their eyes to th' orient Sun,
Sprinkle salt cakes, each victim's forehead sign
With steel, and on the hearth libations pour:
Æneas with drawn sword devoutly prays:

The Sun I call to witness, and this Earth,
Which I to win such hardships have endured:
To Jove supreme, and Juno, Saturn's Child,
Now more benign, I pray; to thee, great Mars,
That sway'st the battlefield: on you I call,
Fountains and Rivers, and the Sanctities
In Heaven above or in the azure deep:
If Turnus chance to conquer, 'tis agreed
The vanquish'd to Evander's walls retire,
Iulus hence departs, my followers
No more resume the war, nor e'er with arms
This realm assail. But if to my good sword
Victory incline, as rather I presage,
(And may the will of Heaven my hopes confirm!)
Nor Latian I to Trojan will subject,
Nor sovereign sway demand; with equal laws
The nations both unconquer'd shall unite
In lasting league; my Gods and worship I
Will 'stablish here; the crown and kingly power
Still let Latinus, Father of my Bride,
Retain: for me my countrymen shall build

A city, and Lavinia give the name.

Æneas thus: Latinus after him
Spake with rais'd hand, uplooking to the skies:
By the same Powers, Æneas, here I swear,
By Earth, Sea, Stars, Latona's Children twain,
And two-brow'd Janus; by the Gods below,
And throne of gloomy Dis: hear me the Sire,
Who treaties with his thunder ratifies!
I touch the altar, and these fires invoke
And common Gods. This peace in Italy,
This league no time shall break: whate'er befall,
No power shall change my purpose; not tho' Earth
Be whelm'd in Sea, and deluge both confound,
Tho' Heaven in fragments fall to Tartarus:
Sure as my sceptre (in his hand he then
A sceptre held) shall never more put forth
Young shoots or leafy shade, since once for all
Uprooted in the wood, and sever'd from
The parent trunk, it yielded to the axe
Its boughs and foliage; then a goodly tree;
Now by the artist's hand in comely brass
Incased, and given for Latian Kings to wield.

They with such mutual oaths their treaty bind
Before th' assembled Chiefs; their victims then
Immolate o'er the flames, the flesh torn warm
In chargers heap, and on the altar lay.

But the Rutulians had already deem'd
The match unequal; various movements 'gan
To stir their breasts: nor less, on nearer view,
In their young Champion's form and countenance
They read the danger: Turnus with slow pace

Approach'd, and touch'd the altar supplicant,
With eye downcast, with sunken cheek and pale.
The changeful humour of the whispering crowd
Juturna mark'd, and, heedful of the cause,
Assumed Camertes' form, a high-born Chief,
Brave like his Sire and noble ancestors,
Then mingling with the ranks her artful talk
Dispers'd among them: Are ye not ashamed,
Rutulians, to expose one single life
For such a host? In strength are we o'ermatch'd,
Or number? All the Trojans there ye see,
And all th' Arcadians: battle if we join,
Scarce every second man will meet his foe.
Happier the lot of Turnus than our own!
He to the Gods, upon whose altars now
His life he offers, will exalt his fame,
And live immortal in the sight of men:
We, who sit idle on the field, must lose
Our native land, and haughty lords obey.

She with such words the general discontent
Inflamed; and thro' the lines a murmur ran:
E'en the Laurentians and the Latins all
Were changed: no more for safety and repose,
But arms they wish, repent them of the truce,
And pity Turnus and his hapless fate.
Th' occasion to improve, Juturna shew'd
A sign aloft in air, most opportune
With false presage th' Italians to confound:
The bird of Jove was soaring in mid sky,
Whilst river-birds below on noisy wing
Fled fearful; sudden o'er the wave he stoop'd,
And in his talons truss'd a noble swan:
Intent the Latins gazed, when lo, the flock

Turn'd with loud cries, (a marvel to behold,)
And in a swarm that darken'd all the air
Fell on the ravisher, till overwhelm'd
By all their weight and pressure in the flood
He dropt his prey, and rose into the clouds.

Rutulian shouts and hands in air uptost
Salute the augury : For this, for this
Long have I pray'd ; the Seer Tolumnius cries ;
The signal I accept, and thank the Gods.
Come on with weapons grasp'd, and follow me,
Ye wretched men, whom now like helpless birds
This fell invader frights, and with the sword
Depopulates your land. Full soon shall he
Spread flying canvass over distant seas.
Close up your ranks, and all with one accord
Rush to the rescue of your native King.

He said, and forward running, launch'd a spear
Amidst the enemy : the cornel sped
Hissing in air ; a mighty shout was heard,
A stir along the ranks, and tumult rose :
The flying spear, as opposite there stood
Nine gallant Brothers, (whom a Tuscan Dame
Bore to Gylippus her Arcadian Spouse,)
Smote one of them, a Youth superbly arm'd,
Just where his belt was knitted with a clasp,
And on the stomach prest ; the steely point
Enter'd his ribs, and stretcht him on the sand.
His band of Brothers, hot with rage inflamed,
Rush with drawn swords and missiles for revenge ;
Laurentians meet the charge, while in a stream
Of adverse battle pour Agylla's troop,
Arcadia's painted arms, and hosts of Troy.

All thus for action fired, the altar-gear
They spoil and scatter ; weapons thick in air,
An iron tempest, fall ; Latinus flies,
His purpose overturn'd, and bears away
Th' insulted Gods ; while others rein the car,
Vault on their steeds, or naked falchions wave.
Messapus, eager to confound the truce,
Full at Aulestes drove, a Tuscan King
With crown adorn'd; who back in terror springing
Over th' altar on head and shoulder falls ;
There as he lay, the ruthless horseman comes,
And deaf to prayer with long descending lance
Transfixes him, and cries : Enough for thee !
A meeter victim thus I sacrifice
Unto the mighty Gods ! Italians flock
To strip the yet warm limbs. At Ebusus,
Who rush'd to strike him, with prevenient haste
A blazing hearth-brand Chorinæus threw,
Which smote the mouth, and singed the grisly beard,
Giving a stench of fire ; which following up,
He with left hand the yet bewilder'd man
Grasps by the hair, then pressing with his knee,
Pushes to earth, and pierces with the sword.
The Shepherd Alsus thro' the foremost rank
In haste was running, and with brandish'd blade
Stood Podalirius over him ; but he
Swung round his axe, and cleft th' opponent's face
From chin to forehead ; Podalirius fell,
His armour splash'd with brains ; death closed his eyes
In iron slumber and eternal night.

The pious Dardan stretcht his hand unarm'd,
Stood with bare head, and shouted to his men :
Where do ye rush ? what means this sudden strife ?

Restrain your rage: the treaty now is made,
The terms complete; the war is mine alone:
Leave all to me; this arm shall execute
The compact; fear ye nought: these sacred rites
Owe the false Turnus to my just revenge.

While yet he spake, an arrow on the wing
Came hissing to his hurt, with fury driven,
Uncertain whence; what fortune or what God
Such triumph on Rutulian arms bestow'd,
Fame never did reveal, nor man could boast
The shot that pierced Æneas with a wound.

When Turnus saw his Rival's forced retire,
The Chiefs disorder'd, fired with sudden hope
For steeds and arms he call'd, with haughty bound
Into his chariot leapt, and grasp'd the reins.
Swift o'er the plain he flies, and many a foe
Strikes dead, or weltering leaves upon the ground;
Whole ranks he crushes with his chariot-wheels,
Upon the flying casts their ravish'd spears.
As when on banks of Hebrus, chilly flood,
The ruthless War-God clashes on his shield
The din of battle, and his fiery steeds
Lets loose upon the plain; they uncontroll'd
Fly before wind and storm; beneath the shock
Of thundering feet remotest Thracia groans;
Around the God black Terror's countenance,
Ambush, and Wrath, his dire attendants, move:
So Turnus thro' the carnage urged his steeds
Foaming with sweat, and trampling on the slain;
A dismal sight; their hoofs a bloody dew
Scatter'd around; the sand was mixt with gore.
Sthenelus, Pholus, Thamyris he slew;

Those in hand-conflict, this with distant aim ;
With distaint aim the Sons of Imbrasus,
Glaucus and Lades, whom their Lycian Sire
With equal arms adorn'd, and train'd alike
To join close fight, or ride before the wind.

Eumedes came to view, the Son renown'd
Of ancient Dolon ; who his Grandsire's name,
His Fathers heart and hands inherited.
His Father, sent the Grecian camp to spy,
Had ask'd Achilles' chariot for his prize ;
Bold man ; to him another recompense
Tydides gave, and he his folly rued.
Turnus beheld Eumedes from afar,
And thro' the open space a javelin threw ;
Then stopp'd the chariot-steeds, and leaping down
Rush'd on the prostrate man, upon his neck
Stamp'd, and the sabre wrenching from his hand
Plunged in his throat, and dyed the brilliant blade.
Trojan, lie there, and with thy body's length
Measure (he cried) the land of Italy,
Which thou hast dared invade : such meed is theirs,
Who me with arms attack ; such walls they build.
Next by his lance Asbutes, Chloreus fall,
Sybaris, Dares, and Thersilochus ;
Thymætes next, thrown from a restive steed.
As when the breath of Thracian Aquilo
Sounds o'er the deep Ægean, and pursues
Her billows to the shore ; which way the winds
Come sweeping down, the rack before them flies :
So Turnus, wheresoe'er he cuts a way,
Scatters whole ranks ; impetuous on he drives,
His light crest shaken by the adverse wind.
Phegeus, indignant at his fierce career,

Rushes before the car, the plunging steeds
Grasps by the rein, and turns their foaming mouths;
But by the yoke dragg'd onward hangs exposed
To th' adverse lance, which penetrating thro'
His double corslet scratcht him with a wound:
As with uplifted shield and sabre drawn
He turns darraining battle, him the wheel
Rapidly rolling strikes, and from his feet
Precipitates; i' th' instant of his fall
The Daunian blade 'twixt helm and corslet's edge
Descends, and leaves him headless on the sand.

While Turnus o'er the field death-dealing rides,
Achates, Mnestheus, and Ascanius lead
Their pious Chieftain bleeding to his tent,
Alternate footsteps resting on his lance.
There chafing at the broken arrow's head
He tugs, demands the speediest remedy:
Cut the wound open with your falchion-blade,
Lay bare the steel, restore me to the fight.
Iapis, son of Iasus, was near,
Apollo's favourite; on whom the God
His own rare gifts had offer'd to bestow,
His winged shafts, the lyre, and augury;
But he, a dying Father's life to save,
The power of herbs and medicinal craft
Preferr'd to learn, and practise arts obscure.
On his long lance th' impatient Hero leant
Groaning, by all the concourse of his friends,
By his Son's tears unmoved: the aged Leech
Tucks with despatchful haste his robe behind,
His utmost skill with potent healing herbs
Busily plies; now strives with gentle hand,
Now with strong pincers to extract the steel;

But all in vain: nor Fortune lends him aid,
Nor yet his patron God. And now th' alarm
Of battle gathers round; with dust the air
Stands thick, amidst their camp the missiles fall;
Cavalry scour the plain, and up to heaven
The war-cry and the death-groan mingled rise.

But Venus, grieving at her Son's hard fate,
From woods of Cretan Ida plucks a branch
Of Dittany, with downy foliage thick,
And purple-flower'd: to wild goats are known
Its healing virtues for an arrow-wound:
This Venus, in a cloud envelop'd, brings,
In dusky water of the silver bowl
With art infuses, mingles unperceiv'd
Ambrosia's juice and fragrant panacee:
Iapis with such mixture bathes the wound;
Its powers he knew not: in an instant all
The pain had ceas'd, the blood was staunch'd within:
Following his hand the iron uncompell'd
Drops out; the Hero's ancient strength revives.
Tarry no more, my friends; Iapis cried,
Reanimating first their martial fire;
But bring your Chief his arms: this wondrous cure
Comes not of human help; no art of mine
Hath saved Æneas; 'tis the hand of Heaven,
Which thee, great Prince, for mightier work reserves.

And now Æneas eager for the fight
Shone in his golden greaves, and grasp'd a spear:
The shield adjusted, and the cuirass laced,
He clasping young Ascanius with his arms,
And gently kissing thro' the helmet, spake:
Courage and patience learn from me, my Son,

From others fortune. Thee my arm to-day
Protects in battle and to victory leads:
This, when thine age hath ripen'd into strength,
Remember thou; think of thine ancestry
And their brave deeds; thy Sire Æneas then,
Thine Uncle Hector emulate in arms.

This said, from out the camp his mighty form
Issued, the huge lance quivering in his hand:
Antheus with him and Mnestheus, and a crowd
Of warriors pour along; the dust uproll'd
Darkens the plain, their trample shakes the ground.
Turnus beheld them from the adverse height
Advancing; at the view a panic seiz'd
Th' Ausonian legions; first Juturna caught
And knew the sound; she trembled and she fled.
Æneas to the combat swift leads on
His dark battalion. As when tempest-clouds
Burst from the sky, and over mid sea roll
To landward; husbandmen with dismal hearts
Behold the sign portentous, menacing
Havoc to trees and crops, destruction wide
And devastation; herald of the storm
A whirlwind rushes howling to the shore:
So dreadful to the fight Æneas comes
Leading his band, all wedged in firm array.
Thymbræus with his falchion smote the strong
Osiris; Mnestheus slew Archetius,
Achates Epulo; Gyas Ufens kill'd.
Tolumnius falls himself, the Seer, who first
Had cast a spear against the enemy.
Shouts rise to heaven; and now Rutulians change
Pursuit for flight, and show their dusty backs:
Yet them Æneas doth not deign to strike,

Nor those that stand to meet him or assail;
But looks around for Turnus, him alone
Tracks thro' the darkness, and to battle calls.

Whereat alarm'd, Juturna, manly Maid,
Unseating threw Metiscus to the ground,
Her Brother's charioteer, who left behind,
Herself she mounts the car, his form assumes,
His arms and voice, and guides the flowing reins.
As when a dusky swallow on the wing
Around some lordly mansion traverses
High cloister'd courts, to her loquacious nest
Soft morsels bearing; now she twitters thro'
The empty porch, now skims the stagnant pool:
So thro' the field Juturna drives her car
From side to side, her Brother conquering shews
Now here, now there, but from the peril's reach
Flying removes. Nor less Æneas toils
To intercept them in their mazy course,
Tracks them thro' broken ranks, and shouts aloud
His Rival's name. Oft as he comes in view,
And strives the winged steeds to overtake,
So oft her car averse Juturna wheels.
What can he do? While various thoughts distract
His wavering soul, and in suspense he stands,
Messapus nimble-footed rushes by,
Two javelins waving; one with certain aim
He at Æneas threw; the Trojan stoops
With bended knee, and gather'd in his shield
Awaits the blow, which on his helmet-cone
Descends, and carries off the waving plume.
Th' insidious aim arous'd the Chieftain's ire;
Who, distant when he saw the chariot borne,
On Jupiter, the broken covenant,

And altars call'd, then rushes to th' attack
Resistless, terrible, and giving loose
The rein to vengeance, thro' a lane of foes
With undistinguish'd slaughter marks his way.

What God will tell this tale calamitous
Of mutual carnage, chieftains overthrown
On either side, whom Turnus o'er the field,
Or whom Æneas drove? O Jupiter,
Was it thy will in discord then to plunge
Nations predestin'd to eternal peace?

Rutulian Sucro first with counter-charge
The Trojan impulse check'd, but rushing on
Th' Ænean weapon, smitten where the ribs
Form the breast's barrier, found a speedy doom.
Turnus alights two brothers to oppose,
Diores, Amycus; one from horseback fallen
Smites with the sword, one reaches with a dart;
Their gory heads upon his chariot hangs.
Three in one onset by the Prince of Troy,
Cethegus, Talus, Tanais, were slain:
By him Onytes was to death despatcht,
A hapless Theban, Peridia's Child;
By Turnus brethren, who from Lycia came,
The land of Phœbus; and Menœtes too
Of Arcady, who vainly war eschew'd:
By Lerna's fishy stream had been his home
And humble toil; nor thresholds of the great
He knew; his Father hired the soil he till'd.

Like as two fires let loose on different sides
In a dry wood and sounding laurel-grove;
Or torrent floods, that from the mountain plunge

With foam and roar, each on his separate course
Delving a passage to the plain below:
So Turnus and Æneas thro' the field
To deeds of slaughter rush: high courage swells
Within them both; their bosoms burst with wrath
And battailous rage. The one a rock's vast mass
At proud Murranus whirls, who rode along
Vaunting his ancient lineage and descent
From blood of Latian kings; but headlong now
Under the yoke and harness thrown, his wheels
Roll over him, the coursers onward borne
Yerk at their Master with remorseless heels.
The other meets th' impetuous career
Of rampant Hyllus, thro' his gilded helm
A stout spear drives and fixes in his brain.
Nor thee from Turnus could thy right arm save,
Creteus, of Greeks the bravest; nor his Gods
Protect Cupencus from the Teucrian lance,
Which pierced his obvious breast, nor aught avail'd
The shield's delay. And thy fall, Æolus,
Laurentian plains behold; thy broad back lies
Covering the ground, whom not th' Achaian host
Could vanquish, nor Achilles, ravager
Of Priam's kingdom: but thy goal of life
Is here: two lofty mansions erst were thine,
One at Lyrnessus, one in Ida's vale;
On Latian soil thou find'st a sepulchre.

Now all the powers of Latium and of Troy
Mingle in fight; Serestus, Mnestheus bold,
Asylas, and equestrian Neptune's Son,
The Tuscan phalanx and Arcadian wings:
Each warrior with his utmost effort strives,
Vast was the conflict, pause or respite none.

Here Venus in her Son the thought inspired,
With hasty march the city to surprise:
He, as in quest of Turnus round the field
His glances wander'd, mark'd the walls, remote
From all the strife, unguarded and secure:
The image of a nobler enterprise
Conceiving, Mnestheus to his side he calls,
Sergestus and Serestus, valiant Chiefs;
Then mounts a hillock, whither all his troop
Of Dardans flock, and, while with arms in hand
They press to hear him, from the centre speaks:

Delay ye not my wishes to fulfil;
Nor let my suddenness of purpose blunt
The edge of your obedience. On our side
Is Jupiter. The guilty capital
Of King Latinus, and his realm, unless
They own me victor and accept my yoke,
I will this day destroy, and lay those heights
A smoking ruin level with the ground.
What? must I bide, till Turnus it may please
To meet his doom; till vanquish'd he shall dare
Renew the combat? See, my countrymen,
The source and end of this nefarious war:
Bring torches quick; with flames demand the league.

He spake; and all with emulous despatch
Form a close wedge, and march against the town:
Ladders in hand appear, and sudden fire:
Some to the gates run loosely, killing those
That nearest stand; some darken air with darts;
Æneas in the front his right hand lifts
Up to the wall, and with loud voice upbraids
Latinus, and the Gods to witness calls:

False Latians, twice my foes, a second league
Now have ye broke, and forced me to the field.
Strife rose among the trembling citizens;
These to surrender and unbar the gates
Demand, and to the ramparts drag their King;
Others bear arms, the city to defend.
As when some shepherd to a hollow rock
Hath traced a swarm of bees, whose close retreat
He fills with bitter smoke; they to and fro
In trepidation for their commonweal
Run thro' the waxen camp, and stimulate
Their wrath with humming loud; sharp odour steams
Throughout the cave; then a dull murmuring
Resounds within; fumes issue forth in air.

A new mishap the citizens befel,
That shook the town with sorrow. As the Queen
Saw from her chamber the advancing foe,
The walls besieged, fire flying to the roofs,
Rutulians, Turnus, nowhere to oppose,
She in rash fear believes her Champion slain,
And smit with deep despair upbraids herself
As guilty cause and origin of all:
In frantic mood she raves, her purple robe
Tears with her hand, and on self-murder bent
To a high beam th' unseemly death-knot ties.
Her female train the sad disaster learn;
And first Lavinia rends her auburn hair
And rosy cheek; the rest like fury goads;
The palace echoes with their shrill lament:
Thence the sad tidings thro' the city spread,
All hearts despond; Latinus with torn robe
Bewails his Consort's fate, his empire's fall,
His white hair smears with dust, resigns his heart

To grief and self-reproach, that he long since
Had wedded not the Dardan to his Child.

Turnus meanwhile was on the verge o' th' field
Chasing a scatter'd troop, but tardier now,
And less and less with such a triumph pleas'd:
When on the wind strange sounds of terror borne,
He listen'd; from the town a cry confused,
Tumult and doleful murmur caught his ear:
What means this clamour from the distant walls?
This mourning cry? He said, and wildly check'd
The reins; when thus Juturna; (for she still
In likeness of Metiscus ruled the car:)
Here, Turnus, here, where victory led the way,
Let us pursue the Trojans: other hands
Will guard the city: while their Chief assails
The men of Italy, let us deal death
Among his troops: no fewer wilt thou kill
Than he, nor yield the honour of the day.
Turnus replied: My Sister, well I knew,
When first thy wiles the treaty broke, and thou
Didst mingle in the war: and now in vain
Wouldst thou deceive me, Goddess. But what power
Sent thee from heaven such toils to undergo?
Cam'st thou, thy Brother's cruel death to see?
What can I do? What hope doth fortune leave?
I saw the great Murranus overthrown
With a great wound; my dearest friend was he,
Before mine eyes he fell, and call'd my name.
Unhappy Ufens perish'd, to escape
The sight of my disgrace; he and his arms
Remain the victor's prize. Shall I permit
The houses to be sack'd; of all our shame
The consummation? Or shall not this arm

Refute the charge of Drances? Must I turn
My back? and shall this land see Turnus flying?
Is it so very miserable to die?
Be kind, ye Nether Powers, since Gods above
Forsake me! Unto you a sacred Spirit
Will I descend, unstain'd by cowardice,
And worthy of my great ancestral name.

Scarce had he spoke, when Saces on a steed
All white with foam, and with an arrow-wound
Pierced in the face, came speeding, and for help
Invoking Turnus loud: Turnus, in thee
Lies our last hope; have pity on thy friends:
Æneas thunders at the gate, and swears
To extirpate the Latian citadel:
Already fly the torches to our roofs:
On thee the townsmen turn expectant eyes;
Latinus wavers, with himself debates,
What Son and whose alliance to espouse.
Yet more; the Queen, still faithful to thy cause,
Driven to despair, by her own hand hath fallen:
Messapus and Atinas all alone
Before the gates wage battle: phalanxes
Hem them on every side, a field of swords
In horrent circle waving: thou aloof
Wheelest thy chariot on the empty plain.

Turnus with all these dreadful images
Confounded, staring in mute wonder, stood;
Shame in his bosom boils, grief mixt with rage,
And love to madness rous'd, and conscious worth.
The mist at length dispell'd, when light again
Broke on his mind, in passion vehement
He turn'd his fiery glance to view the town:

When from the roofs, behold, a sheet of flame
Up eddying rose, and caught a lofty tower,
Which he himself had rais'd on beams compact,
Fixt wheels below, and bridges overlaid.
Sister, no more delay: the fates prevail
Against me: let us follow, where the God
And cruel Fortune call. Resolv'd am I
To combat with Æneas, to endure
Whate'er in death is bitter. Thou no more
Shalt witness my dishonour: yet, I pray,
Suffer me first this madness to indulge.

He said, and from the chariot quickly sprang,
His mournful Sister left, and o'er the field
Thro' foes and weapons forced a speedy way.
As when a fragment from the mountain-top
Is torn by winds, or by tempestuous rain
Wash'd down, or loosen'd by the lapse of years;
With dreadful shock adown the precipice
The huge rock tumbles, rolls along the ground
Impetuous, reckless, cattle, woods, and men
In ruin dragging: so thro' broken ranks
Rush'd Turnus to the wall, where most the earth
Was drench'd with blood, and javelins hiss'd in air:
His hand made signal, while he cried aloud:
Forbear, Rutulians; men of Latium, hold;
Whate'er the fortune of the day, 'tis mine:
I for you all must expiate the league,
My sword decides the contest. Instantly
The ranks divide, and leave a space between.

Æneas, when he heard his Rival's name,
Quits wall and rampart, hindrance and delay
Casts to the wind, with exultation high

And thundering dreadful in his arms he moved;
Like Eryx, or like Athos to behold,
Or father Apennine, when in the breeze
He shakes his murmuring oaks, and joyously
Uprears his snowy summit to the clouds.

Rutulians, Trojans, all th' Italian host,
All who the ramparts held, or who beneath
Plied battering engines, turn at once to view,
And drop their arms: Latinus in amaze
Sees the two Champions, born in distant climes,
In mortal combat meeting. They, when now
The plain stood open, thro' the middle space
Running their lances hurl, then close with shock
Of brazen sounding shields; earth gives a groan;
Blow after blow their lifted falchions deal;
Valour and chance are mingled all in one.
As when two rival bulls on Sila's hill,
Or high Taburnus, rush with adverse fronts
To combat; shepherds in alarm retire,
Mute stands the flock, and heifers in suspense
Which shall command the herd, possess the grove;
They on each other falling with their horns
Push, thrust with all their might, and interchange
Promiscuous wounds; their necks and shoulders o'er
Blood streams profuse, with groan the woods resound:
Thus met Æneas and the Daunian Prince
With clashing shields, that echo to the sky.

Now Jupiter in even balance held
The scales, wherein the different fates he placed
Of either Warrior, which the strife condemns,
Whose scale with death preponderates, to shew.
Turnus uplifts his arm, his body's force

Lends to the sword, not deeming of mischance,
And strikes: a cry from either army burst,
And strain'd was every eye: th' unfaithful sword
Breaks, at the moment of the stricken blow
Its master failing; nought is left but flight:
Swift as the wind he fled, when he perceiv'd
His hand defenceless, and a hilt unknown.
'Twas said, when first he vaulted in his car,
In haste forgetting his paternal sword,
He snatcht the charioteer's; and strong enough
Was this, while flying Trojans he pursued;
But 'gainst Vulcanian arms the mortal blade
Snapping, like brittle ice, asunder fell;
The shiver'd fragments glitter on the sand.

He scuds along the field in wild affright,
This way and that in many a circle runs;
For Trojan ranks empale him in a ring,
Here a vast pool, and there the wall surrounds.
Nor less Æneas, tho' his wounded knee
Retards the speedier action of his will,
Presses behind, and step by step pursues.
Thus, when some eager hound hath seen a stag
Fast by a river or in toils enclosed,
He with loud yelling rushes to the chase;
The stag, affrighted by the lofty bank
Or purple waving plumes, flies to and fro
A thousand ways, while close upon his flank
The deep-mouth'd Umbrian urges him, now now
Clutches, or seems to clutch, his own teeth grinding,
Cheated with empty bite; shouts peal around;
The stream, the glade, all heaven with tumult rings.

The flying Chieftain supplicates his men,

Calls each by name, demands his trusty blade:
But all hold off; with prohibition stern
The victor comes, and threats with instant death
Who dare approach; their city to destroy
He threatens, pressing on, despite his wound.
Five times in circuit up and down the plain
Both warriors run: no trivial game was this;
The life and blood of Turnus are the prize.

Within the lists an olive once had stood,
Wild, bitter-leav'd, to Faunus consecrate,
And long by shipwreck'd mariners rever'd,
Whose gifts and votive garments on the tree
To honour the Laurentian God were hung.
The Trojans unregardful had hewn down
The sacred trunk, to clear the battle-field.
Here stood the Ænean lance; with force impell'd
Here it had fallen, sticking in the root:
The Dardan stoops to wrench it from the ground;
He with a missile thinks to overtake
The light-heel'd fugitive; but Turnus cries
In woful fear: O Faunus, pity me,
And thou, benignant Earth, hold fast the steel;
If I your honours ever have observ'd,
Which these men outrage with insulting war:
Nor vain the prayer: Æneas, tugging long
At the tough stump, can with no power unloose
The wood's tight grasp; while he was labouring yet,
The Daunian Goddess, to the charioteer
Once more transform'd, to Turnus promptly runs,
And gives him back the sword: whereat incens'd,
That thus the Nymph should boldly work her will,
Venus the weapon loosens for her Son.
And now, their arms and confidence renew'd,

The combatants with high majestic mien,
One his good falchion wielding, one his lance,
Stand face to face, both panting from the toil.

Meanwhile th' Olympian Ruler to his Queen,
Viewing the combat from a yellow cloud,
Such words addrest: What end is there to be,
My Consort, of thy schemes? Thou knowest well,
Thou dost confess, Æneas by his birth
Is due to Heaven, must to our starry realm
By destiny be rais'd. Then what new plot
Devisest thou? with what hope lingerest
Among the chilly clouds? Think'st thou 'twas fit
With mortal steel to violate a God;
Or unto Turnus (for without thine aid
What could Juturna do?) to render back
The sword, and reinforce him in defeat?
Desist at length; to my entreaties yield;
Nor suffer grief to gnaw thy silent heart,
Nor that sweet tongue so oft with sad complaint
To fall upon mine ear. The end is nigh.
Thou hast had power the Trojan host to drive
O'er land and sea, to kindle impious war,
Pollute the palace, hymeneal joys
With sorrow mingle: now 'tis my command,
Thou strive no more. Thus Jupiter pronounced:
To whom Saturnia with submissive mien:

Because I knew thy will, great Jupiter,
From Turnus and the earth reluctantly
Did I retire: else had I not been seen
On this aerial seat in solitude
My wrongs with patience bearing; but begirt
With flames on th' edge of battle should I stand,

And into slaughter drag the men of Troy.
'Tis true, to succour Turnus in distress
I urged the Nymph, approved her bold design
A Brother's life to save; but on these terms,
That neither bow she bent, nor weapon threw:
So by the head of unrelenting Styx
I swear, the only oath whose reverence
Binds heavenly Gods. Henceforth do I renounce
And quit the hateful strife. Yet this one grace,
Which by no law doth destiny forbid,
For Latium, for the majesty I pray
Of thine own people: When the peace confirm'd
With happy nuptials, (happy let them be,)
The nations in a league of friendship join,
Bid not Ausonia's old inhabitants
To lose their name, or Trojans to become,
Or Teucrians, or their garb or speech to change:
Let Latium still endure, let Alban kings
For ages reign, the Roman progeny
To greatness with Italian virtues grow:
Perish the name, as fell the walls of Troy.

Smiling the Father of the world replies:
Sister of Jove, and Saturn's Child, shouldst thou
Such storms of anger in thy bosom raise?
Listen, and let thy empty wrath subside.
Thou hast prevail'd, and not unwillingly
I grant thy prayer. Th' Ausonians shall preserve
Their native tongue, their customs, and their name:
The Trojans blent by marriage with their tribes
Shall sink among them: sacred rites and laws
I will ordain, and make them Latins all
With common language. Hence a race shall spring
Of mixt Ausonian blood, whom thou wilt see

Both men and Gods in piety transcend:
None shall thine honours celebrate like them.

She bows approval, reconciled to fate,
And quits her airy cloud. This done, the Sire
Another scheme revolves, and straight prepares
Juturna from the battle to remove.
Two Demon-Plagues attend upon his call,
Who with Megæra, Fiend of Tartarus,
Sprang at one birth from Night's unsightly womb,
With serpent-wreaths and windy pinions bound:
They by the throne and threshold stand of Jove,
And sharpen stings of terror for the souls
Of wretched mortals, when the King supreme
Prepares disease, and death, and dreadful war
To frighten guilty cities. One of them
To speed from heaven great Jupiter commands,
And ominous to meet Juturna's view:
She flies, to earthward in a whirlwind borne;
As when an arrow, by the string impell'd
Of Cretan bow or Parthian, springs in air
Invisible, and arm'd with venomous gall
Bears fell destruction hissing thro' the shade:
Like this the Child of Night to earth descends;
But soon as she descries the Trojan host
And ranks of Turnus, to the figure shrinks
Of the small bird, that oft on sepulchres
And ruin'd turrets perch'd to lonesome night
Importunately sings: to such form changed
Before the face of Turnus to and fro
The Fury flies, and screams, and flaps his shield.
The Warrior's limbs a chilly fear benumbs;
His hair erect with horror stands; the voice
Cleaves to his jaws. Juturna, when she knew

The wings and demon-cry, in hopeless grief
Tears her loose hair and cheek, her bosom smites:
Ah, Turnus, what can now thy Sister do?
Thy cruel Sister! Yet what help remains?
What art thy days could lengthen? how can I
Withstand this Monster? Lo, I quit the field:
Fright me no more, ye rueful Birds obscene!
I know your pinion-strokes, and scream of death:
Nor the stern mandates of imperious Jove
Escape me. Thus my ravish'd maidenhood
Doth he requite? What boots eternity?
Why was I made immortal? Now my woes
I might have ended, follow'd to the Shades
My wretched Brother, happier far to die.
Nought that is mine, dear Brother, without thee
Can give me joy. Oh, would the earth beneath
Gape to receive me, Goddess tho' I be,
And let me sink to depths of Erebus.
This having said, she with an azure veil
Cover'd her face, and moaning piteously
Plunged in her watery bed.

Æneas now
Advanced, with long shaft quivering in his hand,
And taunts upon his tongue: What more delay?
What subterfuge hath Turnus? Not with feet,
But hands and valiant steel should we contend.
Change to all figures; muster what thou canst
Of strength or cunning; wish on wings to reach
The stars, or hide thee in the hollow earth.
The Daunian shook his head, and answer'd thus:
Not thy fierce language daunts me, ruthless man;
The Gods I fear and adverse Jupiter.
Then looks he round, and on the field espies

An ancient bulky stone, in time of yore
Set in the ground to fix the boundaries:
Twelve chosen men could scarce uphold the weight,
Such mortals as the earth produces now:
The Hero snatcht it, and with raised arm
Running essay'd to hurl it at the foe:
But how he ran or whither, how the mass
Lifted or swung, he knew not; his loose knees
Totter, his blood congeals; the stone itself
Short of the mark drops down in empty air.
As oft when midnight sleep the weary eyes
Hath seal'd, our eager motions to extend
Longing we seem, but in the vain attempt
Sink powerless; the tongue, the limbs have lost
Their wonted force, speech follows not the will:
So to each effort of the valiant Prince
Success the Fiend denies. Then various thoughts
Rise in his bosom: to the town and camp
He looks, and stands irresolute, with dread
Expects the coming steel; no means to 'scape,
None to assail the foe, nor anywhere
His car he sees or Sister charioteer.

Æneas aims the while his fatal shaft,
Marks well the chance, and all his body's might
Collecting hurls the weapon: never thus
Did mural engine shoot a whizzing stone;
Less dreadful bursts the thunder: whirlwind-like
Bearing black death it flew, the corslet's edge,
The sevenfold shield's extremest ambit tears,
And pierces hissing thro' the Warrior's thigh;
To earth, with doubled knee, great Turnus falls:
All the Rutulians rise, and with their groans
Make hill and vale reecho; he his arm

With abject look imploringly extends :
I have deserv'd, nor deprecate thy wrath ;
Use the right fortune gives ; yet if thy soul
A wretched Father's grief can melt, (and thou
Hadst such a Sire, Anchises,) pity mine ;
Spare the old age of Daunus, and restore
Me, or my lifeless body, if thou wilt,
Back to my friends. Thou art the conqueror :
Th' Ausonians have beheld me at thy feet
Suing for life ; Lavinia's hand is thine :
Here let thy vengeance rest.

In doubt awhile
Th' impetuous Dardan stood, and roll'd his eyes,
And held his arm suspended. More and more
The prayer had soften'd him ; when, hapless chance,
There on the shoulder of the Daunian shone
The well-remember'd belt and ample studs
Of the young Pallas, whom in fight o'ercome
Turnus had slain, and wore his ravish'd spoils.
Æneas on the fatal relic gazed,
Drank with his eye the cruel spectacle,
Then, kindled into fury : Thinkest thou,
Apparel'd here in trophies of my Friend,
To 'scape me ? Pallas, Pallas gives the blow,
And spills thy guilty blood in sacrifice
To just revenge : He said, and plunged his blade
Deep in the breast of Turnus ; o'er whose limbs
A mortal chillness creeps, and with a groan
Life flees indignant to the shades below.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

THE WINDS.

In early times the Winds blowing from the cardinal points of the compass were personified; and even deified in ancient Mythology. Their names are found thus in Homer and other early writers:

Boreas,	*Notus,*	*Eurus,*	*Zephyrus,*
North.	South.	East.	West.

Of these Milton speaks, when he says in the fourth book of Paradise Regained:

> Nor slept the Winds
> Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
> From the four hinges of the world.

Afterwards intermediate and collateral winds were added, many receiving names from particular localities. The following nomenclature was adopted by the Romans:

Septentrio,	*Notus* or *Auster,*	*Solanus,*	*Zephyrus* or *Favonius,*
North.	South.	East.	West.

Boreas or *Aquilo,*	*Eurus,*	*Africus,*	*Caurus* or *Corus,*
North East.	South East.	South West.	North West.

Septentrio is derived from the *septem triones,* seven stars that form the northern constellation of Charles' Wain, or the Great Bear. (See Index, *Arcturus.*)

Favonius from *favere* (to favour), referring to the mildness of the western breeze.

Aquilo, from its swiftness like an eagle (*aquila*).

Africus, as blowing from Africa. It is called also *Libs*.

Other and more minute classifications have been made, which it is not worth while to notice here. Many names are compounded of the preceding, as *Hyperboreas*, which signifies *beyond the north*, from the Greek *hyper*, which frequently occurs in compounds. The reader may remember that, in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul, sailing from Phœnicia to Italy, encountered a tempestuous wind blowing from the East, called *Euroclydon;* derived from Eurus, and another Greek word *clydon*, which signifies a violent wave, or stormy sea. It may be useful to mention the following:

Vulturnus. A South East wind, from the Italian river so called; or perhaps from *vultur*, a vulture.

Cæcias. A North East wind, from the Greek *Caicias*, as blowing from the Mysian river Caicus.

Argestes, *Thrascias*, and *Iapyx*, are all North Westers; the first from a Greek word denoting velocity; the second, as blowing from Thrace; and the last from the Iapygian promontory in South Italy, the wind blowing from which was often encountered by navigators of the Mediterranean. Hence in the eighth Æneid, Cleopatra, flying from the battle of Actium, is said to be borne by an Iapygian gale.

I wish the English reader to understand, that the explanation of such matters may be useful, not only for the reading of Virgil, but as a key to the literature of his own country. Under that term I include not the spoonmeat, which is catered so largely at this day, and by which the public taste is vitiated. I refer to those enduring works, which are the pride of our nation, and the perusal whereof is a high intellectual feast, which I wish there were more persons capable of enjoying. For such authors a translation of Virgil may perhaps be found a good preparation. I now subjoin a passage from the tenth book of Paradise Lost, which may serve to illustrate the preceding remarks:

Now from the north
Of Norumbega and the Samoed shore,
Bursting their brazen dungeon, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn;
With adverse blast upturns them from the south
Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds
From Serraliona: thwart of these, as fierce,
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
Sirocco and Libecchio.

The *Sirocco* is a South East wind, so named by the modern Italians, which blows often in summer on the coast of Naples. It is considered injurious from its enfeebling property. *Libecchio* is the same as *Libs* or *Africus*.

APPENDIX II.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

The Zodiac is a great circle of the sphere, (through the middle of which the Ecliptic is drawn on modern globes,) containing the twelve signs, through which the Sun is supposed to pass in his annual course. Each Sign, or portion of the Zodiac, contains thirty degrees of the circle; and thus the Sun is a month in passing through each. The following are the names of the Signs; the annexed days of the Month denote the respective times when the Sun first enters them according to the Roman Calendar:

Aries	The Ram	March 17—18.
Taurus	The Bull	April 17—20.
Gemini	The Twins	May 19—20.
Cancer	The Crab	June 18—19.
Leo	The Lion	July 20.
Virgo	The Virgin	August 20.
Libra	The Balance	September 19.
Scorpios	The Scorpion	October 19.
Sagittarius	The Sagittary	November 18.
Capricornus	The Capricorn	December 17.
Aquarius	The Waterman	January 16.
Pisces	The Fishes	February 15.

The circle is called Zodiac, because most of the Signs are names of animals, from the Greek (*zoön*) for an animal; whence comes the common word *zoology*.

The Zodiac is oblique to the Equator, which it cuts at two points, in entering Aries, and in entering Libra. It enters Aries in the vernal equinox, Libra in the autumnal, as may be seen by the table. Hence the Equator or Equinoctial circle receives its name, because, the Sun being then in the intersection of the two circles, the time of day and night is equal all over the world.

The Sun is at the greatest distance from the Equator in entering Cancer and Capricorn. Hence the expression, *Tropics* of Cancer and Capricorn; from a Greek word signifying *to turn;* because from each of these extreme points of declination the Sun begins again to turn towards the Equator. On our globes the Tropics are two parallels to the Equator, drawn through the Ecliptic at its extreme points of distance; that is, at $23\frac{1}{2}$ degrees on either side.

The reader will see from this, what Shakspeare means when he says, in Troilus and Cressida:

> And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
> With entertaining great Hyperion.

It is then midsummer, as appears from the table; and this is called the summer *solstice,* because when the sun arrives at the first degree of Cancer, (one of the extreme points of distance from the Equator, from which he begins to return,) he appears to be *stationary* for awhile; his meridian altitude remaining nearly the same for several consecutive days. For the like reason, it is called the winter *solstice,* when he enters Capricorn. The Romans generally applied the word *solstitium* to the summer only. Milton uses the expression *solstitial summer's heat.*

The Zones (belts or girdles) are the spaces on the globe defined by the Tropics and Polar circles. The space between the Tropics is called the Torrid Zone, and, being adjacent to the course of the Sun, was supposed to be uninhabitable. The two spaces between the poles of the Earth and the Polar circles were called the Frigid Zones, and believed to be too cold for the human race to bear. The two spaces between the Polar circles and the Tropics are the Temperate Zones, adapted for the life of man.

All this will be better understood from inspection of a common globe.

We may observe, that it is this declination of the Sun's course from the Equator, which causes the variety of seasons. If the Ecliptic had coincided with the Equator, there would have been the same degree of heat and cold in every part of the earth throughout the year. To this Milton alludes in the subjoined passage in the tenth book of Paradise Lost, suggesting that a change might have taken place at the fall of man. The reader will bear in mind, that

the language is adapted to the ancient theory, that the Sun moved round the Earth, as he appears to do:

> Some say, he bid his angels turn askance
> The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
> From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
> Oblique the centric globe: some say, the sun
> Was bid turn reins from th' equinoctial road
> Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
> Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
> Up to the tropic Crab; thence down amain
> By Leo and the Virgin and the Scales
> As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change
> Of seasons to each clime: else had the spring
> Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flowers,
> Equal in days and nights, except to those
> Beyond the polar circles.

APPENDIX III.

BEES.

The natural history of bees is not to be learned from Virgil, whose account of them is, in many particulars, erroneous. Closer observation, and the aid of the microscope, have enabled modern naturalists to make discoveries, which were not thought of in the days of the Mantuan poet.

The honey bees—for I speak only of this kind—live in a community, consisting of several thousand working bees, and some hundreds of drones. They are governed, not (as Virgil says) by a King, but by a Queen, who is larger and handsomer than the rest, and is the mother as well as the ruler of the hive. She alone lays the eggs, from which come the maggots, that are afterwards converted into insects. The drones are the males, and not, as Virgil supposed, a separate species. They are larger than the working bees, and buzz louder; but have no sting, and make neither wax nor honey. Therefore, at the approach of winter, when the breeding season is past, they are destroyed by the working bees.

Virgil's remarks about the devotion of the bees to their King are perfectly correct, as applied to the Queen. She remains in the hive, in state, and is seldom visible, except when she proceeds to deposit her eggs in the cells. She is then attended by a retinue of her subjects. Her wings are short, and not adapted for exercise; and in fact she rarely quits the hive, unless it becomes necessary to find a new settlement. Her sway is absolute, and may not be divided. Should a rival appear, she must be destroyed; and if she find partizans among the swarm, it is the signal for a war, which terminates in the death of one Queen or the other.

The working bee is either employed in the hive, or in collecting materials for its use. She enters the cups and cavities of flowers, to suck the juices which exude through their pores. She gathers the sweet dews, which are found on various leaves and fruits. Of these substances she makes the precious liquor we call honey. Her body is peculiarly constructed for such purpose. She has horns

between the eyes, which enable her to feel her way into the inmost recesses of the flowers. She penetrates them with her long proboscis, which is so flexible, that she can fold and contract it at pleasure; and which is protected from injury by four strong scales. From this the honey juice passes through a narrow pipe into a bag, which forms part of her stomach; it is then carried away by the bee, and deposited in one of the storehouses of the hive.

The wax is obtained from the powder or dust of flowers, which gathers about the hairy body of the insect, and which she, first brushing it off, and kneading it into balls, inserts within certain hollow receptacles in her thighs, and, when she is sufficiently laden, carries it home. Before it can become wax, it must be eaten by the bee, and then returned from her stomach in a new state. Some of this material however is stored up for food; and what has been found in that state has received the name of bee-bread.

While one portion of the tribe are thus occupied out of doors, the rest are equally busy at home; an exact division and rotation of labour being observed among them. Part are engaged in attendance upon the Queen, assisting at the birth, or providing for the nourishment and other wants, of the young brood. Some clean the hive, or defend it from intruders; or relieve their returning companions (*onera accipiunt venientúm*), eating the flower-dust with which their thighs are loaded. Others may be working up the wax: constructing, strengthening, or polishing the cells; or plastering their insides with a resinous gum, which they collect from the leaves of trees. The construction of the cells is wonderful. Their form is a hexagon, the best adapted for making the most of a given space. Passages are made between the combs, and little openings from one comb to another, affording a free communication to the inmates.

The Queen bee lays many thousand eggs in a season, choosing appropriate cells for the royal maggots, the drones, and the common sort. As no commonwealth can subsist without a Queen, cells are built for the accommodation of several young Princesses, to provide against the chances of mortality. When the population has too greatly increased, a swarm of the young progeny, conducted by one of the Princesses, and accompanied by some of the old bees, emigrate in search of a new home; in this, as well as in other parts of their social practice, affording a pattern for the imitation of mankind.

The sting is a sharp-pointed and barbed instrument, enclosed in a sheath, at the extremity of the insect's body. This, when she is

irritated, she darts through the sheath into the flesh of the enemy, and at the same time emits a venomous juice into the wound. The barbs are compressed when the bee draws out her sting; but if she attempts to draw it out too suddenly, without closing the barbs, she leaves her sting in the wound and dies, verifying then the statement of Virgil:

> Læsæque venenum
> Morsibus inspirant, et spicula cæca relinquunt
> Affixæ venis, animasque in vulnere ponunt.

The reader will not be displeased to compare with Virgil's descriptions the following passages from our two great Poets. The first is from Paradise Lost, Book I., where the followers of Satan thronging to Pandemonium are assimilated to a swarm of bees:

> As bees
> In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
> Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
> In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
> Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
> The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
> New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
> Their state affairs: so thick the airy crowd
> Swarm'd and were straiten'd.

The next passage is from Shakspeare's Henry V., Act I., Sc. 2:

> Therefore doth Heaven divide
> The state of man in divers functions,
> Setting endeavour in continual motion;
> To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
> Obedience: for so work the honey-bees;
> Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
> The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
> They have a king, and officers of sorts;
> Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
> Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
> Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
> Which pillage they with merry march bring home
> To the tent royal of their emperor;

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.

APPENDIX IV.

THE TALE OF TROY.

Troy was the capital of a district called the Troad, which forms part of Mysia in Asia Minor, on the Northern coast of the Ægean sea, facing the Hellespont. The city stood on an eminence, about two miles from the shore, near the confluence of the rivers Xanthus and Simois, which flow from Mount Ida, and fall into the sea near the Sigean promontory.

Dardanus, an emigrant from Italy, was the founder of the Dardan kingdom in the Troad; and he is called indeed the founder of Troy; but this must be taken as referring to the nation, and not the city. From him descended the following kings in lineal succession:

Erichthonius,
Tros, who built Troy,
Ilus, who enlarged Troy, and gave it the name of Ilium,
Laomedon,
Priam.

After the settlement of Dardanus, but before Troy was built, Teucer, a Cretan Prince, son of Scamander, brought a colony to the country, and established himself near the promontory of Rhæteum. His people became united with the Dardans; and afterwards the whole people were called indifferently Dardans, Teucrians, or Trojans. Teucer is said to have introduced the worship of Cybele, to have given name to Mount Ida from a mountain of the same name in Crete, and changed the name of the river Xanthus to Scamander.

In the reign of Laomedon were built the walls of Troy, according to fable, by Neptune and Apollo, whom Laomedon defrauded of their reward. It has been suggested, that Laomedon may have applied the treasures in their temples to the expenses of the building. The exposure of his daughter Hesione to a sea-monster, her deliverance by Hercules, and his ingratitude to that Hero, who captured his city and put him to death, are further embellishments of the fable.

This will serve to explain the frequent mention of the perjuries of Laomedon, and the double capture of Troy; and we need not stop to inquire, whether the story of Laomedon's fraud was not altogether a fiction of the Greeks.

In Priam's reign arose the famous cause of the Trojan war. It is necessary to explain the fabulous origin of this, in order to make Virgil intelligible. Priam's Queen Hecuba, pregnant with Paris, dreamt that she should give birth to a firebrand, which was interpreted by soothsayers to mean, that her child would cause great calamity to his country. To avert this, Paris, at his birth, was exposed on Mount Ida; but preserved and reared by shepherds, he acquired fame for his strength and beauty, and was chosen to decide the contest for the golden apple between Juno, Pallas, and Venus. The most beautiful was entitled to the prize; and Paris accordingly decided in favour of Venus, who promised him the hand of Helen, the most lovely woman in the world. Soon afterwards Paris was discovered by his parents, and received as their son. He went on an expedition to Greece, and having visited Sparta, the residence of King Menelaus, to whom Helen was married, he carried her off to Troy. To procure her restoration, Menelaus, assisted by his brother Agamemnon, collected an army of confederate Princes, and led them against Troy.

At this time, the country afterwards called Hellas, or Greece, had not received any such general name, and had but little bond of union, except a language in some degree common to its different tribes. The name of Hellas was afterwards derived from the Hellenes, a people whose earliest known settlement was about Dodona in Epirus; whence they came to that part of Thessaly which lies at the foot of Mount Othrys, and at a later period extended their immigrations and influence over the people to the South. The name of Greece was derived from the Graici, a Pelasgian tribe, who occupied the coast of Epirus, whence they crossed the Adriatic sea, and established colonies in Italy. From that tribe the Italians gave the name of Græcia to the country, which on the other side of the water was afterwards called Hellas. Homer never calls the confederate army Hellenes, but commonly by the name of the principal nations who composed it; as Argivi, Achæi, Danai. The Attic tragedians, in writing on the subject of the Trojan war, neglected this point of accuracy, and applied the terms Hellas and Hellenes to the whole nation. Virgil is guilty of the same anachronism; anh his translator is of course justified in following him.

Agamemnon was sovereign of Argolis, of which country the capital was then Mycenæ, afterwards eclipsed in importance by Argos, and therefore often confounded with it by the poets. The direct power of this King seems to have extended into Messenia, and his influence, derived from his grandfather, (See Index, *Pelops,*) over the whole of the Peloponnesus, and even beyond. Hence he was able to collect a large force of auxiliaries from various parts of Greece. The most distinguished of the allied Princes were, Nestor of Elis; Ulysses of the isle of Ithaca; Achilles of Phthia in Thessaly; Diomede of Ætolia; Ajax, Son of Telamon, of the isle of Salamis; Ajax, Son of Oileus, of Locris; Idomeneus, of the isle of Crete; and Philoctetes, of Melibœa in Thessaly. They are reported to have sailed for Troy with 1200 ships.

We have seen that Hercules, not very long before, had captured the city of Laomedon; and this he is said to have done with a very small force. The legends of that Hero, we know, are full of the wildest romance; and indeed the whole history of Troy is so mixed with fable, that it is impossible to distinguish truth from fiction. That there was a siege of Troy, may safely be taken for granted. And it is not impossible that Hercules, in the generation before, may have made war in the same quarter. His war may have been nothing more than a piratical expedition, in company with Telamon, king of Salamis; which terminated in Laomedon's buying peace, and giving his daughter Hesione in marriage to Telamon. Priam's friendly visit to Hesione, mentioned in the eighth Æneid, will agree with such a supposition. But, according to another account, Hesione was forcibly carried off; and the rape of Helen by Paris was an act of retaliation; a story which Shakspeare refers to in Troilus and Cressida. However this be, the success of Hercules may have revealed the weakness of the Trojan kingdom, and tempted the cupidity of the Greeks.

Against so large an armament what had Priam to oppose? His own kingdom, however rich, was small in extent. But he was strong in his allies. Virgil calls him the ruler of Asia; this however must be understood of his influence, and not of his actual sovereignty. The neighbouring Princes of Asia were alarmed at an invasion from Europe on so great a scale. They had not forgotten the Argonautic expedition. (See Index, *Argo.*) And the Greek Chieftains extended their marauding incursions beyond the limits of the Troad; partly for the subsistence of the army, partly for plunder. Thus, the Mysian Thebe and Lyrnessus were sacked by Achilles;

the former of which was the birthplace of Andromache, wife of Hector; the latter, of Briseis, the beautiful captive, who caused the feud between Achilles and Agamemnon.

Priam then did not lack auxiliaries. Among those enumerated were the Mysian Telephus, and the Lycian Sarpedon; Memnon with a numerous army from the East; (See Index, *Tithonus*;) and Rhesus from his kingdom of Thrace: (See Index, *Rhesus*). A close connexion was maintained between the Troad and that part of the European continent; as we gather from the story (told in the third Æneid) of the Thracian Prince Polymnestor, to whom Priam committed the charge of his Son Polydorus.

We find the Trojans frequently called by the name of Phrygians. Sometimes it is applied as a term of reproach, on account of the effeminate character of the Phrygian people; but more often it is used as a national appellation. The reader must not suppose from this, that Priam's empire extended over any part of that Phrygia, which is in the centre of Asia Minor; but take it as denoting only, that a Phrygian colony was settled in the Troad. According to one account Teucer was a Phrygian. And it may be observed, that Mount Dindymus in Phrygia was as much devoted to the worship of Cybele, as the Cretan Ida.

The valour of the Greeks prevailed against Priam and all his host; and when Hector, the bravest of his Sons, had fallen by the hand of Achilles, the Trojans were cooped within their walls. But the art of storming cities was not then understood by the Greeks, and the war languished. Achilles is represented as negotiating for the hand of Priam's daughter, Polyxena; when a shaft from the bow of Paris reached his vulnerable part. Paris himself fell by the Herculean arrows of Philoctetes; and the place of Achilles was supplied by his son Pyrrhus, called Neoptolemus, as being a newcomer to the war. Troy was at length taken, after a ten years' war, (according to the fable,) by the stratagem of the wooden horse.

Of all Priam's children, one only survived to prosperous fortune; Helenus; whose story is told in the third Æneid. Deiphobus, who married Helen after the death of Paris, was murdered in his chamber on the night of Troy's capture. Polyxena was sacrificed by the Greeks on the tomb of Achilles. Cassandra, the unbelieved prophetess, was led captive by Agamemnon to Mycenæ, and murdered together with him by his adulterous Queen Clytemnestra.

The victors fared little better than the vanquished. Ajax, son of Telamon, disputed with Ulysses for the arms of Achilles, and killed

himself, because they were adjudged to his rival. His namesake, the Locrian, perished by shipwreck; or, as Virgil says in the first Æneid, was dashed on a rock by Pallas, for his impiety. The fate of Pyrrhus is told in the third Æneid. All the Chiefs, more or less, suffered hardships on their return; and many were compelled by domestic troubles, or revolutions which had occurred during their absence, to abandon their homes, and migrate to foreign lands. The adventures of Ulysses, who after many years' wanderings returned to Ithaca, form the subject of that delightful poem, Homer's Odyssey, from which Virgil has borrowed much in the Æneid. Diomede, Philoctetes, and Idomeneus led colonies to the South of Italy, which from the number of Greek settlements was called *Magna Græcia*. The first founded the city of Arpi, or Argyripa, in Apulia. The second established himself on the Salentine coast in Calabria. The third occupied the town of Petilia in the Bruttian district.

All this time we have said nothing of Æneas. His genealogy was as follows:—

Tros.
Assaracus.
Capys.
Anchises.

To this last Prince Venus is said to have borne Æneas; and because he boasted of his amour with the Goddess, he was thunderstruck, and crippled for life. Hence Æneas was obliged to carry him on his shoulders from the ruins of Troy. This fable is introduced in Britain's I da, one of Spenser's poems.

Æneas married Creusa, Priam's daughter; who gave birth to Ascanius, at first called Ilus from his ancestor, and afterwards Iulus; from whom the Julian family at Rome is said to have been derived. Homer intimates, that Æneas was not honoured by Priam according to his deserts. Nevertheless, he rendered signal service in the Trojan war; and even Achilles is represented as trembling at his onset. Neptune rescued him from the bravest of the Greeks, and predicted his future reign over the Dardans. According to one account, he re-established their kingdom in Asia. Virgil adopts, as more suitable to his purpose, the legend of a Trojan migration to Italy, which was generally believed at Rome.

We shall the less wonder at this, when we remember the popular fiction, which long prevailed in this country, of the Britons being descended from Æneas. Thus, in Milton's Comus, Sabrina is said to be sprung "from old Anchises' line." A long account of the matter will be found in Spenser's Fairy Queen, Book III., Canto 9, Stanza 33. In the middle ages were written romances on the war of Troy, in which Gothic legends were mingled with the classical. In Caxton's Troy Book were found the materials for Shakspeare's Troilus and Cressida; a play which, though it contains much that is offensive, is still impregnated with the genius of the great Poet.

APPENDIX V.

THE SIXTH ÆNEID.

In this book Æneas first sets foot on the Italian coast. Cumæ, the place of his landing, was one of the most ancient towns of Italy, said to have been founded by a colony of Chalcidians from Eubœa. It was situated north-west of the bay of Naples, in the neighbourhood of Baiæ and Puteoli, which, in the days of the Roman empire, were luxurious watering-places, filled with houses of the nobility, but at a more ancient period were nothing but villages, while Cumæ was the most important town on the coast. Close to Puteoli was Lake Avernus, a round lake, about two miles long, and one broad, nearly surrounded with gently sloping hills. These were full of subterraneous passages; and the land was volcanic, with sulphureous and bituminous springs. Hence the opinion of its pestilent nature; and hence this spot was selected as one of the fabulous places of descent to the Inferno. In Virgil's time, the woods having been cleared by Agrippa, the face of the country was greatly changed.

The Trojan crew, not knowing the place of their ultimate destination, disperse themselves to explore the country. Æneas, whose object it was to consult the Sibyl, and by her aid be conducted to the Infernal region, sends Achates to make inquiries after her; and in the meantime inspects with much curiosity the temple of Apollo. The sculptured work on the doorway of this ancient structure, supposed to have been wrought by Dædalus, is described by the Poet with judicious brevity. The Sibyl attends at the request of Achates, and, after directing Æneas to pay his devotions before the temple, returns to her cave to await the result.

The cave lay exactly under the temple of Apollo, and was cut out of the same rock; communicating by subterraneous passages with Lake Avernus. It is itself called a high temple, on account of its sanctity and the magnitude of its apertures. The Sibyl only delivered her oracles from the cave. Æneas stands at the entrance, to hear her; and the doors fly open, as Phœbus, at the prayer of the Chieftain, speaks by the voice of his inspired Prophetess.

The Sibyl of Cumæ—for there were many Sibyls; the name denoting one who is in the counsel of the Gods, that is, a prophetess—was named Deiphobe. She is fabled to have lived to an extraordinary age, and is the same person who afterwards sold to Tarquinius Priscus the three famous books, in which were contained the Sibylline verses. These were for many centuries preserved with the utmost care by the Romans; being deposited in a chest under the Capitol, and committed to the charge of Priests, who consulted them in times of emergency. Deiphobe is the Priestess not only of Apollo, but also of Diana, or Trivia, whose awful grove surrounds the temple. Apollo endows her with the gift of prophecy; and Diana, (the trinal Goddess, the Hecate of Orcus, or Sicilian Proserpine,) gives her free access to the Infernal domain. In both of these characters Æneas requires and receives her assistance.

The idea of conducting his Hero to Orcus was borrowed by Virgil from the Odyssey of Homer. But the Roman Poet had a much more important object in view than the Greek. The eleventh book of the Odyssey is a mere excrescence upon the main subject of the poem; whereas the descent of Æneas to the Inferno, though it does not forward the direct business of the narrative, is introduced for a purpose, to which the whole story of the Æneid is subservient, viz. that of celebrating the glories of Rome, and consolidating the empire of Cæsar. For it is with this view only, that Virgil adopts the Pythagorean doctrine, which supposed that the souls of the dead migrated into new bodies. The artifice is of the same kind as that in the eighth Æneid, whereby the events of history are depicted on the prophetic shield of Vulcan.

It must be confessed, that Virgil has accomplished his purpose at the expense of some incongruity. His general description of Orcus is based upon the common heathen mythology, which but ill accords with the mystic doctrine unfolded by Anchises. Charon, Cerberus, and Pluto, belong to a different order of things from an *Anima Mundi*, or a single Divine Author of Creation. Nor is it open to us to treat the former part of the description as allegory, and the latter only as exhibiting Virgil's view of the truth. The whole is presented to us by way of narrative; and the whole must, for the purposes of the poem, be equally considered as reality.

It is no fair ground of objection, that Virgil has not developed in this book a perfect scheme of religion or philosophy. To do this, was no part of his design, and might not have accorded with the dramatic character of the poem. All that could be expected was,

that he should be consistent with himself; that the parts should be so put together, as to be capable of harmonious combination in the mind of the intelligent reader. But in this the Poet has not succeeded. His warmest admirers have not been able to shew, that in the sixth Æneid the outline of an intelligible system can be traced. We have the myth of Homer, and the psychology of a later period, highly wrought and embellished; but out of these different materials it is impossible to say what the Poet designed to construct. I have sometimes thought, that Virgil, feeling his inability to explore the regions of unrevealed truth, forbore to explain himself more fully upon so dark a subject.

We are more concerned to explain the positive language of Virgil, than any uncertain theories which we may guess him to have adopted. In that part of the text, which gives an account of the Metempsychosis, there occurs no little difficulty. According to my interpretation, which differs somewhat from that of other commentators, the argument runs as follows:—

Æneas asks his Father, if he is to understand that any of the departed Souls are destined for a new life on earth. Anchises says he will explain the matter, and, after stating, "that the Soul of Man is derived from the divine Spirit, which pervades and animates the whole world and all created beings; that during earthly life the spiritual nature is corrupted by the corporeal; and that therefore the Souls require purgation after death;" proceeds thus:—

"We all suffer this spiritual penance in some shape or other; after that we receive admittance to Elysium; and few of us obtain such admittance, until* the expiration of a long period, required for the term of purification." [Anchises himself is one of the few, for whom a short term sufficed, as is manifest from the story.] "*All the Souls, after such purification,* (*has omnes,*) and after they have dwelt a thousand years in Elysium, are conducted to Lethe's river, to be prepared for their future reimbodiment."

Trapp contends, that the *has omnes* are to be understood only of a certain class, who were designed for a new earthly life, while the rest remained in Elysium. But such interpretation, besides that it

* *Donec* depends on the negative contained in *pauci*. *Perfecto temporis orbe* signifies no definite period of time, but only some long term, which (as a general rule) was necessary for the Soul's purgation. According to my view, nothing would be gained by the transposition of these three lines, as suggested by Trapp and Heyne.

does not so well agree with the text, is open to this further objection, that it makes Anchises assign no reason for the different destination of the Souls. He begins by saying, that he will explain to his Son how the Souls come to be reimbodied. He then states the doctrine of their divine origin, and corruption in the body; which is applicable to all. But it would be a lame conclusion, to end by saying: "*All these, which you see*, are after a thousand years brought to Lethe, to be prepared for a new life." This would be, to promise an explanation, and never to give one.

According to my view, *has omnes* signifies *all of whom I have been speaking*. There is thus no abrupt transition to the case of particular Souls; but the general argument is continued, which accords with the use of the present tense *evocat*. And Anchises gives some account of the phenomenon which excited the astonishment of Æneas, "All the Souls of mankind," he says, "emanated from the Divinity; and therefore they are not destined to remain idle in Elysium, but after a certain time to resume active life in the regions above."

If it be objected, that such would be an unsatisfactory account of the matter; I answer, that *any* explanation is better than *none;* and that we are not called upon to find good philosophy for Virgil, (a thing it might be somewhat difficult to do;) but only to expound his text as it is presented to us. Yet in truth it appears to me, that this view makes out a better kind of philosophy than the other.

It may be contrary to the preconceived notions of some persons, to find that Elysium is not represented as a place of final happiness: and Trapp pronounces the supposition to be absurd. I cannot see the absurdity, when it is plainly stated, that Elysium is not a final condition for all; and no reason is assigned for the distinction between one class and another. But in the language of Virgil there is not (according to any construction of them) a single word importing the perpetuity of the Elysian state; whereas one construction, and that the most natural, leads to a directly opposite conclusion. There appears to me far more absurdity in the doctrine, which would represent as eternal such a kind of happiness as Virgil describes: where the highest enjoyment is the reminiscence or repetition of earthly pleasures.

Die Stunden entfliehen in goldenen Träumen,

says a poet, who has elegantly amplified the description of Virgil. But though the dreams may be golden, such a dreamy existence

savours more of the impurity of earth, than of a refined spiritual nature: and we could have but a poor opinion of that philosophy, which represented such a state as the consummation of eternal bliss.

To those indeed, who choose to understand Virgil allegorically, it would be useless to address the last argument. One writer* expresses himself on this subject as follows:

"This must not be understood, as if the soul in the regions of felicity retained any affection for material concerns, or was engaged in the trifling pursuits of a corporeal life; but that, when separated from generation, she is constantly engaged in intellectual employments, either in exercising the divine contests of the most exalted wisdom, in forming the responsive dance of refined imaginations, in tuning the sacred lyre of mystic piety to strains of deific fury and ineffable delight, in giving free scope to the splendid and winged powers of the soul, or in nourishing the intellect with the substantial banquets of intelligible food. Nor is it without reason that the river Eridanus is represented as flowing through these delightful abodes, and is at the same time denominated *plurimus*, because a great part of it was absorbed in the earth without emerging from thence; for a river is the symbol of life, and consequently signifies in this place the nature of an intellectual life proceeding from on high, that is, from divinity itself, and gliding with prolific energy through the occult and profound recesses of the soul."

All this may be very good Neoplatonism; but there is not a hint of such exalted philosophy in the writings of Virgil: and we are not at liberty, without evidence, to assume, that he had anything of the kind in his contemplation.

I therefore understand Virgil to state, that all the purified Souls pass through the Elysian state to a new earthly existence. This does not exclude the notion of a few eminent Heroes, such as Æneas and Iulus, being destined for a heavenly immortality. Such are the *excepted cases* of men, whom, as Virgil *expressly declares*,

Ardens erexit ad æthera virtus.

The speech of Anchises, applies in terms only to such of the defunct Beings, as obtain admission to Elysium. Whether the Infants, the Victims of unjust condemnation, the Suicides, the unfortunate Lovers, and the renowned Warriors were ever (according to the Virgilian scheme) intended for removal to Elysium, it is impos-

* Taylor. Dissertation on the Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries.

sible to determine, as the Poet is wholly silent upon the subject.* Trapp will have it, that all these, except the Infants, are in a probationary state. I could more readily assent to his general position, than to the exception he makes: but in truth I deem it idle to speculate on what Virgil might have intended, upon a matter in itself so visionary.

Altogether Virgil has not been felicitous in his description of the beings, who occupy the intermediate region between Styx and Elysium. It would be difficult to assign a satisfactory reason for his arrangement of the different classes. And some of the persons, whom he takes as specimens of their class, are not the most suitable that might have been selected. Johnson has unjustly censured the Poet for the sullen silence of Dido, which was the most natural thing for her, under the circumstances. But the introduction of Deiphobus in a mutilated state was, in every respect, a gross violation of propriety. It might well be asked, what Virgil would have done with Priam, whose head was cut off, if he had been one of the *dramatis personæ*.

Nevertheless, in spite of the faults which I have noticed, the sixth Æneid has always been a favourite with the reader. And justly so. It is highly dramatic, and full of interest. The inspiration of the Sibyl, the death and funeral of Misenus, the speeches of Palinurus and Deiphobus, are entitled to no small share of praise. There is a pleasing variety in the different scenes, through which we are led in the Inferno. The description of Tartarus rises, in some parts, to a Miltonic sublimity. A deep melancholy pervades the whole, as if the subject itself had cast a gloom over the Poet's mind, while he reflected on the uncertainty of human fate, and the dark prospect of futurity. Through the mist of heathenism and false philosophy there breaks a dim light of religious truth. Whatever doctrine we may suppose this book to embrace, the immortality of the soul forms an essential part thereof. We find here a distinct recognition of the principle, that man has duties to perform in this world; a condemnation of such crimes as suicide,† avarice, and selfishness; and a

* I cannot discover in the words *explebo numerum, &c.*, v. 545, any such meaning as Dryden and some other commentators attach to them. I agree with Nürnberger's translation,

Schon kehr' ich zu der Schatten Schaar zurück.

† The words *qui sibi lethum Insontes, &c.*, v. 434, do not import, that the men were *innocent in killing themselves.* The meaning is; that they killed themselves *not on account (or being at the time guilty) of any crime, but because they were weary of life.* Misery, and not previous crime, was the cause of their

scheme, though certainly a very imperfect one, of future rewards and punishments.

That such general religious truths found a ready acceptance in the mind of Virgil, we can have little difficulty in believing; while it is not very important to consider, how far he adopted the more abstruse theories of Plato or Pythagoras; or how far Taylor may be right, when he says that

"The recondite meaning of the Mysteries was not known even to Virgil, who has so elegantly described their external form.* For, notwithstanding the traces of Platonism which are to be found in the Æneid, nothing of any great depth occurs throughout the whole, except what a superficial reading of Plato and the shows of the Mysteries might easily afford."

The probability is, that Virgil adopted the theory of the Metempsychosis for the purpose stated in the Argument, and for no other purpose whatsoever. And this brings me to consider more particularly the manner in which he has executed his design.

The descendants of Æneas are made to pass in review before him, and Anchises, from observation of their features and other symbols, predicts many remarkable events of their future life. Here the Delphin Editor has charged Virgil with an error in his plan. The objection, which is not well stated, is in effect this; that the minds of these ghostly personages, after drinking the waters of Lethe, ought to have been a perfect blank; and therefore it was improper to introduce them with any distinctive marks of character or future destiny. Virgil indeed states, that they already begin *to wish* for a new life in the body: and if they have begun to entertain new thoughts and feelings, they may not absurdly be conceived to betray some outward appearance of this. It is always supposed, that these airy beings are visible in the likeness of human bodies; and it would seem, that they must, according to the hypothesis, be exhibited with varieties of countenance and figure. As, before drinking the waters of Lethe, they retain their ancient form; so, after that time, they not inaptly assume the resemblance of the unborn men. It is, no doubt, straining the marvellous a little further, to import external symbols of their future lives, such as the double crest of Romulus,

suicide. The conjunction *que* is explanatory; as in Æn. vii. 50. xi. 412. Georg. I. 323.

* This writer, with very different views from Warburton, adopts the exploded theory of the worthy Bishop, that Virgil intended to unfold some of the doctrines taught at the Eleusinian mysteries.

and the olive wreath of Numa. Trapp, who stoutly defends his author, says that the Ghosts "are not supposed to have any notion of what they are to be by their own proper powers, but by the designation of the Gods and Fates; and so are properly represented in such visionary shapes, habits, and gestures, as correspond to their future condition." However this be, we may forgive Virgil his miracle, for the admirable use which he has made of it.

Never did the Poet display his art in greater perfection, than in this part of the sixth Æneid, where the unborn Heroes of Latium are made to "come like shadows, so depart," exhibiting, as they flash successively before our eyes, an epitome of Roman history. It was a wide subject to dilate upon; yet Virgil has shown here, as well as elsewhere, that he knew how to say enough, and not too much. In a short compass we have the materials for a whole poem on the majesty of the Roman people.

The persons of this phantasmagoria are well chosen, and well grouped. Trapp (who had considerable insight into the beauties of his Author, though he sometimes exaggerates his merits,) has justly commended the propriety of the Virgilian arrangement; which, while it does not, on the one hand, observe the exact order of historical succession, yet, on the other hand, does not entirely neglect chronology; either of which courses would have been a fault.

The first persons noticed by Anchises are those whom he would naturally begin with, as being the earliest descendants of Æneas; the Kings of Alba. That city was built by Ascanius, who was succeeded on the throne by his half-brother Sylvius; from whom the subsequent Princes received the general name of Sylvius, as the Roman Emperors took that of Cæsar.

Next appears Romulus, grandson of the Alban King Numitor, and founder of Rome. "Under his auspices," says Anchises, "shall Rome, hereafter to become so mighty, enclose her seven hills with a wall." Such is the true meaning of those lines, in which Virgil has unjustly been charged with an anticlimax. Then follows one of the most beautiful of Virgil's similes: the seven-hilled City, with her progeny of illustrious men, is compared to the turret-crowned Cybele, Mother of all the Gods.

The mention of the founding of Rome naturally leads to the consummation of her greatness under the reigning Prince, a member of that very Julian family, to which Romulus himself belonged. Here the Poet launches into the praises of Augustus, who, having acquired

the imperial power, and established universal peace, might be said to have restored the golden age in Latium.

Anchises then reverts to the era of the Kings, among whom he particularly distinguishes Numa Pompilius, the Lawgiver; and from them he passes to Lucius Junius Brutus, the first Consul, and Father of the Republic, who avenged Lucretia's wrong by the expulsion of the Tarquinian family. This was that Brutus,

> That would have brook'd
> Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
> As easily as a king:

and who first set the example of that self-devotion, which afterwards shone out so conspicuously in the national annals. With him commenced the era of Roman liberty. I stop not to inquire what sort of liberty it was. A haughty patriotism, overpowering other motives and affections, became the animating principle of the Roman Senator. An aristocracy, the like to which has never again been seen, produced for many centuries a breed of men, who, through innumerable trials and reverses, sustained the fortune of the invincible Republic, and made it the admiration and the terror of the earth. But Virgil speaks of the first Consul with some reserve; withholding his approbation from the man, who could sentence his own sons to an ignominious death. Such inhuman virtue was not in accordance with the feelings of a more refined age. And the Augustan Poet bethought him of another Brutus, whose character and deeds too nearly resembled those of his ancestor.

The republican heroes crowd upon the view. There are the Decii, three of whom at successive periods devoted themselves to death on the field of battle, to ensure the victory to their countrymen. The solemnity and superstitious rites, which attended the devotion of the first Decius, the encouragement which they gave to the Roman troops, and the dismay with which they inspired the Latins, are described with great pomp by Livy, the Virgil of history.

There also is Camillus, who returned from exile to deliver his ungrateful countrymen from the Gaul. And there is Manlius Torquatus, who imitated the severity of the first Brutus, but not with the same circumstances of justification. Brutus passed sentence upon traitors, who had plotted to bring back the tyrant. Manlius condemned to the axe a brave son, whose only offence was, that,

contrary to military orders, he had accepted a challenge from the enemy's commander, whom he vanquished in single combat. Such was the rigour of Roman discipline. The deed was unpopular; and *Manliana imperia* passed into a proverb. Yet "the atrocity of the punishment made the soldiers more obedient," remarks the historian.

The sight of Pompey and Julius Cæsar brings the horrors of civil war before the mind of the Prophet; who makes an involuntary appeal to the unborn Spirits, deprecating their future conflict, and addressing himself especially to Cæsar, as one of his own posterity. This is happily conceived; and it may be remarked, that Virgil takes every opportunity of tracing the descent of the Julian family from his Hero.

The next brought on the scene are two Generals, whose triumphs over the Hellenic nation would give them a peculiar claim to the attention of Æneas. The first of these is Mummius, who vanquished the Achæans, and destroyed the splendid city of Corinth, rich with the monuments of Grecian art. The rude Roman so little knew the value of his spoil, that he told the persons who carried it to Rome, "what they lost or damaged, they must replace." Another century wrought a marvellous change; and Grecian arts had found their way to Latium, to enlighten and to corrupt the conqueror.

The second of these is Paulus Æmilius, who defeated Perseus, King of Macedon, and led him captive to Rome. Perseus boasted of his descent from Achilles; and thus the wrongs of Troy were avenged. From that time Macedonia became a Roman province; and the subsequent overthrow of the Achæan league completed the subjugation of Greece.

After the rapid mention of a few more distinguished names—among them, the two Scipios, both of whom earned the title of Africanus by their glorious termination of the second and third Punic wars—the incorruptible Fabricius—Cincinnatus, called from the plough to the highest office of the commonwealth—Fabius Maximus, the Shield of Rome, whose cautious tactics first checked the career of Hannibal in Italy—we come to those memorable lines, beginning *Excudent alii*, &c., which deserve to be known to every Englishman. The Romans, like the English, were an imperial people. The qualities, by which both became such, bore a resemblance. The same sturdy virtues, the same invincible courage, the same spirit of enterprise, which made Rome the Queen of nations, have, under dif-

ferent circumstances, spread the name, the language, and the influence of the Saxon race over the whole of the civilised world.

Here, we are told, the speech of Anchises was originally made to end; and here indeed it might well have ended. The following verses were added after the death of young Marcellus. Few persons however will be disposed to regret their insertion, however complete the passage might have been without them.

Claudius Marcellus was the son of Octavia, Sister of the Emperor. His Father was descended from the celebrated Marcellus, who by his active and successful valour acquired the name of the *Sword of Rome;* who, for the third time in Roman history, won what were called the *spolia opima,** having with his own hand killed the Gallic Chief Viridomarus—who took Syracuse, after a skilful and obstinate defence, conducted by the engineer Archimedes—and who for some time competed successfully with Hannibal, but was at length surprised in an ambuscade, and slain.

The Son of Octavia is happily introduced in connection with this great ancestor, whose glories reflect a lustre over his name. He was himself a Youth of high promise, greatly beloved and esteemed at Rome. Augustus loaded him with honours, gave him his daughter Julia in marriage, and designed him for his successor in the empire. But the hopes of all were cut off by a sudden death, at the age of twenty, which plunged the whole city into mourning. The lines of Virgil were read to the Emperor and his Sister, whose liberal reward bore testimony to the merits of the Poet and to the depth of her own affliction.

Some persons might think, that the panegyric of Virgil is exaggerated, Marcellus having had no time to display the qualities which are ascribed to him; and that the poet is here chargeable with the same fulsome adulation, which offends us in the exordium of the first Georgic. But this is not so. Marcellus had virtues, which made him deservedly popular. Those virtues would naturally be

* These were spoils, which one general took from another, after slaying him with his own hand. Romulus won the first, from the Cæninensian king; Cossus the second, from the king of Veii; and Marcellus the third. Dryden not inaptly calls them *regal spoils*. Voss *Königerustung*. My translation I confess to be inadequate. In Æn. X. 449, I come a little nearer to the mark. But this is one of those cases, in which no translation can fully express the original. The same may be said of the word *tumultu*, two lines below. *Tumultus* was peculiarly applied by the Romans to an Italian or Gallic war, the outbreak of which was highly dangerous, on account of its proximity to Rome. But *tumult*, in English, would give no idea of this.

magnified, after he was no more. His death was a national calamity, and was felt to be such. Those who can remember the profound grief, which penetrated the hearts of the English people, at the death of the Princess Charlotte,* may well understand how a whole nation may be affected by the loss of one, who has been regarded as

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state.

But the death of the Princess Charlotte, however melancholy an event at the time, could not in its consequences be so grievous to the English, as the loss of Marcellus to the Romans. It was to them a matter of vital moment, that the heir expectant of Augustus should be a person worthy of the succession. On this might depend not only the wellbeing, but the very existence of the empire. The government of one man was not yet the settled law of the Roman world. The issues of the two last dictatorships were fresh in people's minds. The republic still existed in form; a new combination of events might lead to a struggle for its restoration, and this to a civil war. It is true, there was, from several causes, a general inclination to submit to the authority of a single ruler. But what was each man's private wish, might not be his neighbour's; and the future was altogether dark and uncertain. In this state of things, the death of young Marcellus deprived the Emperor of an heir, on whom the hopes of the people were fixed. The friends of peace and order had cause for gloomy apprehension.

That the death of Marcellus was attended by unhappy consequences both to Prince and people, subsequent events lead us to infer. The Emperor married Livia, whose intrigues harassed his life, and who in his old age acquired an absolute ascendancy over him. His Daughter Julia, married again to Agrippa, and afterwards to Tiberius, was exiled from Rome for her debaucheries. Her three sons came to an untimely end, some or all of them by foul play. Whether Augustus himself was suffered to reach his natural end, history leaves doubtful. Livia secured the succession for her Son Tiberius, whose artful policy maintained the imperial power, and kept the world at peace, but established at Rome a system of servility and terror, which extinguished the remnant of what was great and good in the national character.

* Here I must be pardoned for mentioning my Father's beautiful poem on the death of that Princess; which, as well as his poem on the marriage of her gracious Majesty, deserves to be more extensively known, and *shall* be yet.

INDEX

OF SOME OF

THE REMARKABLE PROPER NAMES.

Acerræ. A town of Campania in Italy, damaged by the frequent inundations of the river Clanius.

Achelous. A river in Epirus; whence *Acheloan flood* is used to signify water.

Acrisius. An ancient king of Argos, and father of Danae, who founded Ardea, capital of the Rutuli.

Actian. Apollo is so called, because he had a temple at Actium on the coast of Epirus, the place where Augustus Cæsar obtained his naval victory over Antony.

Æœan. Circe is so called, from Æa, an isle of Colchis in Asia, where she was born; and from which she gave name to her residence in Italy. (See *Circe.*) Æa in Greek signifies a land generally, which may have led to confusion in the fable. (See *Argo.*)

Ægœon. A fabulous giant, also called Briareus, who, as well as other of the Earth-born and Titan race, was vanquished by Jupiter.

Æolia. A name given to the kingdom of Æolus, God of the Winds. The Æolian islands lie between Italy and Sicily, and are now called Lipari islands. Lipare was the ancient name of one.

Æolides. A reproachful patronymic of Ulysses, whose Mother was said to have been pregnant by Sisyphus, son of Æolus, when she married Laertes.

Aganippe. A fountain of Bœotia, at the foot of Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

Albunea. A wood, in which was a lake of the same name, communicating with the Anio near Tibur, whose waters were sulphureous.

Alcides. A patronymic, that is, ancestral name, of Hercules, whose mother Alcmena married Amphitryon, king of Thebes, and son of Alcæus. Amphitryon therefore was his reputed father, though, according to fable, Jupiter was the real one.

Alcinous. King of the Phæacian island, afterwards named Corcyra, the modern Corfu. In Homer's Odyssey Ulysses is shipwrecked on his coast: and his gardens are celebrated for their fruit.

Aloeus. See *Titans.*

Alpheus. A river of Elis in Peloponnessus. The fable was, that he fell in love with the Nymph Arethusa, who being changed to a fountain, he pursued her under the sea, till she rose in Ortygia, an island near Syracuse.

Amminean. The name of a grape said to have been brought to Italy from Aminæum in Thessaly.

Ammon. A name of Jupiter in Libya. It signifies *sandy.* His temple, which was long famous, stood in the desert west of Memphis (or Cairo).

Amsanctus. A place among the Hirpini in the central part of southern Italy, full of sulphureous waters, and hence fabled to be one of the entrances to the Infernal region.

Amphrysus. A river of Thessaly, near which Apollo is said once to have fed the flocks of Admetus. Hence he is called *Amphrysian.*

Amyclæ. A town in Italy, called Silent from an historical circumstance. It is said to have been peopled from a town of the same name near Sparta, from which Castor and Pollux, sons of Leda, and brothers of Helen, are called Amyclæan.

Anubis. An Egyptian deity. See *Busiris.*

Aracynthus. A mountain in Bœotia, in the neighbourhood of which Amphion was brought up, who is said to have been instructed by Mercury in music, and to have built the walls of Thebes by making the stones move to the sound of his lyre. The fable evidently refers to the progress of civilisation.

Arcturus. The largest star of the constellation Bootes, so called (from the Greek) because it is near the tail of the Great Bear. Its rising or setting (in autumn) was supposed to portend a storm. The Great Bear is also called the Northern Wain, or Charles' Wain, from its resemblance to a waggon drawn by oxen, which seem to be driven by Bootes.

Arethusa. See *Alpheus.*

Argus. The hundred-eyed keeper set by Juno to watch Io, when

changed to a heifer. The story was, that Io, an Argive Princess, was loved by Jupiter, and gave birth to a son, from whom Hercules was descended. This Argus is different from the one mentioned in the eighth Æneid, whose murder gave name to Argiletum, a place at Rome.

Argo. The name of the ship which carried Jason and the *Argonauts* to Colchis, to recover the golden fleece. According to the fable, Phryxus and Helle fled from the cruelty of their stepmother Ino, Queen of Thebes, upon a golden ram. Helle fell into the sea, and was drowned, giving name to the Hellespont. Phryxus escaped to Colchis on the Euxine sea in Asia, and was murdered by King Æetes for his golden fleece. To recover this, or revenge his death, was the motive of the Argonautic voyage, which took place in the generation before the Trojan war, the principal Greek Heroes, such as Hercules, Castor and Pollux, Peleus, &c., joining in it. Tiphys was the pilot. Whether in reality this was a sort of crusade, or only a piratical expedition from northern Greece on a larger scale than usual, it is impossible to determine. It seems to have made the Greeks better acquainted with the coasts and navigation of the Hellespont and adjacent seas. One curious circumstance about the legend is, that the fleet is represented as making its way by some supposed passage westward from the Euxine to the Atlantic ocean, and so by the columns of Hercules into the Mediterranean. The name of Æa is given both to the Colchian residence of Æetes, and to the island of Circe, sister of Æetes, off the coast of Italy.

Arion. A musician of Lesbos, who was plundered by sailors in whose ship he had taken a passage, and leaping into the sea, was carried safe on the back of a dolphin, which had been charmed by his lyre.

Ascanius. A river of Bithynia.

Ascræan. The Poet Hesiod is thus called, from having lived at Ascra in Bœotia.

Asius. A pool near the river Cayster in Lydia.

Athos. A mountain in a peninsula of Macedonia. At the foot of this Xerxes cut a ship-canal, when he invaded Greece.

Atlas. Geographically, a mountain in Mauritania, or Morocco, which gave name to the Atlantic ocean. Fabulously, one of the Titans, and King of Mauritania, who was changed into a mountain. It was said that he supported the heavens on his back. His seven daughters were believed to have been changed

into a constellation, called the Pleiades. One of them was Maia (May,) Mother of Mercury.

Aulis. A maritime town of Bœotia, where the Greek chieftains assembled for the expedition against Troy. Here Agamemnon is said to have sacrificed his daughter Iphigenia, in order to procure a favourable voyage.

Aurunci. A people on the south coast of Latium.

Ausonia. A name applied to all the south of Italy, and sometimes restricted to the western coast, from a particular tribe who spread themselves.

Avernus. A lake of Campania, derived from *Aornus,* Greek for *birdless,* as explained in the sixth Æneid. On account of the sulphureous exhalations and dark woods, this spot was feigned to be the entrance to Orcus. The vicinity was rendered healthy in the time of Augustus; when the woods were cleared, a communication was cut between this and the Lucrine lake, and a harbour (called the Julian) formed of both. A dyke was constructed to defend the Lucrine lake from the Tyrrhene sea.

Bactra. The capital of Bactria, or Bactriana, east of Persia.

Baleares. An ancient name of the islands Majorca and Minorca, the natives of which were famous slingers.

Bebrycii. A people of Bithynia, whose king Amycus was skilful in fighting with the cestus, or gauntlet.

Berecynthia. A name of Cybele, Mother of the Gods, from Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia, where she was worshipped.

Bisaltæ. A people of Macedonia.

Bootes. See *Arcturus.*

Busiris. A fabulous king of Egypt, said to have sacrificed strangers to Jupiter. The word (in Egyptian) signifies the tomb of Osiris, and the story may refer to a barbarous custom of immolating foreigners in sacrifice to that deity. There is still a village called *Busir.* Osiris was an ancient king or patriarch of Egypt, who is represented in fable as a great conqueror, and was probably a civiliser of the country. He was afterwards represented in Egyptian worship under the form of an ox, because he had instructed his subjects in agriculture. Isis, his Consort, was worshipped as a cow. Cleopatra in the eighth Æneid is made to carry the timbrel, which was used in the worship of that Goddess. Anubis was one of the followers of Osiris, afterwards deified, and represented with a dog's head, perhaps on account of the pastoral services of that animal.

Byrsa. A citadel of Carthage, so called, as explained in the first Æneid, from a Greek word signifying *a hide.*

Cæa. One of the Cyclad isles in the Ægæan sea, where dwelt the famous shepherd Aristæus, whose story is told in the fourth Georgic.

Canopus. A city of Egypt, near Alexandria. Near its ruins is the modern Aboukir.

Caphareus. A promontory of Eubœa, on which Greek vessels returning from Troy were shipwrecked.

Carpathian Sea lies between Crete and Rhodes in the Mediterranean.

Castalia. A fountain of Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.

Caucasus. See *Prometheus.*

Cecropian Attic, from Cecrops, king of Athens. Mount Hymettus in Attica was celebrated for honey.

Celenna. A town of Campania.

Celeus. A king of Eleusis in Attica, to whose son Triptolemus Ceres taught the art of making implements of husbandry. He is invoked in the first Georgic as the Boy who invented the plough.

Centaurs. A tribe of Thessaly, said to have been half men and half horses, on account of their skill in horsemanship. See *Lapithæ.*

Ceraunia. Mountains of Epirus.

Chalybes. A people of Pontus in Asia Minor, whose country abounded in iron mines.

Chaonia. A mountainous part of Epirus. Acorns are called Chaonian, because they were the food of the early inhabitants of the world, which was first repeopled in that neighbourhood, according to fable, after Deucalion's deluge. The *food of Dodona,* meaning acorns, has reference to the same thing.

Chimæra. A fabulous monster, with the forepart of a lion, the middle of a goat, and the hinder part of a dragon.

Ciminus. A lake and mountain of Etruria.

Cinyphus. A river, in the neighbourhood of Tripolis in Africa, famous for shaggy goats.

Circe. A fabulous Sorceress, said to have had the power to transform men into animals. (See *Picus.*) Her residence is placed in the island of Æa, near Cumæ; and from her the town of Circeii seems to have taken its name. There is in fact no island, but only a promontory. She is further said to have been Daughter of the Sun, and Sister of the Colchian Æetes; and to have fled from Colchis to Italy. (See *Æa, Argo.*) Milton makes her the

Mother of his Comus, who is the God of revelry and riot. The fable has reason in it; for men are converted into brutes by gluttony and debauchery.

Cithæron. A mountain of Bœotia.

Clarian. Apollo is so called from Clarus in Ionia, where he had an oracle.

Cæus. See *Titans.*

Corybantes. Priests of Cybele, who beat cymbals, and demeaned themselves like madmen at her festivals. They dwelt near Mount Ida in Crete.

Crimisus. A river near Sejesta in the west of Sicily.

Crustumium. A town of Etruria (or Tuscany) famous for its pears, different from the Sabine town *Crustumerium* mentioned in the seventh Æneid.

Cures. See *Quirites.*

Cyclades. A cluster of islands near Delos in the Ægæan sea.

Cyclops. Fabulous one-eyed giants, who dwelt about Mount Ætna; whose chief was Polyphemus. The same name is given to the workmen of Vulcan in the Lipari island, who forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter. It is not worth while to inquire, whether Virgil confounds them or not. The Cyclops were probably forgers of metal and builders, who gave the appearance of having only one eye, by wearing steel coverings to protect their eyes during work. From them walls and fortresses of solid structure were called by the ancients *Cyclopian.*

Cyllene. A mountain of Arcadia, on which Mercury is said to have been born; hence called *Cyllenius.*

Cynthus. A mountain of Delos, the birthplace of Apollo and Diana, whence they are called *Cynthius* and *Cynthia.*

Cyrnus. The ancient name of Corsica.

Cythera. An island south of Peloponnesus, sacred to Venus, who was believed to have risen from the sea near its coast. Hence she is called *Cytherea.*

Cytorus. A town of Paphlagonia in Asia Minor, near which was a hill covered with beautiful box trees.

Dædalus. A celebrated artist, to whom divers inventions in mechanical art were ascribed by the people of Italy and Sicily. Hence comes the adjective *dædal,* applied to anything curiously wrought. He is said to have built the Labyrinth. (See *Minos.*) The fable of his making wings to fly from Crete might have originated in the fact, that he was the first navigator who ventured with sails

across the open sea. His son Icarus was drowned, and gave name to the Icarian sea in the Ægæan.

Dahæ. A Scythian people, who dwelt near the Caspian sea.

Daunian. So Virgil calls the Rutuli, a people of Latium, whose King was Daunus, father of Turnus.

Delia. Diana. See *Cynthus.*

Dictæan. Cretan, from Dicte, a mountain of Crete.

Dindymus. A mountain of Phrygia, where Cybele was worshipped.

Dione. Mother of Venus. Cæsar is called Dionæan, on account of his descent from Æneas, son of Venus.

Dis. A name of Pluto, King of the Infernal Region.

Dodona. A place of Epirus, where there was a famous oracle of Jupiter. A prophetic voice was believed to issue from the oaks of the grove. See *Chaonia.*

Dryads. Wood-Nymphs, from the Greek for an oak.

Dulichium. An island of the Ionian sea, near Ithaca, the native isle of Ulysses. Hence his ships are called Dulichian.

Egeria. A Nymph, whose abode was a grove near the town of Aricia in Latium.

Eleusinian. Ceres is so called from Eleusis, a town of Attica, where her famous Mysteries were celebrated.

Emathia. An ancient name of Macedonia, in which was Philippi, the scene of the battle in which Octavius and Antony defeated Brutus and Cassius.

Ephyra. The ancient name of Corinth.

Erebus. One of the Powers of Hell and darkness; generally used to signify the infernal region itself.

Eretum. A town of the Sabines.

Eridanus. A Greek name of the River Po, called by the Latins *Padus.*

Erymanthus. A mountain of Arcadia. Hercules killed a boar which infested it.

Eryx. A reputed son of Venus, killed in a boxing-match by Hercules. He may have given name to Mount Eryx, near Drepanum, in the West of Sicily, on which was a magnificent temple of Venus, built, according to Virgil, by Æneas.

Eubœa. A Greek island, opposite Bœotia and Attica. A colony from Chalcis, its principal city, founded Cumæ in Italy.

Eurystheus. A King of Argos, at whose command Hercules is said to have performed his famous twelve labours, some of which are alluded to in the sixth and eighth Æneids. They consisted

chiefly in ridding the earth of monsters and nuisances, such as lions, hydras, boars. Eurystheus in imposing these tasks was influenced by jealousy of his relative, and instigated by Juno.

Evoe. A cry of Bacchanalians at the orgies of Bacchus, who is called *Evius*, in Greek *Euios*, derived from *eu*, the Greek for *well*, which occurs in so many compound words, as *eulogy*, *euphony*.

Fabaris. A river among the Sabines.

Falisci. A town, a little South of Fescennium in Etruria, near the confluence of the Nar and Tyber.

Fauns. Demigods, with the feet of goats, something like Satyrs, and worshipped by country people.

Feronia. A Nymph or Goddess worshipped in Italy, who had a temple and grove near Auxur.

Gabii. A town among the Volsci, where Juno was especially worshipped, hence called *Gabinian*. The *Gabine cincture* was a particular method of tucking up the dress, throwing the lappet of the toga over the left shoulder and folding it round the waist, so as not to encumber the wearer. The people of Gabii first adopted this method, when suddenly attacked during a sacrifice.

Galatea. A Nereid, loved by Polyphemus, who in the fragment in the ninth Pastoral is supposed to address her.

Ganymede. A beautiful Trojan youth, of whom the fable was, that he was carried up to heaven to be the cup-bearer of Jupiter.

Garamantians. A people of Africa.

Gargarus. A mountain of the Troad, forming part of the chain of Mount Ida.

Gelonians. A people of Scythia.

Geryon. A fabulous monster of Gades (Cadiz,) slain by Hercules, who carried away his flocks and herds. Hence Milton calls the Spaniards *Geryon's sons*.

Getans. A Scythian or Gothic tribe, who lived near the mouths of the Danube.

Glaucus. A Sea-God. For the Glaucus mentioned in the third Georgic see *Potnia*. The one mentioned in the sixth Æneid is a Lycian Prince, killed in the Trojan war.

Gnossus. A town of Crete, where lived King Minos, father of Ariadne. She, having wedded Bacchus, was presented with a crown, which was made a constellation, and thence is called *Gnossian*.

Gortyna. A town of Crete.

Gryneum or *Grynium.* A town of Æolia in Asia, where Apollo had a temple.

Hæmus. A mountain chain in the North of Thrace.

Harpalyce. A warlike princess of Thrace.

Hebrus. A river of Thrace.

Hecate. A Goddess with triple functions, worshipped as Luna (or the Moon) in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate in the Infernal domain. As the last person, she is sometimes confounded with Proserpine, the Consort of Pluto. Virgil in the sixth Æneid represents her as exercising high powers in that region. See *Trivia.*

Hermes. The Greek name of Mercury, signifying *interpreter.* He was the Messenger of Jupiter, and the patron God of eloquence and music.

Hermus. A river of Lydia.

Hesperia. Properly signifies Westland, from *Hesper* or *Vesper,* the evening. Hence the Greeks gave this name to Italy, and the Italians to Spain. *Hesperian fruit* means the golden apples in the garden of the *Hesperides,* near Mount Atlas; the Hesperides were Nymphs who guarded them, with the assistance of a dragon.

Hippodame. See *Pelops.*

Hyades. Constellations, whose rising and setting were attended with rain, as the word (Greek) denotes.

Hybla. A place near Mount Ætna, celebrated for honey, whence bees are called *Hyblæan.*

Hylas. A youth, who accompanied the Argonauts (see *Argo*) and was drowned in a river of Bithynia, of the same name. The love of Hercules for this youth, and his being kept under water by the river-nymphs, are embellishments of the story.

Hypanis. A Scythian river, now called the Bog, which falls into the Borysthenes.

Hyrcania. A country near the Caspian sea.

Iapetus. One of the Giants. (See *Titans.*) The name is probably the same as Japhet.

Idalium. A town of Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

Idumea. The country adjacent to Palestine, and forming part of Arabia, which took its name from Edom, son of Esau. The palms which grew there are called Idumæan.

Io. Daughter of Inachus, King of Argos. See *Argus.*

Ityrea. A province of Syria, whose people were skilful archers.

Ixion. One of the damned in Tartarus, represented as tortured on a wheel. His crime was an attempt to seduce Juno.

Labyrinth. See *Minos.*

Lacinium. A promontory in the south of Italy, where Juno had a magnificent temple, the ruins of which yet remain.

Lapithæ. A tribe of Thessaly, renowned for skill in horsemanship. Their battle with the Centaurs, alluded to in the second Georgic and seventh Æneid, arose from an insult offered by one of the intoxicated Centaurs at the nuptial feast to Hippodamia, bride of Pirithous, Chief of the Lapiths. Mars is said to have destroyed them, because, while the other Gods were invited to the nuptials, he was omitted, and, to revenge himself, stirred up the quarrel.

Leda. The wife of Tyndarus, king of Sparta, and mother of Castor and Pollux, Helen and Clytemnestra. Of her fabulous amour with Jupiter Pollux is said to have been the offspring. To understand l. 132 of the sixth Æneid, it is necessary to state, that Castor having been killed, Pollux consented to share his immortality with his brother, and to descend to the *Inferno* every alternate half year. Castor and Pollux were worshipped as Heroes by the ancient Greeks, like Hercules. They are the constellation *Gemini*, or *Twins.*

Lenæus. A surname of Bacchus, from a Greek word signifying a wine-press.

Lerna. A district of Argolis, where Hercules killed a hydra.

Leucate or *Leucas.* An island in the Ionian sea, not far from Actium.

Leucothoe. See *Melicerta.*

Liber. A surname of Bacchus, meaning *free;* because wine gives freedom of action. *Liberty* is derived from the same word.

Libethrian. The Muses are so called from a hill near Helicon.

Liburnians. An Illyrian people, whose country corresponds to part of the modern Croatia.

Liguria. That part of Italy, of which Genoa is now the capital.

Linus. An ancient poet and musician, said to have been the preceptor of Orpheus. Musical compositions of his were long extant among the Greeks.

Lipare. See *Æolia.*

Lucina. The Goddess of childbirth, derived from *lux, light.* The poets often identify her with Juno.

Lucrine Lake. See *Avernus.*

Lupercal. A place at the foot of Mount Aventine at Rome, where Pan was worshipped. His festival was called the *Lupercalia,* and his priests *Luperci,* who went naked about the streets with whips,

the touch whereof was supposed to cure women of barrenness. The name was of Arcadian origin, (see *Lycæus,*) the worship of Pan having been introduced into Italy by Evander.

Lycæus. A mountain of Arcadia, where Pan was worshipped, who is called *Lycæan. Lycus* (Greek) and *Lupus* (Latin) signify a wolf; and it might be, that Pan, the God of shepherds, was so called, because he protected the flock from wolves.

Lycaon. An Arcadian king, whose daughter Caliste was changed into a bear, and made a constellation, by Jupiter.

Lyctus. A town of Crete.

Lyrnessus. A town of Cilicia, in Asia.

Mænalus. A mountain of Arcadia, celebrated in pastoral poetry for its pines and rural beauty.

Mæotic. The Lake so called (*Palus Mæotis*) is now named the Sea of Azoph, at the north of the Euxine or Black Sea.

Mæonia. Another name of Lydia in Asia Minor. The Tuscans are called Mæonians, from a Lydian colony supposed to have settled in Etruria.

Maia. See *Atlas.*

Malea. A promontory, south of Laconia.

Mareotis. A lake near Alexandria in Egypt, whence the Mareotic wine.

Massic. Wine so called from the Massic Hill in Campania, which formed part of the Falernian district, so celebrated for its vineyards.

Massyli. A Numidian people.

Melibœa. A town on the coast of Thessaly, where were caught shell-fish yielding a purple dye.

Melicerta. A Sea-God, also called Palæmon. The story was, that his mother Ino threw herself into the sea with him, and both were changed into Deities. She received the name of Leucothea. There are many metamorphoses in fable of the same description. Eminent or remarkable personages were lost at sea or elsewhere, and their bodies or place of burial never being discovered, it was feigned or believed that they had been transformed to Gods, or Nymphs, or Constellations. Virgil has invented a story of the Trojan ships being changed to Sea-Nymphs; for which he has been censured by some critics; but the fiction is as good as many others of the same kind.

Mella. A river of Cisalpine Gaul.

Memnon. See *Tithonus.*

Methymna. A town of the island Lesbos.

Metusca. A Sabine town.

Milesian. Of *Miletus*, the capital of Ionia in Asia Minor.

Molossians. A people of Epirus, famous for a breed of dogs.

Minos. An ancient king of Crete, who gave wise laws to his subjects; and hence he, as well as his brother Rhadamanthus, are placed by fable as judges in the Infernal region. He had a Son of the same name, whose wife Pasiphae is said to have conceived an unnatural passion for a Bull, and to have given birth to a monster called the Minotaur. This was confined by Minos in the famous Labyrinth, a building with winding passages, constructed by the artist Dædalus. Crete was anciently a great naval power, and Minos 2nd made war upon the Athenians, whom he compelled to pay him a yearly tribute of seven youths, to be devoured by the Minotaur. At length Theseus came, who slew the Minotaur, and passed through the Labyrinth with a clue of thread, furnished him by Dædalus at the request of the Princess Ariadne.

Molorchus. A shepherd, at whose request Hercules killed the Nemæan lion, which infested Argolis. This victory was commemorated at the Nemæan triennial games. The *groves of Molorchus* in the third Georgic refers to these games.

Monœcus. A fort on the Ligurian coast, by the maritime Alps. Julius Cæsar's march from Gaul against Rome is here alluded to.

Morini. A people of Northern Gaul, near the modern Boulogne.

Musæus. One of the most ancient of Greek poets, who wrote hymns and other compositions now lost.

Myrmidons. A Thessalian people, whom Achilles led to the Trojan war.

Naiads. Water-Nymphs, from a Greek word meaning *flow.*

Narycia. A town in the South of Italy, built by the Locrians, who had followed Ajax to Troy, and who, in their return, were driven by shipwreck on the Italian coast.

Nereids. Sea-nymphs, daughters of Nereus, a Sea-God, and fifty in number, some of whom are frequently mentioned by name in Virgil.

Niphates. A mountain of Armenia.

Nisus. See *Scylla.*

Nomads. Wandering shepherds are so called from a Greek word signifying pasture. *Numidian* is a slight variation of the word.

Noricum. That part of ancient Illyrium which corresponds to the modern Carinthia and Stiria.

Numicus. A small river of Latium.

Nursia. A town of Picenum.

Nysa. An oriental town, to which it was fabled that Bacchus extended his conquests. Some think the fable imports, that the worship of this God was derived from the east, as in fact most of the Greek worship was.

Œagrian. An epithet applied to Hebrus, a Thracian river, from Œager, father of Orpheus.

Œbalia. Another name of Tarentum in Italy, founded by a colony from Laconia, whose ancient name was Œbalia.

Œnotria. A name in later times confined to a portion of the south-eastern coast of Italy, but anciently given by the Greeks to the whole of Italy known to them. It denotes *wine-land*, from the Greek name for wine.

Œta. A mountain between Thessaly and Macedonia.

Olympus. A mountain of Thessaly, whose top was feigned by the poets to be the seat of Heaven. Near it were Mounts Ossa and Pelion, which the Giants were said to have heaped one upon another in their attempt to assault the throne of Jupiter.

Omole. A mountain of Thessaly.

Orcus. The whole Infernal region, comprising Elysium, the place of happiness, as well as Tartarus, the place of punishment.

Oreads. Mountain Nymphs, from the Greek for a mountain.

Orion. A giant huntsman, fabled to have offered violence to Diana, and to have been slain by her; after which he was changed into a constellation, composed of seventeen stars in the form of a man holding a sword. The constellation rose about the 9th of March, and is therefore called watery and cloudy.

Orithyia. An Athenian Princess, carried away by Boreas into Thrace. Hence Turnus comes to have Thracian horses, given by her to his ancestor Pilumnus.

Ortygia. A small island in the bay of Syracuse, where rose the fountain Arethusa. It was also the ancient name of Delos.

Osci. A people north of Campania.

Ossa. See *Olympus.*

Othrys. One of the mountains of Thessaly.

Padus. See *Eridanus.*

Padusa. One of the mouths of the Padus, or Po.

Palæmon. See *Melicerta.*

Palatine. Evander is thus called, who built his city Pallanteum on the Palatine hill, on which Romulus afterwards laid the foun-

dation of Rome, and on which Augustus and the succeeding Emperors resided; whence royal houses have ever since been called *Palaces*. Whether the name was derived from Pallas, the Arcadian patriach, or from the Goddess Pales, or from *palare* to wander, is uncertain.

Pales. The Goddess of pastures.

Palici. Local Deities worshipped in Sicily, where probably they had been benefactors of the people, and were afterwards deified, like Hercules and other men.

Panchaia. A part of Arabia Felix, fertile in myrrh and other spices.

Pangæus. A mountain of Thrace, adjoining Rhodope.

Panope, or *Panopea*. One of the Nereids.

Paphos. A town of Cyprus, devoted to the worship of Venus, who is thence called *Paphian*.

Parthenius. A mountain of Arcadia.

Pasiphae. See *Minos*.

Patavium. The modern *Padua*.

Pelethronium. A town at the foot of Mount Pelion.

Pelion. See *Olympus*.

Pelops. The Prince who gave his name to the Peloponnesus, or island of Pelops, (the modern Morea.) He was son of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, and came an exile to Pisa in Elis, where he espoused the Princess Hippodame, (or Hippodamia,) having first performed the condition exacted by her Father, of overcoming him in a chariot-race. Having succeeded to the throne of Elis, he extended his power over other parts of the peninsula, and founded the dynasty which so long exercised a sovereign sway or influence in Peloponnesus. His Son Atreus became king of Mycenæ, and was father of Agamemnon and Menelaus. The story of the ivory shoulder was this. Tantalus murdered his Son, and served him up as a meal for the Gods. Ceres ate the shoulder, and Jupiter, who restored Pelops to life, gave him an ivory one. The origin of this story may be traced to the character of Tantalus himself, who is recorded as a monster of impiety, condemned to torture in Hell. His punishment was to pine with eternal thirst, while close to a stream of water and boughs of fruit, which vanished at his approach. Hence the expression to *tantalize*.

Peneian. See *Tempe*.

Permessus. A river rising in Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses.

Petilia. An Italian town near the Tarentine bay, built by the Grecian Philoctetes after his return from the Trojan war.

Phaeton. The fabulous son of Apollo, who obtained his father's permission to drive the chariot of the Sun for one day, and was near causing a general conflagration, when Jupiter struck him with a thunderbolt. His body fell into the river Po. His sisters, who mourned his death, were changed into Poplars. This fable, according to some, refers to extraordinary heats, which prevailed at a remote period; of which an obscure tradition remained. The name itself is Greek, and signifies *shining.*

Phanæ or *Phanæus.* A promontory of the isle of Chios, celebrated for its wine.

Philomel. See *Procne.*

Phineus. A king of Thrace, who was persecuted by the Harpies, till they were driven away to the Strophad islands.

Phthia. A town of Thessaly, where Achilles was born.

Picus. A king of Latium, said to have been turned by Circe into a woodpecker, which the name in Latin signifies. See *Circe.*

Pilumnus. A local Deity of Latium, from whom Turnus claimed descent.

Pinarii. A family, who for a long time, with the Potitii, performed the sacrifices to Hercules at Rome.

Pleiads. See *Atlas.*

Pontus. A kingdom on the coast of the Euxine Sea, in Asia Minor, west of Armenia.

Portunus. The Latin name for the Sea-God Palæmon, so called from his speeding ships into port.

Potitius. See *Pinarii.*

Potnia. A village of Bœotia, where the mares are said to have destroyed their master Glaucus, as mentioned in the third Georgic.

Priapus. A god worshipped at Rome as the protector of gardens. His image used to be placed at the garden-gate, with a stick in his hand to frighten birds and thieves. He is called Hellespontine because he was worshipped on the coast of the Hellespont.

Procne. An Athenian princess, sister of Philomela, and wife of Tereus, King of Thrace. The rape of Philomela by Tereus, and the revenge of Procne, who served up her son Itys at table to her husband, form a series of horrors, a parallel to which is to be found in the play of Titus Andronicus, ascribed to Shakspeare. Tereus was feigned to have been transformed to a hoopoe, Procne into a swallow, and Philomela into a nightingale.

Prætus. A king of Argos, whose daughters became insane, and believed themselves to be cows.

Prometheus. Son of the Giant Iapetus, represented in ancient mythology as a sort of half Saviour and half Satan. He is said to have stolen fire from Heaven, and insulted the majesty of Jupiter, who fastened him to Mount Caucasus, where a vulture tore his entrails. From this he was at length delivered by Hercules. Æschylus in his tragedy speaks of him as having taught mankind various arts and sciences, and being punished by Jupiter on the very account. The same idea has been carried further by Shelley in that extravagant (though, as far as imagery is concerned, highly poetical) drama, called the Prometheus Unbound. Some think the fable relates to his having been a great astrologer, who ascended mountains to make observations. Shakspeare refers to the story of his first bringing fire to earth: (Othello, Act v. Sc. 2.)

> I know not where is that Promethean heat
> That can thy light relume.

Pyrrha. The wife of Deucalion, King of Thessaly, in whose time a deluge is said to have happened, and these two alone saved themselves on the top of Mount Parnassus. They are said to have repeopled the earth by throwing stones over their heads.

Quirinus. A name of Mars, from *Quiris,* a Sabine term for a spear. Romulus was called by the same name, after his deification by the Romans. The *Quirinal* staff is what the Augurs used, after the fashion of Romulus, to mark the quarters of the heavens in taking omens from birds.

Quirites. The inhabitants of Cures, a Sabine town. This name was applied to the Romans, after the Sabines became incorporated with them.

Rhadamanthus. See *Minos.*

Rhesus. A Thracian Prince, who came to assist Priam against the Greeks. It was prophesied that Troy should never be taken, if his horses drank the waters of the river Xanthus; but he was slain on the night of his arrival by Diomed and Ulysses, and his horses carried away. The story of this night-adventure forms the subject of the tenth Iliad of Homer.

Rhodope. A mountain of Thrace.

Rhæteum. A promontory on the Mysian coast near Troy.

Riphæan. Mountains of Scythia so called.

Rufæ. A town among the Hirpini.

Sabæi. A people of Arabia Felix.

Sabelli. A Sabine people.

Salii. A college of Priests at Rome, instituted by Numa in honour of Mars, and appointed to take care of the sacred shields, called *Ancilia,* which every first of March were carried in solemn procession round the city. These shields were of an oval shape, and twelve in number. One is said to have dropped from heaven, and the Romans were warned that their welfare depended on its preservation, wherefore eleven others were made exactly similar, that the divine one might not be distinguished. The Salii took their name from the word *salio,* to *dance.*

Salmoneus. A king of Elis, who imitated lightning with torches, and thunder by driving his chariot over a brazen bridge. He was punished for his impiety, as mentioned in the sixth Æneid.

Same. An ancient name of Cephallenia, one of the Ionian islands.

Samothrace, or *Thracian Samos.* An island on the coast of Thrace, so called to distinguish it from the other Ægæan island of that name.

Sardinian herbs in the seventh Pastoral alludes to a species of ranunculus growing in Sardinia, which when eaten contracts the nerves, and causes a paroxysm of laughter, followed by death. Hence the expression, *Sardonic smile.*

Sarnus. A river of Picenum.

Sarrastians. A Campanian people.

Saticula. A town of Campania.

Satura. A marshy lake in Latium.

Scæan. A gate of Troy, so called, being on the *left;* from the Greek.

Scylacæum. A town of the Bruttii, the modern *Squillaci.*

Scylla. A dangerous rock on the Italian coast, opposite which on the Sicilian was an equally dangerous whirlpool called *Charybdis.* It was deemed by the ancients exceedingly difficult to navigate between them. Hence *to fall from Scylla into Charybdis* was a proverb applied to those, who, in seeking to avoid one evil, encounter another. According to fable, Scylla was a woman, changed to a monster, and afterwards to a rock, with barking monsters below the waist; which probably may be referred to the noise of waves in caverns at the rock's base. There was another fabulous Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, who betrayed her father to the enemy, by cutting from his head a golden hair,

on which his safety depended. She was changed into a lark, and he into a hawk. This story is alluded to in the first Georgic. In the sixth Pastoral Virgil is thought to have confounded the two Scyllas.

Scyros. A rocky island near Eubœa, where Pyrrhus was born.

Selinus. A town in the South-west of Sicily, the ruins of which yet remain.

Severus. A hill in the Sabine district.

Sicanians. A people who anciently settled on the Ligurian coast of Italy, thence descended southward, and passed over into Sicily, where they took possession of the western side of the island. In the eleventh Æneid they are mentioned as having bordered on the Latian territory.

Sicyon. A city of Achaia, near the isthmus of Corinth. The country round was fertile in olives.

Sidicinum. A town of Campania.

Sila. A wood near the Apennines, in the country of the Bruttii.

Silarus. A river of Lucania in the South of Italy.

Simæthus. A river of Sicily.

Sperchius. A river of Thessaly.

Strophades. Two islands in the Ionian sea, west of Peloponnesus.

Strymon. A river, which separates Thrace from Macedonia.

Sylvanus. A wood-deity, like Fauns and Satyrs.

Syrtes. Two gulfs on the northern coast of Africa, full of shoals and quicksands.

Taburnus. A mountain of Campania.

Tænarus. A promontory of Laconia in Peloponnesus, fabled to be one of the approaches to the Infernal region, from there being a deep cavern under the rock.

Tanager. A river of Lucania in Italy.

Tanais. The Scythian river now called the *Don.*

Tarpeian. The rock on the west side of the Capitoline Mount, from which the Romans threw condemned criminals. It was named from the traitress Tarpeia, who opened the gates to the Sabines, and was buried under the hill.

Tartarus. See *Orcus.*

Taygetus. A mountain of Laconia.

Tegea. A town of Arcadia, where Pan had a temple.

Tempe. A pleasant valley in Thessaly, between Mounts Ossa and Olympus, through which flows the river Peneus. All beautiful valleys have hence been called *Tempe* by poets.

Tethys. The oldest of Sea-Goddesses, wife of Oceanus.

Tetrica. A mountain of the Sabines.

Thasos. An island in the Ægæan sea, off the coast of Thrace.

Thermodon. A river of Cappadocia in Asia Minor.

Thetis. A Sea-Goddess, one of the Nereids, and grand-daughter of Tethys. She married Peleus, and gave birth to Achilles.

Thule. An island far north in the German ocean, represented by the Romans as the most distant in the known world. It has been supposed to be Iceland, or one of the Shetland isles.

Thymbra. A place in the Troad, where Apollo was worshipped, hence called *Thymbræan.*

Tibur. The modern *Tivoli,* famous for the falls of the river Anio.

Timavus. A broad and rapid river, which bursts all at once from a mountain, north-east of Aquileia, and falls with nine different streams into the Adriatic sea, or gulf of Venice. The Italians still call it *La madre del mare,* as if the sea was supplied by its water.

Tiphys. See *Argo.*

Tirynthius. A name of Hercules, from Tirynthus in Argolis, where he resided.

Tisiphone. One of the Furies.

Titans. The children of *Cælus* and *Terra,* (Heaven and Earth,) who are said to have warred against Saturn, as the Giants afterwards against Jupiter. It may be conjectured, that these fables were derived from the tradition of the rebel Angels; though they may have been founded only on obscure histories of human wars. The story of the Giants piling up mountains to scale heaven bears some resemblance to the building of the tower of Babel. These rebel Gods, or Monsters, are mentioned by Virgil and other Poets under various names, as Aloeus, Cœus, Enceladus, Tityus, Typhœus, and represented as doomed to eternal punishment by the Ruling Deity, either cast into Tartarus (or Hell), or buried under some mountain on Earth. Into the particulars of their several stories it is not worth while to inquire.

Tithonus. Son of Laomedon, king of Troy, said to have been the husband of Aurora, Goddess of morning. By her he had a son Memnon, an Eastern or Egyptian Prince, who came to the assistance of Priam, and was killed by Achilles. Whether it was this Prince, who gave name to the celebrated vocal statue near Thebes in Egypt, a fragment of which is now in the British Museum,

and who in fact Memnon was; has been a matter of controversy, which cannot be determined.

Tmolus. A mountain of Lydia, where rose the Pactolus, river of golden sand. The country round was fertile in corn, vines, and saffron.

Trinacria. A Greek name of Sicily, from its three promontories, Lilybæum, Pachynus, and Pelorus.

Triton. A Sea-God, generally represented blowing a shell.

Trivia. A name of Diana, because three cross roads were sacred to her; an allusion to her trinal worship. See *Hecate.*

Typhœus. See *Titans.*

Tydides. A patronymic of Diomed, son of Tydeus.

Umbria. A district of Italy, lying below the Apennines, and separated from Etruria by the Tyber. A hound bred in that country is called *Umbrian* in the twelfth Æneid.

Velia. A city of Lucania in the South of Italy, built long after the time of Æneas; though the name of the Velian port might then have existed. It was near this that the pilot Palinurus was murdered, and gave name to a promontory south of the town.

Velinus. A Sabine lake, through which flows the river Velinus rising in the Apennines, and falls into the Nar.

Zacynthus. One of the Ionian islands, now called *Zante.*

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